No. 27

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end less; with nothing in matter or manner to exceed mediocre preaching to many of our plain country churches. Real eloquence, of thought or utterance, there was none. Fine, impressive illustration, there was none. Exposition, clearness, play of intellect, vigorous grasping of the truth, there was none. Fancy, imagination, forcible figures, striking framing of sentences, there was little or no show of in any part of the discourse. But there was a ready fluency, a fair voice, exerted with a good deal of vehemence, a large amount of gesticulation, (quite as much as the lump-like fatness of the man would permit,) several sharp digs and flings at the established Church, and a spice of assurance and positiveness, interwoven with frequent ejaculatory prayers and appeals. His effort, though ranking very fairly with most of his published discourses, did not at all impress us. We left with no desire to return, and with but little satisfaction, except that we had seen and heard Mr. Spurgeon as he is.

Yours fraternally,
J. A. SEINE,
Lecturer and Missionary.

OFFICE OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

ROOM 26 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. ——

SIR,—The accumulating interests which are clustering around our race, amid the revolutions in this country, have prompted the AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY to enter more energetically on the discharge of the duties contemplated in its organization, and set forth in the second Article of the Constitution. We believe that the crisis demands a concentration of all the intelligence, executive ability, thought and counsel which we have among us; hoping that the aims and objects set forth in our Constitution and address, which have been put forth, will meet your approbation, we earnestly solicit your co-operation in this noble work of elevating our down-trodden race.

Yours, &c.,

R. H. CAIN, No. 30 Lawrence St., Brooklyn,
JOHN PETERSON, No. 16 Wooster St., N. Y.
GEO. W. LE VERE, No. 44 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn,
} Committee of Correspondence.

Rev. H. M. WILSON, 26 Bible House,
Corresponding Secretary.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

Preamble.

It has pleased Almighty God to permit the interior of Africa to be made known to us during the last few years, by the efforts of missionaries and explorers, to an extent hitherto unknown and almost impossible. The facts which have become public concerning its climate, soil, productions, minerals, and vast capabilities for improvement, are such that we can no longer mistake the intention of the Divine Mind towards Africa.

It is evident that the prophecy, that "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God," is on the point of fulfilment, and that the work, when commenced, shall be "soon" accomplished when compared with the apparently slow progress of the Gospel in the other grand divisions of the globe. In order, therefore, to aid in this great work and promote the civilization and Christianization of Africa, as well as the welfare of her children in all lands, we have formed ourselves into an Association to be known as the African Civilization Society, and we severally agree to be governed by the following

Constitution.

Article 1. The Society shall be called the "African Civilization Society," and shall act in harmony with all other societies, whose objects are similar to those of this Association.

Article 2. The object of this Society shall be the civilization and Christianization of Africa, and of the descendants of African ancestors in any portion of the earth, wherever dispersed. Also the destruction of the African slave trade by the introduction of lawful commerce and trade into Africa; the promotion of the growth of cotton and other products there, whereby the natives may become industrious producers, as well as consumers of articles of commerce; and generally the elevation of the condition of the colored population of our own country and of other lands.

Article 3. No one shall be sent out under the auspices of this Society, either as a religious teacher, agent, or settler, who shall uphold doctrines which shall justify or aid in perpetuating any system of slavery or involuntary servitude.

Article 4. The donation or subscription of not less than one dollar annually, shall constitute any individual of good moral character a member of this Society; and the payment at any one time of twenty-five dollars shall make any person a life member.

Article 5. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, a Board of twenty Directors, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall hold office for one year, and until their successors are regularly chosen.

Article 6. The members of this Society may be distinguished as either active, corresponding, or honorary members.

Article 7. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society, and in the event of his absence, one of the Vice-Presidents shall discharge his duties. The Recording Secretary shall keep a regular and distinct account of the transactions of the Society. The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Society, and also act as its General Agent, under the direction and with the consent of the Board of Directors.

The Treasurer shall keep the accounts, and have charge of the funds of the Society, holding them subject to the control of the Board of Directors.

Article 8. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, and Treasurer shall be ex-officio members and officers of the Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors shall manage and regulate the affairs of the Society, and shall have power to make by-laws for its own government, so as to fully control the business and funds of the Society.

Five members of the Board of Directors, when regularly convened, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article 9. The Board of Directors shall have power to form special committees from among their own number, and to fill any vacancies occurring among the officers for any time intervening before the regular election.

Article 10. The Society shall hold an annual meeting during the month of May, on any day the Board of Directors may designate, to elect officers, receive reports, and transact its official business, not otherwise delegated to the Board of Directors.

Special meetings may be held at other times, as the Board of Directors may designate.

Article 11. The annual meeting shall consist of the regular officers and members of the Society at the time of such meeting, and of delegates from other co-operating Societies, each Society being entitled to one representative.

Article 12. The Constitution shall be altered only at an annual meeting of the Society, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, upon a proposal to that effect, transmitted to the Corresponding Secretary, and published in the city of New York, at least two months prior to the annual meeting.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

In order the better to make the origin and objects of the African Civilization Society known, and to define its designs, intentions, and true position, and to secure that harmony and co-operation originally designed with other similar institutions previously established by the colored people of the United States and Canada, as well as that by the friends of the African race in Great Britain, to aid those movements,

Resolved, That the succeeding articles be added as an essential and fundamental part of the Constitution.

Article 1. The Society is not designed to encourage general emigration, but will aid only such persons as may be practically qualified and suited to promote the development of Christianity, morality, education, mechanical arts, agriculture, commerce, and general improvement; who must always be carefully selected and well recommended, that the progress of civilization may not be obstructed.

Article 2. The basis of the Society, and ulterior objects in encouraging emigration shall be,—Self-Reliance and Self-Government on the principle of an African Nationality—the African race being the ruling element of the nation, controlling and directing their own affairs.

OFFICERS.

President, Rev. Geo. W. Le Vere, 44 DeKalb Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents, Rt. Rev. D. A. Payne, D. D., Bishop, A. M. E. Church, Xenia, O.; Rev. Willis Nazrey, Bishop, A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Duncan Dunbar, New York; Benj. Coates, Esq., Philadelphia Pa.; Rev. D. H. Vandervere, Elizabeth City, N. J.; Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., New York; Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. James Myers, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. John Cary, New York; Rev. James Morris Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Jeremiah Asher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Peter Williams, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Treasurer: John Peterson, Esq., 16 Wooster St. New York.

Corresponding Secretary: Rev. H. M. Wilson, 26 Bible House, New York.

Trustees: H. M. Wilson, J. W. Bowers, New York; R. H. Cain, J. C. Bustill, Philadelphia, Pa.; B. W. Wilkins, H. H. Garnet, New York; A. G. Beman, New Haven, Conn.; Wm. Anderson, New York; D. H. Vandervere, New Jersey; M. R. Delaney, Chatham, C. W.; P. S. Porter, New York; L. W. Green, New York; G. W. Levere, S. J. Howard, J. C. Morel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We think it proper to assure the public that great care and prudence will be used in the disposition of funds committed to our trust, and are permitted to use the names of the following gentlemen for reference on this subject.

Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., St., N. Y.; Rev. Geo. Potts, D. D., 27 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; Rev. John M. Krebs, D. D., N. Y.; Horace Green, M. D., N. Y.; Rev. S. D. Alexander, 238, 4th Ave., N. Y.; Christopher R. Robert, 7 Lafayette Place, N. Y.; Wm. A. Booth, Esq., 19 E. 14 St., N. Y.; Hon. H. J. Raymond, Times Building; [illegible] 20th St., N. Y.; Jonathan Sturges, Esq., N. Y.; Walter S. Griffith, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Peter Cooper, Esq., 17 Burling Slip, N. Y.; David Hadidly, Esq., N. Y.

Aided by the Divine blessing, we shall strive to make this Society, to the interest of the colored people, what the American Bible Society is to the world.

HENRY M. WILSON, *Secretary.*

Our Country.

The Hospital Work of the U. S. Christian Commission.—There are nearly fifteen thousand wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Washington; each hospital having from three hundred to two thousand. The chaplains have much clerical duty to perform, such as the registry of deaths, writing to friends of the deceased, and the care of the mails, and they are therefore unable to give [illegible] to the extreme cases. They cannot visit from bed to bed, especially in the larger hospitals.

The Christian Commission seeks to supplement their work. One or more delegates are assigned to each hospital. They visit every man and speak a word of cheer, and, where circumstances allow, speak to them of their spiritual interests. They find many Christians to encourage, many anxious souls to direct to the Lamb of God, some of whom go and are healed. They find many [illegible] a ready ear. In most cases there is an eagerness to listen that is surprising. They carry the Word of God and the religious papers and give to all who wish to receive. They also give such comforts as the government or friends do not provide, but always with the consent of the surgeon. They seek to assist the chaplains, not to supersede them, working under their direction, and in all instances do they have their hearty assent and welcome. These devoted men rejoice in the aid the commission renders them in their work. The same welcome is also received from the surgeons. The soldiers recognize the badge as one they saw when first wounded, and often do they exclaim, "God bless the Christian Commission, they saved my life." Many refer to its ministry as instrumental in their conversion.

This work has been organized since the present campaign commenced, and requires fifty men, that it may be done thoroughly and systematically as is desired. A similar work is done at Alexandria, where there are from six to ten thousand wounded men.

Will not the churches of the North pray that the Lord will continue to bless these labors, as He is now doing? Let them pray as well as send all supplies needed for the sick and suffering. This is but a small return for what they have suffered, and must still suffer for us, and that cheerfully.

During the second day of the battle in the Wilderness, and during a lull in the carnage, I was sitting on "Jessie," and resting in a place where the rebel line of battle had been on the previous day's fight. Their wounded had been generally removed, while the dead lay thickly scattered in all directions and positions. One of their wounded, who had been either overlooked, or they unable or unwilling to remove him, lay near where I stopped. Dismounting and going near him with the familiar salutation, "Well, friend, how are you getting along?" Eyeing me with evident suspicion, mingled with some fierceness, he slowly responded, "Well, stranger, bad enough." "Anything I can do for you?" was inquired. Seeing I was not about to insult or kill him outright, his tone and manner became greatly modified while answering, "See here, stranger; now, in the first place I oughtn't to have been here." Assuring him that no difference of opinion existed on that matter, yet this was not the time and place to discuss and settle the matter,—the question was repeated, "What can be done for you?" "Well, if I could only be turned over. Both my thighs seem to be broken, and lying just in this one way since yesterday has made me awful tired." Getting astride of him and bending down, he was directed to put his arms around me and help himself as well as he could. We soon succeeded in getting him twisted over. "There now," says he, "that's better; thank ye." "Got any water?" "Not a drop since yesterday." A little was poured into his cup from my canteen. "Could you eat a cracker?" "Got none." Two were handed him, which were eyed with special interest and curiosity. By this time his fear and fierceness were both gone, and his eyes filled with tears. A living Yankee had been met, and instead of being insulted or destroyed outright he was receiving at least apparent kindness. "Got a wife?" I inquired. "Oh! yes, yes, and a whole lot of children away in North Carolina; and oh! if I were only home with mammy now!" [illegible]. Just then two of our men came up with an empty stretcher, who were hailed and asked if they would not carry this wounded enemy back to our hospital. "Certainly!" and almost as soon as said, the helpless rebel was lifted on the stretcher and the men in motion towards the hospital. This was too much for all the wounded man's stoicism. Breaking down altogether, he commenced crying like a little boy, and could only exclaim as he was borne away, "Well now, this does beat all!"

The [illegible] and [illegible] infused into the Southern army by the leaders of this wicked rebellion, had evidently led him to expect far different treatment should he be unfortunate enough ever to fall into the hands of these "bloody Yanks." When, however, the arms shall be knocked out of the hands of these misguided men, they will learn that both Northern soldiers and citizens are as widely different from what they have been led to believe, that we shall henceforth have, not only a lasting but a loving peace. The [illegible] upon the persons of helpless enemies. Though meeting them with all the sternness of death-dealing war as long as arms are in their hands, yet as soon as helpless at their feet, they become to them tender as to little children.

The Losses in our army during [illegible] around the James, it is said, amount to 10,000 men. This, added to the 45,000 lost on the march from the Rapidan to the James, will make [illegible] the total loss. The Richmond papers daily tell their readers that Grant has lost a hundred thousand men, hoping to inspire them to continued resistance, by showing how weak he is growing. All Grant's losses here, however, have been made up to him by fresh reinforcements.

Fifty Thousand Rebel Prisoners are now in our hands, which is said to give a balance considerably in our favor.

The Maryland Constitutional Convention—Slavery Declared Extinct.—BALTIMORE, June 24.—The Constitutional Convention of Maryland, in session at Annapolis, passed to-day, by a vote of 53 ayes to 27 nayes, the following article of the Bill of Rights.

"Hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

From Grant's Army.—HEAD-QUARTERS SIXTH ARMY CORPS NEAR PETERSBURG, Va., June 21, 1864.—The enemy as soon as they could discern objects within our lines, after the dissipation of the dense fog of last night, opened fire on General Russell's division head-quarters, of the first division, and shelled it with great vigor, making a lively time about them decidedly uncomfortable and warm.

The shells then began to drop about General Wright's head-quarters, and one of them carried away the legs of one of the Provost Guard, but otherwise nothing resulted from the fire, although about one hundred shells fell almost within head-quarter limits. Our batteries in the vicinity replied, and finally silenced the enemy's fire.

The railroad and pontoon bridges across the Appomattox, connecting Petersburg with Pocahontas and Richmond, are now shelled daily by two batteries which are placed in a rather warm position. Both are enfiladed and taken in reverse by the fire of the rebel batteries on the opposite bank of the river, but are so well protected by strong traverses that but little damage has yet been received. Our guns opened yesterday morning on the railroad bridge and the pontoon bridge to Pocahontas, and after the range was obtained, effectually closed them to rebel use.

One long train went into the city before the batteries opened, and a second had reached half-way across when our shells began to drop about it. The locomotive whistled down the brakes, and, after coming to a sudden stop backed rapidly off, and since then not a car has passed over during the hours of daylight. The pontoon bridge is equally as unavailable to the enemy, as it is quite as much exposed and is equally as dangerous a road to travel as the railroad bridge has been found to be. All that now crosses the river must sneak across under the cover of night, when our artillery cannot detect their movements.

From information that we get, and from other evidence that is brought to us by our own look-outs, it is certain that the inhabitants of the town are moving away as rapidly as they can with safety. The town cannot be regarded as a very safe or desirable locality for a quiet inhabitant who is unaccustomed to the rude and bloody accompaniments of a siege. Although we have not yet regularly shelled the city, yet there are occasional shells dropping into the town, and doubtless some have hit from their explosion. Some accidents can not well be avoided when our lines are within a mile and a half of the town, and our batteries in range.

A heavy siege gun battery will be opened soon and directed upon the rebel works across the river, which will doubtless be the signal for a heavy duel all along our line. The enemy is very busily engaged in enlarging and strengthening their works on the other side of the Appomattox, and in constructing new ones, by which they hope to check our advance towards the city.

How General Polk was Killed.—From rebel prisoners we learn some highly interesting particulars concerning the manner of the death of Bishop General Polk. On the afternoon of the 14th, a party of rebel generals, consisting of Johnston, Polk and Hardee, rode to Pine Mountain for the purpose of making some telescopic observations of our lines. At the time a brisk artillery fight was going on between the two armies, but no engagement of the infantry. The rebel generals were on foot at the time, having left their horses out of range. The artillerists of the Fourth corps, observing the party, fired at them, but failed of their mark, as they were protected in a measure. Another battery, I understand, of the same corps, but some distance on the right, got range of the party and gave them a discharge. One of the projectiles struck, says my informant, General Polk on the left arm, above the elbow, passing through his body, considerably mangling it, and carrying off the right arm. The unexpected circumstance occasioned great excitement and consternation among the generals and rebels in that vicinity, as could be plainly seen by some of our troops, though the cause of the confusion was not known to them at the moment.

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

The operations of the past week have been restricted, and the markets for most of the leading articles excited, and prices—unsettled and higher, owing to the violent fluctuations in gold and exchange.

COTTON.—There is less activity in the market, and prices are less firm. About three hundred bales sold in lots at 145@150c. ℔ pound, cash, for middlings, closing at the former rate.

COAL.—The demand is good, and the receipts large, at fully former rates.

COFFEE.—The market continues rather dull. Small sales of Rio are making at [illegible] ℔ pound. Laguayra at [illegible] cash.

FLOUR.—The market is firm, and prices have advanced twenty-five cents per barrel. Sales comprise about fifteen thousand barrels, including two thousand barrels City Mills extra family, at $8 75; twelve hundred barrels Pennsylvania and Ohio do. at $8 50@8 75, and five hundred barrels choice do. at $9 ℔ barrel. The retailers and bakers are buying at from $7 [illegible] 7 50 for superfine, $7 50@8 for extra, $8 90@9 for extra family, and $9 25@10 ℔ bbl. for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is selling in a small way at $8 [illegible] ℔ barrel. Corn Meal is scarce and in demand.

GRAIN.—Wheat has advanced, with sales of about forty thousand bushels at $1 90@2 10 ℔ bushel for fair to prime red, and $2 25@2 35 for white, according to quality. Rye is scarce and in demand, with small sales at [illegible] ℔ bushel. Corn has advanced, with small sales of about twenty-six thousand bushels prime yellow at 152@153c., and white at 150@155c. ℔ bus. About 20,000 bus. Oats sold at 86@87c. ℔ bus.

METALS.—The iron market is quiet. About one thousand two hundred tons of anthracite sold at $[illegible] ℔ ton for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $[illegible] ℔ ton. Lead has advanced; one thousand five hundred pigs of Galena sold at 14@14½c. ℔ pound, cash. Copper is firm, and yellow metal has advanced to 40 cents ℔ pound, for sheathing, on time.

GUANO.—Sales of Peruvian are making at $115@120, delivered at $[illegible], and Super Phosphate of Lime at $[illegible] ℔ ton, cash.

HOPS are in better demand. Prime are selling at 20@30c. ℔ pound.

HAY is in fair demand at twenty-five and twenty-eight dollars per ton.

LUMBER is in good demand, and prices are firm. Sales of yellow Pine cap boards are making at $26@28, White Pine at $31@33, and Hemlock Scantling at $18@19 ℔ M.

WOOL.—Prices have advanced, and the demand is better; several lots of New Jersey clip sold at 75@78c; one hundred and thirty thousand pounds of medium and fine fleece at [illegible], and one hundred thousand pounds old washed fleece and tub at 87@90 cents ℔ pound, cash. Holders now refuse these rates.

COAL OIL.—The following are the receipts of crude and refined at this port during the past week:

	Bbls.
Crude	5[illegible]
Refined	4,370

The following are the receipts of Flour and Grain at this port during the past week:

Flour	11,000 bbls
Wheat	50,000 bus
Corn	[illegible] bus.
Oats	23,800 bus.

OILS.—Lard Oil has advanced. Sales of No. 1 Winter at $1 [illegible], and No. 2 at $1 [illegible] ℔ gallon, cash. Fish Oils are in demand, and prices [illegible]; with sales of Crude Whale at $1 [illegible], Refined at $1 [illegible], Sperm at $1 90@2 00, and Winter at $[illegible] ℔ gallon, cash. Linseed Oil is in demand. Twenty thousand gallons sold at $1 55@1 58 ℔ gallon. Petroleum is firmer. About two thousand barrels sold in lots at 45@46 cents. Refined, in bond, at 68@71 cents, and free at from 78@80 cents ℔ gallon, according to quality.

PLASTER.—We quote soft at about four dollars per ton.

RICE [illegible] and firmly held, with small sales at [illegible] ℔ pound, cash.

SEEDS.—Clover is in demand, with small sales at $7 75@8 ℔ bushel. One hundred bags of prime sold from second hands at $9 ℔ sixty-four pounds. Timothy is selling in a small way at $2 75@3 25 ℔ bushel. Flaxseed sells, on arrival, at $3 10 ℔ bushel.

SALT is firmer. Six hundred and twenty sacks Ashton's fine have arrived, and remains unsold.

SUGAR.—There is not much doing in the market in any firm, and prices are better. Five hundred barrels Cuba sold at 17@18c ℔ lb. Porto Rico at 19½c. ℔ lb.

Church Directory

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Seventh Street, below Shippen.

SERVICES.

Morning,	10½ o'clock.
Afternoon,	3 o'clock

LECTURE'S every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
107 North Fifth Street.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon.

JAMES C. WHITE, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICES.

Morning, Prayer Meeting,	10½ o'clock.
Preaching, afternoon,	3 o'clock
Preaching, evening,	7½ o'clock.

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

JOHN B. REEVE, Pastor,
Residence—[illegible] Lombard St.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

UNION BETHEL AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,—M Street, between 15th and 16th Streets.

Hours of Worship,	11 A. M.
" "	3 P. M.
" "	8 P. M.

PRAYER MEETING, Monday Evening, 8 o'clock.
LECTURE, Wednesday " 8 o'clock.

REV J. ANDERSON HANDY, Pastor.

Residence—354 15th Street.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and Science progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the *Christian Recorder* of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
Oriental Lustres,
Alapaccas,
Mouslin de laines,
Shepherd's Plaids

A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicos, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling. Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
NO. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞ An early call solicited. mar1-6m

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have some among us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old men and women to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a [illegible] in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer these little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bonds of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 420 11th Street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLARY RUSS,
JOHN A. SIMMS,
} Committee.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH B. BUSTILL, SARAH H. BUSTILL,

WIG MAKERS,

HAIR BRAIDERS,

AND

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,

No. 403 South Sixth Street,

Philadelphia.

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS,
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEAPOLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the growth of the hair, removing dandruff, cleansing, refreshing and preventing it from falling out.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

[illegible] garments, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, &c., &c. apr 1y

HAIR BOUGHT

Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer

MRS M. BENNETT,

HERB DOCTRESS,

NO 408 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Billious Fevers, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Illness, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Cataracts, Headaches, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swellings, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantees a cure without the use of mercury. [illegible] She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

JOSEPH H. COLE.

CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,

NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,

(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will give him a call with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and the only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables, and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit, their pastors would find that they would hear no more of such names as [illegible], and Theo [illegible] [illegible] or such personages as [illegible]. [illegible] W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the Documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions. It finds its way into our school houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of [illegible] that is a proof of any thing but [illegible]. Every [illegible] [illegible] to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community; and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great portion even of well educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that; and still more, when the pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtained upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c.
B. A. GOULD
G. B. EMERSON
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, on Mason St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in first books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to company and [illegible] [illegible] teachers, not only [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] too many of [illegible] [illegible] Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this [illegible]. It is a correct and uniform pronunciation of the [illegible], I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

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AMY WILLIAMS,

july 2 [illegible] Cape May, June 28th

THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Our readers will remember the picture of the three little children found upon a dead soldier, on the battle-field of Gettysburgh, by means of which the soldier was identified. Copies were taken of the daguerreotype (or photograph,) to be sold for the benefit of the family. To aid in the good work the *Presbyterian* offered a prize for a poem on the event. This was set to music, and is also for the benefit of the family Thus far about $1 800 have been realized The following is the poem:

Upon the field of Gettysburgh
The summer sun was high,
When Freedom met her traitorous foe
Beneath a Northern sky;
Among the heroes of the North,
Who swelled her grand array—
Who rushed like mountain eagles forth
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,
A sire of children, three,
And gazed within a little frame,
Their pictured forms to see;
And blame him not, if in the strife,
He breathed a soldier's prayer—
"O Father, shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburgh
When the morning shone again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain;
Our legions quelled the awful flood
Of shot and steel and shell,
While banners, marked with ball and blood,
Around them rose and fell;
And none more nobly won the name
Of Champion of the Free,
Than he who pressed the little frame
That held his children three;
And none were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer;
"O! Father, shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburgh
The full moon slowly rose;
She looked, and saw ten thousand brows,
All pale in death's repose;
And down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrior in a dream,
Our fallen comrade lay.
His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three
Sweet stars that rose in memory's skies
To light him o'er death's sea.
Then honored be the soldier's life,
And hallowed be his prayer—
"O! Father, shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

The Family.

A SINGULAR AND INTERESTING STORY.

A Paris correspondent of the *U. S. Gazette* writes as follows, in a late letter:

The French government also found itself in a minority of one, on the question as to the restitution, by the State, of the sum of 54,000 francs to the family of Lesurques. This claim has been repeatedly brought before the French Legislature, but has hitherto always been successfully resisted by the government for the time being. As the particulars of the case are very singular and interesting, we extract them.

"On the 22d of April, 1796, a fair-haired man, named Joseph Lesurques, arrived in Paris from Douai, his native town, with his wife and three children. He was a man of some thirty-three years old, had about 800l. a year, and had come to Paris to educate his children. On the day of his arrival he visited one Guesno, a carrier of Douai, who invited him to breakfast the next day: he went, and met for the first time one Couriol. On the 8th Floreal, four gentlemen, one of whom was Couriol, and another had light flaxen hair, rode out of Paris through the barrier of Charenton; they dined at Mongeron, and afterwards went on to Lieursaint, where the fair-haired man found he had broken the chain of his spur. His companions rode on to an inn, but he stopped at a café and borrowed some thread to mend the chain; he was not very skilful in mending it, and a female servant relieved him of the task, and helped to fasten the spur on his boot. Then the man rejoined his companions, and after drinking some wine at the inn, they all rode on But the fair-haired man was destined to be unlucky; he soon found he had left a sabre, which, like the rest, he wore at the inn, and he galloped back for it, had a glass of brandy, and again set off after his friends. Meanwhile the courier from Paris to Lyons had stopped at the inn to change horses, and he set off on the same road, accompanied by a postilion and the single passenger allowed to be taken by him. The next morning the courier and postilion were found killed by the wayside, the mail-bags rifled, and one horse gone. Between four and five the same morning five persons entered Paris by the barrier of Rambouillet, and a little after the missing horse was found wandering about the Place Royale, while four horses in a very jaded condition were returned to a horse-keeper by two persons, (one of them Couriol) who had hired them the morning before. Couriol was soon arrested, and also Guesno, but as the latter proved a distinct alibi, he was immediately discharged. The next day Guesno wished to return to Douai, and proceeded to the magistrate who had investigated the charge against him for a permit. On his road he called on his friend Lesurques, who accompanied him But at the magistrate's they found the innkeeper of Mongeron and the maid-servant of the Lieursaint café, both of whom denounced Guesno and Lesurques as one of the party who had dined at Mongeron. The maid-servant swore he was the man whose spur chain she had mended, and subsequently the innkeeper, stable boy, and a gardener at Lieursaint, deposed that he was the horseman who had returned for the sabre he had left behind. Lesurques, Guesno and Couriol were tried. The *alibi* established by Guesno was complete, and he was acquitted. The witnesses persisted in declaring that Lesurques was one of the party; but, on the other hand, he called two tradesmen who swore that they had dined with him in Paris on the evening of the 8th, several workmen engaged about his apartments, who deposed that they had seen him repeatedly on that day, and a jeweller named Legrand, who affirmed that he had business transactions with Lesurques on the 8th, and produced his account book to prove it. The book was examined, and it was seen that '9th' had been badly erased and '8th' substituted for it. Legrand was cross-questioned, confessed he had made the alteration to corroborate his testimony, and the witnesses for the defence were immediately discredited. A female witness who followed was so severely examined by the presiding Judge that she fainted. The evidence was summed up, and the jury had retired to deliberate, when one Madeline Brebau, the mistress of Couriol, [illegible] on being examined, and declared that she was acquainted with the whole affair, and the witnesses had mistaken Lesurques for one Dubosq, to whom he bore an extraordinary resemblance Her testimony was rejected, and the jury found Lesurques and Couriol guilty, and, in conformity with the practice of the time, condemned them to death. Couriol confessed his guilt, but declared Lesurques innocent. Dubosq, he said, was the criminal The Judges applied to the Directory for a reprieve, the Directory applied to the Five Hundred, but they replied that the law allowed, to no one the prerogative of pardon, nor a power to review the judgment of the jury, for themselves they had no power and no responsibility

"Lesurques met his doom like a brave man, yet, like a true Frenchman, he recognised the sentiment of his situation; he published an address to the real murderers, imploring him, should he ever be brought to justice, to redeem the memory of the innocent. The day of his execution was Maundy Thursday, and he went to the scaffold dressed in white, the symbol of his innocence, regretting that he could not die on the next day, the anniversary of the Passion Four years after, Dubosq was arrested; the witnesses who had identified Lesurques were confronted with him and confessed their former error, and Dubosq was condemned and executed In the meantime the accomplice who had travelled with the courier had been found and condemned, and he had testimony to the innocence of Lesurques The two other murderers were afterwards tried and condemned, but the discovery of these was unnecessary The moment that Dubosq had been found guilty the innocence of Lesurques was established From that moment the family of Lesurques have struggled to procure a formal declaration of his innocence and a restitution of his property, which had been seized to make good the robbery of the mail, but their efforts have had small success His widow survived him down to 1842; but during many years was a helpless lunatic; his son perished in the campaign of Moscow; one daughter committed suicide, the second died in a madhouse; an orphan grand-daughter remains to represent his family The vote of Monday, the 16th, refers to the Ministers of the Emperor the duty of restoring to this grand-daughter the value of her grandsire's property"

FANNIE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

When an animal is joyous, or when he is angry, or when he is ashamed, are his emotions like ours, when we have these feelings? We read of a fox which a gentleman saw kill his goose, and then to hide it, buried it under the leaves. The fox then went off, as the gentleman presumed, to invite others to the feast. He went and uncovered and removed the goose, and again watched to see the result. Soon Reynard came back with his friends, and then with a proud look went to the spot and uncovered, and lo! no goose was there! Never could shame be expressed, if it was not by the poor fox! Did he not really feel shame? Perhaps he had been boasting what a feat he had performed, and what a feast he had provided!

I was once on the beautiful "Seventh Lake," when our hunter was greatly anxious to procure a deer Our larder was very low, so he planned that he would take his dog, Fannie, and go out on the mountain, a mile or more distant, and start a deer, with the hope that the dog would run it in the lake But when he got out on the mountain, for some reason or other, Fannie refused to hunt! She would go off a few rods and return again He put her on the track, and she would run a little way and then come back. Getting out of patience, he cut him a tough stick and whipped the animal almost without mercy. The consequence was that she took to her legs and went howling over the mountain He came back to us disappointed, chagrined, and sad: disappointed, because we should have no venison; chagrined, because he did not command his temper; and sad, because he feared he had driven off the dog forever For three days we neither saw nor heard of her. Then a deer came into the lake close to us Where it came from, or what drove it, we knew not, as we heard no cry of any dog. But as we were on the sandy beach, about two hours after this, what should we see but poor Fan creeping towards her master, fairly dragging herself on the sand, and uttering a plaintive whine. Her master stood still, and slower and slower the poor thing creeped and crouched towards him. Would she be beaten again? I never saw an eye more timid, or meekness and contrition more plainly expressed. It was painful; when within about three rods, and while trying to read his face, her master snapped his finger, and in a mild, forgiving, cheerful voice, simply said, "Fannie!" In an instant she leaped up, bounded towards him, fairly screaming with joy The expression of her face and the tones of her voice were entirely changed. She bounded, and leaped, and barked, and tried to shout for joy! *She was forgiven!* she was pardoned! she was received back to the good will, and restored to the confidence of her master! The loudest words could she have talked, could not have been more expressive. She felt forgiveness.

And this was the joy of forgiveness! Many a child has felt it when he has done wrong and offended his father. The poor animal knew that she could not be happy alone in the woods, day after day, shut away from her master. She felt that she had done wrong, and there was no way but to throw herself on the mercy of her offended friend. The child must do just so So David did when he had sinned and God had turned away his face from him. So Peter did when he had denied his blessed Redeemer. So the Prodigal Son did when he returned and fell on his knees before his father and cried, "Father, I have sinned." Fannie did not, and could not feel sure that her master would forgive her and receive her into favor; but it was her duty and her wisdom to go to him and sue for mercy. Perhaps it was the first time in her life when she felt what forgiveness was. She did not know the name of the feeling, but she felt its joy!—*S. S. Times.*

THE TITLE "AMERICAN"

A recent article in the *Spectator*, apropos of the wrath of a Scotchman because that journal had called Victoria an "English" queen, thereby, in Sawney's mind, sinking Scotland out of sight, treats very pleasantly of the namelessness of the united people of the three kingdoms To call the nation English is to incur the ire of Scotchmen, Welshmen and Irishmen; to call it Irish, Scotch or Welsh, would be sinking the greater in the less. Nor would the impracticable word "Great British" help the matter, for that would leave Hibernia out in the cold Nothing better can be imagined than "Brittoslanders," or Irish-Britons—titles not likely to come into use. The case, then, is hopeless. But the writer seeks to console himself and his nameless fellow-countrymen by the reflection that all the nations of Europe, except France and Prussia, are just as anonymous. The Finlanders and Poles will not drop their names for the honor of being called Russians. The Hungarians and Tyrolese refuse to merge their national life or name in that of Austria. Crossing the Atlantic, he seeks also for comfort in the fact that 'we' have no national title, while, in the same breath, he admits that we have one, and seek to account for it. "With their usual love for bigness, they have quietly adopted 'American,' which defines them about as much as Continental defines a Frenchman." Begging his pardon for the contradiction, we assert that it "does" define us as completely as Frenchman defines a citizen of France, or Prussian a subject of Bismark. Definitions of this sort, this writer tells us in the very same article depend upon usage, and all the theorizing in the world cannot alter them. Usage, all over the world, has consecrated the name "American" as the title of citizens of the United States of America; and no one ever dreams of a Canadian or a Mexican when the word American is mentioned. No 'definitive' could be more certain and conclusive than this has become, from long prescription and from the universal consent of mankind. Nor is this an accident. What the writer calls "love of bigness" was the instinct of the nascent national power, anticipating, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less effectually, the grandeur of its development in the after-current of history and civilization.—*Methodist.*

IDLE GIRLS.

The number of idle, useless girls in all of our large cities, seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through their mornings, parade the streets during the afternoons, and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and the other sex, to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the coming time, when real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoughtlessly assumed! They are skilled in no domestic duty—nay, they despise them; have no habits of industry, nor taste for the useful. Alas, for the husbands and children, and alas, for themselves! Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness or domestic ruin follow?

It is one of the world's oldest maxims, that idleness is the nursing mother of all evil and wrelo educes. How sadly strange is it that so many parents—mothers especially—forget this, and bring up their children in dainty idleness They are but sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

HARD SOAP.

Talking of the ladies of the Fair, reminds us of a little circumstance that occurred on Messrs. Chambers & Brothers' mechanical brickmaker, in which one or two of the lady visitors were sold.

The miniature bricks are delivered at the rate of only one cent each, and it may be said that almost every visitor purchased one or more They are made of pure virgin clay and appropriately stamped. These bricks, in their unburnt state, do not look unlike the best quality of Windsor soap Among the visitors were two ladies in company, one belonging to the city, and the other to the county Each purchased a brick and passed along with the throng, and thus made room for other visitors.

"Well," said the country lady, "they sell them cheap enough, dear knows."

"Yes," replied her companion, "I would have given five cents for one, had they asked that much."

"Five cents! Why, they want twenty cents for 'em in our village," replied the lady from "rural felicity."

"In your village?" responded the city lady "Why, you must be mistaken, surely"

"Indeed I am not, for I had to buy a cake last Saturday night for 'Zeikle'"

"A cake!" replied the city lady. "What do you mean by a cake?"

"Why, a cake of soap, to be sure!"

"A cake of soap?" repeated the city companion, laughing all over. "A cake of soap? Why, it's not soap, Debby; it's a brick—a perfect, auburn brick!"

Deborah was really surprised, for she thought it was a cake of Windsor soap.

"Well, 'taint no matter, no how, the cent goes to the benefit of the soldiers, soap or no soap"—*Press.*

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

The following is said to be the origin of the well known saying, "Nobody knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it:"

A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions was asked by her enraged kinsmen, "Is not your wife a sensible woman? is she not handsome?"

In answer to which, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, asking them, "Is not this shoe a very handsome one? is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it that you can't tell me where it pinches!

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.

"I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family; to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or business."

BISHOP HORNE.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

She guarded you when well, and watched over you when sick.

She sat by you when fretful, and put cooling drink to your lips, and spoke soothing words in your ears.

She taught you to pray, and assisted you in learning to read.

She bore with your faults, and was kind and patient with your childish ways. She loves you still, and works for you, prays for you every day you live. No one is so kind or so patient with you as she. No one loves you so much.

Are you kind to her? Do you love her? Do you always obey her?—*Christian Observer.*

THE LOST BOY:

EYES AND NO EYES; OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

Donald Ray, a youth of ten or eleven years, came to Philadelphia from the country, accompanied by his mother. It was the first visit and the afternoon of the day on which the remains of the lamented Col. Baker were brought to the city, and deposited in Independence Hall. Donald thought he would take a turn around the city, alone, to see the sights. He did so—and was lost. About six o'clock in the evening, he was brought by the kindness of some good citizens, to the Mayor's office, Fifth and Chestnut Streets He did not tell his errand when he came in, but walked round back of the clerk's desk, then into the middle of the room, and sat down, weeping as if his heart would break. One went to him and kindly inquired what the matter was. It was discovered that Donald had not taken the pains to inquire where he had been, or who his mother was stopping with. He did not know anything, apparently, beyond the fact that he was staying with an "Uncle John," who boarded at some lady's house. He thought the number was 737, but could not tell the street. Many means were resorted to, in order to arrive at some light, but in vain. The tears continued to flow copiously. Donald was perfectly forlorn and wretched. But we succeeded in comforting him with the assurance that he was in a "*safe*," place; that as soon as he was discovered as "missing," his friends would, as a matter of course, come immediately to the Mayor's office, to seek aid in finding him In the meantime, further inquiry was made of Donald as to what kind of buildings he had noticed in the vicinity of his lodgings, particularly if there were any which had pillars in their front. Donald didn't know anything of "pillars," except the pillow on which his head nightly rested, and he asked if we meant that! He was asked if there were any churches with steeples near his lodgings. His reply was, that he had been told that *all* buildings which had steeples to them were not churches! He was asked what fire engines or hose carriages were located near, &c. (This is a common question to lost little boys who stray from home by following the fire engines to fires.) But for a wonder, Donald was not versed in "fire" matters, and knew nothing about fire engines or hose carriages. We then asked Donald if he had seen any of the public squares, the squirrels, deer, or peacocks? If the railroad cars passed the house where he was staying? This Donald could tell of; a car did pass the house, but which way he could not tell; and he remembered that he had "passed a 'yard' where the squirrels were running about on the grass!" but he couldn't tell whether or not he saw them inside of an iron railing. The names of a number of the city streets were called over in Donald's presence; among these was Spruce street. Donald guessed that he had heard that name before, and thought it must be the name of the street in which he lived. So putting on our coat and hat, we told him to follow us.

It was now about seven o'clock, P. M Passing down Fifth Street to Walnut, and up Walnut to Sixth, at this point something familiar seemed dawning upon the child's mind. He pointed up Walnut Street, and said that he thought this was the way to his home. We told him gently to follow us, first, if we were wrong, then we would come back and go up that street. Thus we went on to Locust Street, and up Locust to Seventh Street. Here Donald was asked if it was not within that (Washington) square that he had seen the squirrels. He thought it was Then the church at the south-east corner of Seventh and Locust Streets was pointed out, and what was meant by pillars was explained Now Donald's tongue seemed to be loosed, and he told how, when he first went out, "he walked down a street and came to a river, and then he walked, as he supposed, back again, and came to the same river again, and he didn't know how his was He must have been on the same street all the time, when he turned and didn't know it!" Donald remarked again, as we passed along, "How soon the city boys find out us country boys, and try to play tricks on us!" We remarked that it was ever so, and only thought that the thing would not be difficult to accomplish in the present case. Donald had told us that opposite to where he lived "was a great big building full of windows." He looked up and observed the handsome row south side of Spruce Street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets; these he seemed to recognize Directly we heard him exclaim, "Oh! here it is." He sprung up the steps, rang the bell, and was out of sight in an instant, without expressing a word of thanks for all, the trouble he had occasioned us!

Donald did not appear to be in any way deficient in intellect, as might be supposed. To know where one lives, and who with, is generally considered a common sense acquisition, particularly for a stranger in a large city All these points seem to have been neglected by Donald. I do not suppose, from the way that Donald seemed to look at the sights in our city, that when he returned home his playmates were much benefited or entertained by anything he could have to tell them.

We returned, meditating upon a little story we read some years ago, called "Eyes and no Eyes; or, the Art of Seeing.—*S. S. Times.*

NEW COTTON FIELDS.

The experiments in cotton cultivation in India, Sicily, and Algeria have succeeded beyond expectation In Madras the export was only 107,000 in 1863. In Hong Kong the export in a single month was 70,000 pounds

In Italy the yield this year is estimated at $20,000,000 against $6,000,000 last season Seventy thousand bales of 250 lbs each were raised last year. The cultivation of cotton in the island of Sicily has become very general within the last two years; a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the district of Terra Nova. The crop of last year was about 6,000 bales. The cotton exhibition at Turin, gave a wonderful impetus to cotton planting.

In France, on the lands of the Chateau of Avignon, the largest domain in Arles, cotton has perfectly succeeded.

At Cape Coast, Africa, the plantations were very flourishing, and a product of 80,000 bales expected.

In Algeria within the last year, the increase in the land planted with cotton has been considerable.

Crossing the Atlantic, to South America, we find that in Paraguay there are about 7,000,000 of cotton plants, and the plantations at Corrientes are very extensive.

In Brazil cotton is extensively cultivated, and there are four million blacks who can be taught to cultivate it. Whatever progress may be made in its growth, and however the cultivation of it may be stimulated, the profit thereon will finally redound to the settled benefit of this country, for the increased supply and demand will call for an increased quantity of the better staple American, which will be the more required to mix with the poorer qualities of other regions; and as soon as the Southern markets are again opened, the former pressure of high prices that must rule for five years thereafter, be increased in that period to 5,000,000 bales.

There is a manufactory at Lynn, Mass., in which the labor is so thoroughly systematized that a lady's boot, after passing through 12 or 13 different hands, comes out complete in three minutes after leaving the sewing-machine.

Advertisements.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 18, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 19, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.
Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DEMORD.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 16, 1861.
Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him.
Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept 6, 1861.
Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed.
Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 18, 1861
Rev. L. S Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

MANUFACTURED BY
REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,
No. 115 Meeting St., Providence, R. I.,
TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.
PRICE, 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.

☞ *Sold in Newport by Mrs. MARTHA J RANDOLPH, No 1 Spruce Court.*

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

For obtaining Employment for Colored Persons of both Sexes.

All kinds of help wanted for the city and country. Men wishing to join the army will positively be informed where to obtain the largest bounty.

JOHN OLIVER,
1113 Pine Street, bet 11th and 12th,
March 5th., 1863 PHILADELPHIA.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH COSTON, President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

WISHART'S TAR CORDIAL.

DR. WISHART'S
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DR. WISHART'S
DR. WISHART'S
PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
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PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.
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MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
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MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
HAVE BEEN CURED
HAVE BEEN CURED
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OF CONSUMPTION,
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OF CONSUMPTION,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would heal the lungs—but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the Pine Tree Tar to heal the lungs;—therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect. But how to combine its medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and has been put in bottles, patented by the United States Government. We say to the afflicted that Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will produce the INVIGORATION OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, THE STRENGTHENING OF THE DEBILITATED SYSTEM, THE PURIFICATION AND ENRICHMENT OF THE BLOOD, which must expel from the system the corruption which Scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alterative (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving the pain, subduing inflammation and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this twofold power, the healing and strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with nature's constant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE
IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is a great and effectual remedy for

BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.
BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.

Thousands have been cured of the above disease when all hope of ever receiving relief was gone.

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS.

There is not a medicine discovered that has so much power to dissolve the thick mucus that stops up the wind passages of the lungs as the Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which subdues the fever and inflammation that destroy the power and vitality of the lungs and consign the patient to the grave. We say to all whose lungs are affected, use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial with great confidence, as it has restored thousands of cases to health that were hopelessly given up to die.

LIVER COMPLAINT
CURED BY PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL.
COLDS AND COUGHS

are speedily cured by the use of Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It does its work at once, and the patient is cured before other medicines would have had time to have any beneficial effect.

DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR SCROFULA.

The Pine Tree Tar Cordial will purify the blood and cleanse it of all scrofulous matter that is constantly breeding sores, internal and external. Salt-rheum, sore legs and all skin diseases are especially cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It is good to be applied internal and external in the above cases, as it has great power to heal where it comes in contact with the human flesh.

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

is a great remedy for chronic croup and diphtheria, which is sending thousands and thousands of children to a premature grave. It can be cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial.

One of ten thousand cases where it has been tried in the past two years, it has never missed a case where it was taken in time. All families should have it on hand, as it gives instant relief in croup and diphtheria.

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The Pine Tree Tar Cordial gives instantaneous relief in cases of asthma and whooping-cough. It often cures whooping-cough before it runs half its course, as it acts at once upon the phlegm and mucus, and expels them from the throat, and the sufferer is relieved. In cases of asthma use Dr. Wishart's Dyspepsia Pills with the Cordial, as they have never been known to fail to cure that disease.

Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has the name of the proprietor and a pine tree blown in the bottle. All others are spurious imitations Price, One Dollar per bottle, or Eight dollars per dozen. Sold by all respectable druggists and storekeepers.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,
Store and office, 10 N. Second Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HELMBOLD'S
GENUINE
PREPARATION,
"HIGHLY CONCENTRATED"
COMPOUND FLUID
EXTRACT BUCHU,
A POSITIVE AND SPECIFIC
REMEDY
FOR
DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMBOLD'S
EXTRACT BUCHU,

Has cured every case of DIABETES in which it has been given.

Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, and Inflammation of the Kidneys.

For these diseases it is indeed a sovereign remedy, and much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
FOR
Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions
OF BOTH SEXES,
Attended with the following symptoms:—

Indisposition to Exertion,
Loss of Memory,
Weak Nerves,
Horror of Disease,
Dimness of Vision,
Hot Hands,
Dryness of the Skin,
Loss of Power,
Difficulty of Breathing,
Trembling,
Wakefulness,
Pain in the Back,
Flushing in the Body,
Eruptions of the Face,

PALLID COUNTENANCE,
Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System.
Diseases of these organs require the aid of a *Diuretic.*

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
IS
THE GREAT DIURETIC
AND
BLOOD PURIFIER.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
CURES ALL DISEASES
Arising from
Habits of Dissipation, Excesses, and Imprudences in Life,
IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD, &c.

And it is certain to have the desired effect in Diseases for which it is recommended.

EVIDENCE
OF THE MOST
RESPONSIBLE AND RELIABLE CHARACTER
Will accompany the Medicine.
"PHYSICIANS," PLEASE "NOTICE."
"We make no 'Secret' of Ingredients"

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

is composed of Buchu, Cubebs, Juniper Berries, selected with great care by a competent druggist. Prepared in vacuo by H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist, and Sole Manufacturer of

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GENUINE PREPARATIONS!

AFFIDAVIT.

Personally appeared before me, an Alderman, of the city of Philadelphia, H. T. HELMBOLD, who, being duly sworn, doth say his Preparations contain no narcotic, no mercury, or other injurious drugs, but are purely vegetable. H. T. HELMBOLD.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 23d day of November, 1854.

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Genuine Improved Rose Wash.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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TAKE NO OTHER!

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AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
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SURGEON DENTIST,
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Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.
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Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.
Nov. 17.

DR J. W. CREEK,
Thomsonian and Botanic
MEDICINE DEPOT,
N. E. CORNER OF NORTH AND PLEASANT STREETS,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that I have on hand a good supply of

FAMILY AND DRUG MEDICINES,

AND ALL FRESH AND PURE OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY, and disposed of with care and accuracy.

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CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED!—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired and their health so much worse by using [illegible] that they are really in dread of "Doctor, and do [illegible] they them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause! Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope! Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and [illegible] courage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, [illegible] no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected, than that he does not know what medicine will cure, and tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions! Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, on the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 818 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.
JONES & CO.,
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MRS. H. S. DOTERTE,
General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

F. CHAMPION'S
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 12 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn,

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or pad, at short notice.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND, FOR SALE.
5—1y.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Carson Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10, D. of T; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 14, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Harris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunbar; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. V. P., Sister H. Scorero, G. P. P. Sister Auberage
" " H. Bowers, " " J. P. Black,
" " M. H Burdy, " " H. A Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " Winder,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall,

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GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
NO. 421 SOUTH 8TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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General Book Steward,

No. 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Orders.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed to Rev. Elisha Weaver, Box No. 2074, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

All articles or matter for the Christian *Recorder*, must be directed E. Weaver, Box No. 2074, Philadelphia.

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Single copies five cents.

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We solicit Advertisements of all descriptions, suitable for a religious newspaper, which will be published as follows;—

Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper,—six months, for six dollars paper included,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

All advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

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Philadelphia	"	"	A. L. STANFORD.
New York	"	"	L. PATTERSON.
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Missouri	"	"	M. M. CLARK.
California	"	"	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

A PAUSE IN LIFE'S ASCENT.

Oh world! oh world! sad world to me,
The hopes thou gavest me in my youth
Have faded all; and memory
Weighs down to-day, with their untruth.

Oh world! oh world! oh can it be
Poor mortal's aspirations all,
Must ever thus by flattery
Be raised, in stern, stern years to fall?

Oh world! oh world! thou held up fame,
And bade me mount to glory's top,
To write in words of gold my name—
The dream is o'er—the fancies drop!

Yet world, oh world! Perhaps 'tis well
Thou shouldst build up our youth with dreams,
But oh! the sighs when every spell
Is broken by the real that teems,

I paused a moment, and there came,
To break the gloom my thoughts had wore,
A sunny light, whose brightening flame
Filled all around with joy and love.

Sweet songs were chanted in the air,
"Despair not yet," the words did say,
"Look upward still, forget not where
Long years agone thy path did lay."

Then there arose before my sight,
A stationed hill of rough ascent,
While at the foot toiled many a wight,
Myself, far in advance them, went,

It seemed more rugged was the way
I long had left, now others trod,
While high above grand forms did stray
In brighter scenes on flowery sod.

Then music bade me, "take again
The hopes thou wouldst leave perish here,
For what thou'st gained through toil and pain,
Is not the end—Be of good cheer."

W. H. S.

Philadelphia, June 28th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream, it was not all a dream,"
For truth was mingled with each gleam of light
That shot from azure clouds, as morning's sun did beam
On earth her light.

Upon my pillow placed the dome of thought,
I laid me down to drink in Lethe's stream,
Oblivion's wing sailed calmly o'er, and brought
This mystic dream.

Then as I lay me down my vision heavenward flew
To trace the great Ethereal space o'erhead;—
The host of God did meet my gaze, and Gabriel's trumpet blew,
And roused the dead!

Then did God's host march out in dire array,
To guard the gates that lead to heavenly rest,—
A solemn voice did speak, "our Father, these are they
Whom thou hast blest."

How few were they who entered at the gate:
Their robes how pure, transparent, spotless, white!
How sad the state of those who came, alas, too late
To taste the light!

The yawning gulf did open wide her jaws;
Destruction hurled her wrath high in the air,
And they who disobeyed God's righteous laws
Fell sinking there.

RAYMOND.

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Copperhead Catechism—Commandments—Presidential Log-rolling—City Quiet—Enlisting—Bounty—Substitutes—Col. J. D. Turner's Death—Bishop Green—Worthy Ladies and Gentlemen—Chaplain Turner—Prof. A. M. Green—Rev. J. S. Martin, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—In pursuing further the Catechism of the Copperhead Democracy, these laws or rules are laid down for the guidance of the brotherhood, viz:

The commandments which Fernando, the High-priest of the Order of Copperheads, promulgated unto the bruisers, the knock-downs, the unterrified, the July rioters, and those who were wont to assemble in the great Hall of Mozart, in the immaculate city of Gotham, are:

I. Thou shalt have no other President than George B. McClellan, nor shalt thou hearken to the voice of any leader other than he.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any brazen image that is like unto Wood, who resembleth the vulture that soareth in the air above and who crawleth on the earth below. Thou shalt not admit of any other leader nor be subservient to any other's will; for I, Fernando, the Gothamite, am a crafty and bare-faced man, and will visit with condign contempt all such as oppose my ways, and will show kindness to all such as fawn upon and flatter me.

III. Thou shalt not connect the name of Fernando the Gothamite with any profane oath, inasmuch as there is no oath sufficiently strong to be associated therewith.

IV. Remember that thou keep sacred the doctrine of State Rights; therein thou shalt find no power in the President to interfere with the internal regulations of thy State. In it he shall make no arbitrary arrests nor imprison thee, nor thy son, nor thy man-servant, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; for the laws of thy State alone are sufficient wherewith to punish the ill-doer and to protect him who does well.

V. Honor all the propounders and professors of peace, for their days may not be long in the land.

VI. Thou shalt not throttle any fat political "job."

VII. Thou shalt not hold illicit intercourse with the Confederates, unless thou canst run the blockade with thy goods, and thereby increase thy stores of wealth.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal more than thy share of official plunder.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness nor suppress the truth, unless by so doing thou canst increase the magnitude of thy wrongs.

X. Thou shalt not covet the opinions of Wendel Phillips, nor the writings of Horace Greeley, nor the speeches of Henry Ward Beecher, nor the eloquence, wisdom and humanity of Fred. Douglas, nor anything that these people may think, say or do, practice or propose.

The last, though not the least, of these our commandments you are to observe strictly, for upon this hangs all the law and the Democratic prophecy, to wit:

Thou shalt hate the negro with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it:

Thou shalt hate an Abolitionist like the devil. On these two is the *"faith of thy soul to be fixed."*

Now, Mr. Editor, is not this true in every particular? Are not these the opinions upon which the success of the great copperhead party is to be perched? Yes, sir. No man can doubt this fact for a moment. No man, who has eyes to see, ears to hear, tongue to speak, or heart to feel, can doubt the truth of the foregoing commandments. It behooves us, then, to keep our lamps bright and burning, lest, in the hour we think not, this son of the popular Democracy gains the Presidential chair.

I have always been a warm friend of the way in which the pathfinder, Major General John C. Fremont has conducted "the elements from time to time" surrounding him when a candidate before the people for the Presidency of the United States; but this last move of his savors of short-sightedness, namely, a villification of Lincoln for his own emolument. That's not a good tact, General. Don't do that, for you know that you are the black man's choice. I trust in God, and stick to the belief, that the policy of this administration is colonization. It will, in the end, in broad terms, be proposed; hence the split in the Cabinet, the resignation of Secretary Chase, the retention of Postmaster-General Blair, with all his concommitant pusillanimity; and if ex Secretary Chase accepts a nomination of the War Democratic ticket, he will be elected President of the United States, or will be the means of throwing the whole matter into the hands of Congress. Then he will be sure to get it, for the opponents of Lincoln will be sure to elect him, as both are supposed to be anti slavery men, and Secretary Chase's abilities are acknowledged by the Democrats. Lincoln is not; he is looked upon *as the weasel of Secretary Seward*, who will pop at his nod and wink, *"the grandmamma of politics; in other words, the clown of the Republican party."* So you see how the whole matter stands. More anon.

All's quiet here at this time. Colored men are enlisting by the dozens every day,—large bounties being paid for substitutes—four, five, and even six hundred dollars. The navy here is taking in a great many men, but they get nothing in the shape of bounty as they are promised. The three hundred dollar commutation clause is now repealed or abolished, and substitutes taken for one year only, and with the right to as high a price as a principal will pay for one. I can't see why success does not crown the efforts of the Government in raising men without a draft. *Bring on your greenbacks, Uncle Sam, and while they flutter in the breeze, we are sure to rally round the flag.*

I learn that Col. J. D. Turner, of Pennsylvania, the gentleman foremost, a year ago, in raising the First District United States Troops, has died of starvation, after all he had done, and the bold and intrepid manner in which he did it, and the expectations he kept in view, to some day get the colonelcy of the regiment, in which expectation he died without the enjoyment or possession of. I say, after all this, not one cent did he get, not one mark of respect, nor one act among all the admirers of his course have I heard or seen. God help this administration! He died in the triumphs of faith in that God whom he delighted to serve, in whom he always trusted as a Christian gentleman—faith in that God, though friends forsook him. Col. Turner's soul is with God, safely housed in the bosom of Him that looked down on his acts with Divine approbation. *He is at rest!*

Rev A. R. Green, Bishop of the B. A. M. E. Church, Canada, the father of Prof. A. M. Green, is in this city. With his lofty intellect he is sowing the seeds of information among the people, which, like the rising of the ever-blessed sun, grows more and more effulgent. I am more pleased with this scholar, divine and generous hearted gentleman than any of the representative men in that position (Bishop) I have come in contact with yet. No wonder the Professor is the intellectual giant that he is, having such an example before him, so worthy of emulation. With gospel and with medical measure, he is going about doing good unto all men.

A number of our worthy ladies and gentlemen of this city are starting a well-arranged and highly commendable class of ice-cream saloons. Among the proprietors are Mrs Tithell, New York Avenue, also Mr William A. Nichols, Island. This is right. It is something we want here very much. As long as they are kept from being loafers' Paradises, all will be well. I wish them great success.

Excuse me, if you please, Ethiopia. They are preparing for a great burst out here on the Fourth. Good!

Professor A. M Green is still exhibiting his panorama here in the District and adjacent places with great success. That's what we want—improvement, science and knowledge.

The Rev. James Sella Martin did not come, as expected last week. The reason I do not know.

THOMAS H. C. HINTON.

Washington, July 2, 1864.

In the sight of the world, we should live in all good report, in all modesty and honesty, that such should have nothing to accuse us of, this belongs to our life on earth; but when we talk of the other, eternal life, I cling to the man Christ Jesus, and his righteousness; there I will be found as a poor worm.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT

A BUSYBODY IN PHILADELPHIA

MR. EDITOR:—This being the first opportunity offered me to address your numerous readers, on account of a multiplicity of business crowding me since my appointment as one of your *Correspondents*, permit me to offer a passing thought under the above caption, which may be of interest.

It is a remarkable fact, that one favored with the power of vision, can scarcely pass through our city without observing nearly all kinds of bodies. Here are graceful and deformed, crooked and straight, tall and short, bulky and slender, athletic and feeble, four-legged, two-legged, one-legged and no legged bodies. Indeed, I think we are visited by all kinds of bodies, two only excepted, Mr. Everybody and Mr. Nobody.

Mr. Busybody has recently made us a visit, and I hope to do him no injustice by describing his mysterious character.

1. His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore he is fain to make himself room in the affairs of others, yet ever in pretense of love. No news can stir but by his door, neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a *Guinea* voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether *Holland* will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and, rather than lose the news, he rides back with him to apprise him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale, wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse.

2. "His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and, perhaps, would effect it, if other ears were as unweariable as his tongue. If he sees but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them and asks if he may not be a partner of that secret relation; and, if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lyon, or of the freezing of the Thames; and after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence."

3. "This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not—and calls at his neighbor's window, and asks why his servants are not at work."

The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited.

His tongue, like the tails of *Samson's* foxes, carries fire-brands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame."

4. "He hates constancy, as an earthern dullness, unfit for men of spirit, and loves to change his work and his place; neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place as every place is weary of him: for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; neither is it possible that any should not hate him, but who know him not. So then he labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say *it was a pity he did not die sooner.*"

Some person answering to the above description, has recently visited us. Whither he has gone I know not; but he has (doubtless) left us (as it is a distinguishing trait of his character to tarry but a short time in one place, and never tell where he is bound.) Having described the character of this mysterious personage, it may be expedient for me to give some account of his work in this city, that others may know his footprints.

It is well known by all the readers of the *Recorder*, that certain *delegates* appointed by the *General Conference of the A. M. E. Church*, and the *General Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church*, held a convention in Wesley Church, Lombard St., Phila., on the 14th, 15th and 16th ult., for the purpose of effecting a basis of union with the two bodies. Said *Convention* deemed it necessary to appoint a committee of the following persons: to wit: Revs S. Jones, H. Davis, J. Trusty, J. Woodlys and A. L. Stanford, whose duty it shall be to publish 25,000 copies of the basis adopted, in circular or pamphlet form, for the benefit of the public and members of the two churches. The proceedings of this Convention took place just at the time when Mr Busybody was giving our city a passing visit; his great lust for money impressed him to display this distinguishing trait of character, *i. e.* to meddle with the affairs of others. He assumes the work of the committee, (though unsolicited) publishes the circulars which the Convention ordered the committee to publish, offers them for sale and applies the profits to his own pecuniary benefit. These are his footprints. I really think that such a character without repentence, will be a fit subject for that white devil which I saw the Rev. Wm H. Jones exhibiting at a Panoramic exhibition.

Reader, at Mr. Busybody's next visit, he will doubtless present you a circular, and desire you to give him five cents. His circular has no signature to it, hence it is neither genuine nor authentic. Beware of him yourself, and tell your neighbor to beware, for this mysterious character is on his way. Let every one who loves truth and justice, *purchase this number of the RECORDER,* for besides other valuable reading, you get Mr Busybody's Circular, for the small sum of 5 cents.

The following is the Circular *verbatim et literatim.*

BETHEL ZION

UNION

OF THE

TWO AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCHES

The delegates of the African Methodist Episcopal Churches assembled in Convention in Philadelphia, June 14th, 1864, remaining in session three days, have agreed on the following basis of union:—

Articles of Confederation.

Whereas, The great principles of Christianity, as taught by Christ and his Apostles, call upon the Church Militant to labor for the spread of God's kingdom among men throughout the whole world, by means of preaching, teaching, and a general diffusion of knowledge:

And Whereas, The wants of our oppressed race in this land demand that we should leave no means (legitimate) unemployed to husband our strength and prepare for the work of evangelizing the world, and especially the instruction and elevation of the millions of freedmen in the South:

And Whereas, There has been a growing tendency among the members of the said churches for a union of the two connections, and action has been taken in the Annual Conferences of our sister Zion Church on this subject; also, many articles have appeared in the *Christian Recorder and Anglo-African,* discussing the propriety of a union which cannot be properly enacted without the action of the General Conferences of both churches: Therefore, deeply convinced of the importance of Christian union and fellowship, and of the retarding and pernicious influence usually consequent upon division, the undersigned representatives of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in America, with a sense of their responsibility to God as well as the grave and delicate responsibilities resting upon them as conservators of the dearest rights and interests of that portion of the great family of God for whom they act, respectfully present to the Convention the following articles as the basis of a permanent union of the respective connections represented in this body:—

First—The name of the united connections shall be, "The United African Methodist Episcopal Church in America."

Second—We agree, first, in doctrine; second, in mode of worship; third, in the system of an itinerant ministry; fourth, in being Methodist. Our class-meetings, love-feasts and prayer-meetings are the same. We have the same general rules. Each of us have official boards, Quarterly and Annual and General Conferences.

Third—We agree to adopt the Bishopric; but the choosing and ordaining the Superintendents of the A. M. E. Zion Church shall be left to the General Conference of said body, all parties agreeing to recognize such ordination, if performed in a legal way.

Fourth—We agree that the rights of the people to a lay delegation in the General Conference shall be maintained, but the Union General Conference shall, from time to time, fix the ratio of such representations, and the mode such lay delegates are to be chosen by the Quarterly Conferences of stations or circuits, or the male members of the same.

Fifth—We agree generally in reference to trustees; but as those in one church are members of the Quarterly Conference, and in the other they are not, but amenable to that Board, we propose that the subject be referred to the coming United General Conference, whose decision we will abide by.

Sixth—We agree that no trustees or official board shall have power to reject a minister sent to the society by the appointing power, where there is nothing against his Christian character to disqualify him, without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members of said church. But all the ministers must remain until removed by proper authority; and where such a rejection does occur by a two-third vote of the membership, and on reasonable grounds, the appointing power shall change such rejected minister.

Seventh—We agree to give the spiritual control of the churches to the Bishops and Conferences, leaving to the people the control of the temporal interests, subject to quarterly examination.

Eighth—We agree that the Books of Discipline in use in each body at the setting of the ratifying General Conference of the two connections shall be submitted to a committee of twelve members of the General Conference, equally chosen from each party, and such committee shall report to the said ratifying General Conference, which shall ratify the same before it becomes a law.

Ninth—We agree that the adoption of these articles shall be as follows:—

1st.—It should be submitted to the male members of each Circuit and Station in both connections.

2d.—It shall be submitted to the Quarterly Meeting Conferences, who shall submit it to the ensuing Annual Conferences, and, when by them ratified, a certified copy shall be sent to the ensuing United General Conference, the decision of which shall be final.

Tenth—We agree that the basis of union and consolidation which we have now agreed upon are not considered law and binding until they have all been submitted to a vote of all the churches, Quarterly and Annual Conferences, and then ratified by a vote of at least two-thirds of the United General Conference of 1868; until then the two connections shall remain distinct and independent, living only on friendly terms, as distinct and independent Christian denominations ought to live.

These articles were signed by the delegates of both connections.

For the Christian Recorder.

CORRECT PERCEPTION

MR EDITOR:—You have been informed by public print, that I, your unworthy servant, would *lecture* on a subject of *vital* importance to our race—*id est*, the colored race.

Well now, *vital* means pertaining to life; contributing to life, very necessary; highly important, essential: and essential means "Important in the highest degree." Then as to a *lecture*, it means a formal or methodical discourse, intended for instruction;" and instruction means, "The act of teaching, or informing the understanding in that of which it was before ignorant." So, under this consideration, knowing my own defects—knowing my own inability, I say, to select such a subject, and to treat it as you have been informed it would be treated, you should have had the distinguished Frederick Douglas, the Rev Henry Highland Garnett, or such a man as the Rev Bishop D A Payne. However, as to the selection of a subject, I have been trying to conclude what one would, in a measure, agree with the announcement. We had partially decided to take the subject, "True Religion." This is of *vital* importance—not only to our race, but to every kindred tribe, and tongue: "To the Jew first, and also to Gentile." It is the living bread of every man, but it belongs to the pulpit, and, therein, is made the topic of sermon and lecture, by great and small men, on Sabbath ante-meridian and post-meridian. Thinking, then, that it was of too general a character, and belonged more particularly to another circle, and also holding the opinion that everything should be done decently and in order, I finally concluded to take the subject

CORRECT PERCEPTION.

If I had been introduced for the purpose of merely addressing you, my task would probably be much easier, even in discussing *perception*; for then as one of the generalities, I would touch its borders and pass along. But as it is, we are now to dwell upon "Correct Perception," and view it, as far as we can, in its relation to ourselves.

The ability of correctly perceiving everything, is the grandest and most important qualification of any people. Without it, every man is something like a supple toy; but those who have it, are competent pioneers of their own affairs, and, relying on the arm of God, they are able to see for themselves, the most beneficial things. So if there is anything in the world, at this time, that may be regarded as of vital importance to us—the colored people of this country—it is to know our own ability of perceiving circumstances in a proper light.

This is a duty to ourselves, on account of the wily means used for our injury.

Nefarious plans have been laid, and deceitful actions extended toward us, that we might be ultimately and completely overthrown. Our tardiness in improvement, has been praised, our progression been denounced. It has been persistently claimed as a truth, that men of our lineage can do hardly any more for themselves, than stand in the swamps and smack mosquitoes from their brows. It was once asserted that men of African descent, had not the capacity to make soldiers. Bitter were the sneers against the idea! Loud and numerous were the remarks of ridicule, to prevent the undertaking of the project! But when the case was proven by actual experiment; when African ivories tore the cartridge, and black hands drove the ram-rod; when colored soldiers pulled the trigger, charged bayonets, and made Southern sinners bite the dust, then did there follow—not the merited compliment because of the establishment of the fact, but a misanthropical sullenness mixed up with chagrin.

So ingeniously and determinedly have influential powers been directed to work against us, that we ourselves, have been almost led to agree with the directors, and to lose confidence in our own God-given ability. By pertinacious argument, some had striven to prove it true, that colored people are inferior to white people, and are not acceptable on social, political, or *religious* equality, in spite of the unquestionable facts, that a white man dies, his body rots, and his body stinks just as does the body of him whose skin is of a different hue. This intrigue to keep us down, they support by their declamation in lieu of required *argument*. In spite of the sound interrogation, is there any better place in hell for a bad white man, than there is for a bad black one? they *rest* upon this intrigue. In spite of the truth, "That there is but one living and true God, who made of one blood, all nations of the earth"—they rave upon this intrigue. Whilst they do all this, Sacred History calmly tells us that Gehazi, Elisha's servant, for his avariciousness and *lying* was turned as white as snow; and that Elisha said unto him: "The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman, shall cleave unto thee and unto *thy seed forever.*"

Much more might be said upon this point, but, as I am endeavoring to beneficially consider a correct perception as it concerns us, time will not permit an extension of remarks in this direction. The extent to which we have already gone is sufficient to show what we require. It is something more than the ability of forming an opinion of a class of things by the sense of taste, or of coming to a conclusion by casual observation, or of building up a notion by the power of hearing or feeling.

We need individual, independent action of mind to know ourselves, that we may set a just estimation upon the characters of our friends, and fortify ourselves against the contrivances of our enemies. A want of perception, a dullness of apprehension, and a common dependance on the formed opinions of others have made the African descendants in America what they are—the subjects of deception. Men professing to be our friends may stand up and tell us what they please about our welfare and our destiny; but I say, in the language of a great man: "Till we ourselves see it with our own eyes, and perceive it by our own understanding, we are in the dark." And, moreover, we are as the clay and they are as the potter. Man was made to think and understand for himself. To be a man, instead of being led entirely by the thinking power of another, he should be governed by his own thoughts. Then they who know him would not essay to treat him as a flexible machine.

It has been the policy of those who have been opposed to the colored race, knowing the power of this faculty, to keep it ever in subjection. This course they stubbornly pursued, and used (as they thought) the most effectual means for the consummation of their success. Then, thinking us mellow—thinking men and women as nothing more than what they called them—"boys and girls," they began to blind us by their evil notions of their superiority. They talked as they pleased and acted toward us as they chose. But, as they brought upon themselves the thunder and lightning of heaven, it is time now for us to see, and to see correctly.

Superiority! Why, by Almighty power nations are pulled down, by Almighty power nations are built up; and, if it pleases God, He uses the white stuff, if it pleases Him, He uses the *black*. Who can make Him stop?

Under this consideration, it is evident that we should be our own inspectors, to remedy our numerous defects consequent to our great privations. To do this, we may first begin at our *religion*. When there is a right conception of the religion that is ordained for the world, it alone should be accepted. This, we must know, is the substantial foundation for the building up of any people. Other foundations are as sand. This we should clearly and thoroughly understand, so that we may profit by watching the examples of those who have raised themselves by doing unto others as they would that others should not do unto them. This point requires very nice discernment and very careful deliberation; for, we (as has been too often supposed) are not so much better than others, neither are others so very much worse than we are.

Still, they have both *vices* and *virtues*, which are not in our possession; and, if we but view them wisely, we can learn something for our good. Their *inconsistency* is a feature in their professedly righteous proceedings, that demands the scrutinizing application of our minds, that we may either agree or disagree like intelligent beings, to take it as a mark for imitation. Correct perception would set this feature aside as a vice not to be imitated—as a kind of proud demeanor, that distills a selfish *white-soul* gospel. Even so. It is the same feature running through ice-cream saloons, railroad companies, steamboat lines, and whiskey rooms, that dares to hold a church, called the church of Christ, as a place in which the gospel must be delivered with respect to persons. The consequent appreciation of the *letter*, rather than of the spirit, we discover as another feature.

The eagerness for ancient and modern learning can be regarded as only the *scale* of true religion. These are the defects, among many others, which might, by further examination, be discovered in religion, as practised by those who arrogated the red man's home and dealt in human flesh. These are vices which we should reject; but then they have virtues which we should adopt.

They have had the conveniences for instruction in the sciences. They have had the opportunities for improvement in polite literature. They have had access to schools and colleges, which we could not enter, and so they must have gained what we have not.

Then, seeing ourselves thus deficient, we should trace them up to learn what they have learned of the external performances of religion. We should go to their churches, even though we should meet with sneers, like Cicero at the Grecian forum, to learn of their preachers the style of speaking. We should go to learn of their choirs the graceful mode of singing. We should go to learn of their ingoing refinement, their down-sitting refinement, their uprising refinement, and their out-going refinement. We would so begin to see our blindness.

Then our thoughts would be more properly turned upon ourselves, and we would be more able to see the incumbrances we throw upon our own shoulders. A self knowledge, by this means gained, would direct us to take the right steps for the rectification of our vices and the improvement of our virtues. It is the cloudiness of men's minds upon any given subject that keeps them in doubt and prevents their immediate action when no collateral circumstances interfere. I can conceive it to be upon this ground that we hesitate in taking the proper steps for the improvement of ourselves. Investigation shows me nothing else to which I may lay the charge.

The objects to which we should give our attention are conspicuous enough. As one, *prejudice* is amongst us, especially in relation to our religious views; and it is kept alive by a certain disunited condition in which we exist. This is a known fact, and as equally well known to be wrong, because it impedes the progression of good works. This being true, then it follows, that, by every exertion, we should strive to form a union that would kill prejudice. This, I mean, should be done amongst ourselves as *Methodists*; but then there should be a still greater union amongst ourselves, of all denominations, as *Christians*—a union that would be seen in one grand National Convention, in which we could greet each other once a year by representatives appointed.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES H. A. JOHNSON

Baltimore, Md

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER

55th Mass Vols., Folly Island,
May 29th, 1864.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have attempted several times to give you a faint idea of the condition of things generally in my immediate neighborhood, concerning military affairs, and once more must I encroach upon your proverbial forbearance and generosity.

We cannot tell here at what moment the general aspect and relations of our present position may be entirely changed. When we enrolled ourselves into the ranks of the Union army, we did so with the understanding that we should be allowed the same pay, rations, clothing and treatment as the white troops. We were once promised this by Governor Andrews himself, who stated, at the same time, that he had authority direct from Washington, directing him to that effect. Under these circumstances, and knowing at the same time that Massachusetts had already done more towards the general welfare of our race than her mother or sister States, we at once resolved to enroll ourselves under the broad banner of freedom, and strike a decisive blow for God and the Union—aye, to lay down our lives and shed our best blood beneath the Stars and Stripes in order that our down-trodden and oppressed kindred might be elevated and brought more on an equality with the white race. Understand us: we do not mean by this that the black man's son should marry the white man's daughter, or the white man's son marry the black man's daughter—but we mean and allude to the exercise of our political, free, civil and public rights. We gave to Massachusetts the honor of having us enlist under her State flag—some from Indiana, some from Ohio, some from Missouri, Pennsylvania, New York State, Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky, and some from Canada. Great was the love shown by our race for Massachusetts, who flocked to her standard by thousands for the purpose of enlisting. But, for my part, if I had it to do over again, I would enlist in my own State, Pennsylvania.

If I should live to get home from this regiment, and the war still continues, I will join a Pennsylvania regiment.

A soldier's life, take it what way you will, is a hard one. I have seen a good bit of it. Being the steward of an officer on the Potomac, I had a chance of seeing and learning a great deal of how a soldier ought to be treated. Now I am going to address myself to the public, and shall endeavor to be as brief as possible. I shall not add, but rather diminish.

The 54th, our brother regiment, came in this department last summer, and made that gallant charge on Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, where many a brave man fell; I will not say soldiers, for in these two regiments we are only soldiers for the time being.

Shortly after this charge we landed on Folly Island, and soon after fatiguing duties began. We went to the front every eight and day for six or eight weeks on a stretch, mounting cannon, pulling cannon, throwing up batteries, when I would much rather have taken my position in line of battle; for the seizing of Morris Island, preparatory to the siege of Charleston, was anything but a pleasant undertaking; so we fatigued from that time until the 13th of February, when we embarked for Florida. The 54th being several days in advance from Jacksonville, we marched to Barber's Station, en route to assist in making the attack at Olustee. Arriving at Barber's Station, and finding our troops on the retreat, we concluded to encamp there for the night.

The next morning found us retreating back on Jacksonville, where we were immediately set to work throwing up entrenchments and erecting batteries, building forts, and so on, which were all successfully completed. After remaining there a few days we were detached, part going to Palatka, and part to Yellow Bluff, where fatigue duty commenced. When we got through there we were ordered to South Carolina, leaving the 8th Pennsylvania regiment to enjoy the fruits of our labour, as we had often done to other regiments.

So we entered South Carolina once more, and it was intimated by some prominent officers that by promising to do double duty we would be allowed to land, but not otherwise. However, we landed and commenced picket duty, each man coming off and going on the next day. This was kept up for some time. We were taken off that duty and put on fatigue duty on Saturday—all this going on, and we not receiving a cent of remuneration, after having been in the service for one year.

Now, friends, what do you think of such acts as these? Do you call it fair? Do you notice a semblance of justice in the fact that while many of our families, our poor wives and children, are at home crying for bread and the necessaries of life, their husbands and fathers are out upon the field battling in defence of the Union, without receiving a cent of pay? How long shall these pitiful cries roll sadly and unheeded up to heaven?

We have been told some monstrous falsehoods, and have been deceived and hoodwinked in various ways, and yet our officers reprimand us for complaining, which any reasonable man with a feeling heart could not do. Mostly all of the men that have died or fallen in the 54th, and all that have died in the 55th regiment, are brought in depot. What do you think of this? We do not wish to go home, but we came out here for our rights, and the [illegible] promises given us is not made good, let Governor Andrews replace us where he got us from. But let him see to having us paid, and it will be all right.

Mr Weaver, will you please insert this in your paper? We have no money now, but I hope we will have some one of these days. I live in your city.

There is a great many things which I have not mentioned. Mr. Weaver, please correct all mistakes.

One thing more I must mention. While we, the veterans of our race, are out here fighting for their and our rights, the cowardly villains at home are trying to bring our families to destruction by their villainous acts. It is an outrage on us. But if we live, we expect to get home some time, and such men may well look for our coming. They will not find as easy times as before we left for Massachusetts, as we have now become so inured that we could almost stand to go through fire, and not flinch in the greatest of danger.

But I must now bring my somewhat lengthy letter to a close, which is from a member of the 55th Mass.

Nothing more at present, but remain
Your humble servant,
A Sergeant of the 55th Mass.

For the Christian Recorder

Camp of the 1st U. S. C. T.,
Two miles from Petersburg, Va.,
June 29th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir: This is the first time I have had to write to let you know that the boys are well and in high spirits.

We have advanced so far, and I hope when I write to you again, we will be in the city of Petersburg.

We had some considerable marching and fighting to do, in order to reach this point.

We have been instrumental in liberating some of our brethren and sisters from the accursed yoke of human bondage. They manifest their love for liberty, by every possible emotion. As several of them remarked to me: "It seemed to them like heaven." So greatly did they realize the difference between slavery and freedom. They were sent to City Point; from there, they are to be sent to Fortress Monroe.

The slaves tell us that they have been praying for the time to come; but now their eyes have seen salvation from the dreadful calamity of slavery which has been on us, as a nation, for a long time.

It surprised them to see their brethren in arms.

What a glorious prospect it is, to behold this grand army of black men, as they march with martial step at the head of their column, over the sacred soil of Virginia. They cause what few inhabitants yet remain, to look and wonder.

There is One above all, stronger than all armies, whose help is mightier than the great powers of Europe. The blessing of Almighty God is better than the army of Butler, surer than the rifle of Burnside, and sharper than the sword of Grant.

We are the gallant First, who nobly—have been tried—ready and willing, with our bayonets by our side.

Col. Holman had no cause to fear about the courage of the colored volunteers.

I must close; the shades of night are approaching; time will not permit me to write any longer, so good by Dear Recorder. You will hear from me soon.

CHARLES T BROWN,
Company B, 1st U. S. C. T.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 9. 1864.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Mr. Henry Maddeo wishes some information in regard to his wife, Mary Maddeo, who embarked at New Orleans, in the steamer Media, last August, 1863, bound North. Information relative to the same, will be thankfully received and amply rewarded.

Please direct No 22 Southac St., or No 2 Dutton Place. Southac St. to Rev. Geo. A. Rue, or Henry Maddeo, Boston, Mass

Geo. A Rue.

GENERAL CONFERENCE MINUTES

This is the first time, in the history of our Church, that we know of, that all the General Conference's Minutes were sent for by the brethren, and not over fifty in the store.

We hope that the brethren will send the money for them as soon as possible.

NOTICE

We will have out the Discipline just as soon as we can, and also the Love-feast tickets—be patient.

NOTICE.

The arrangements for West Philadelphia quarterly meetings.

General class at West Philadelphia, on Friday night, July 8th; quarterly Conference, on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock; on the same night, preaching and exhortations; July 16th and 17th, quarterly meeting at Germantown; on the 24th, quarterly meeting at Norristown.

Peter Gardiner,
Pastor in charge of West Philadelphia Circuit.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meeting at Macedonia Church, South Camden, will be held on the 17th of July, Lord willing. Quarterly Conference on the 15th, at 8 o'clock in the evening.

T. G. Steward, Preacher,
Wm Moore. Elder in charge.

NOTICE

Quarterly Meeting at the Union A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday the 17th inst.

Appointments, viz:

Rev. Wm Moore, at 3 o'clock, P. M.,
Rev. Jos. H. Long, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

A. L. Stanford, Pastor

We give the following list of prices of a few of our *New Books:*

Wheldon on the Will,	$1 85
A Treatise on Homiletics—Kidder,	1 35
Wakefield's Christian Theology,	3 25
Wesley's Sermons—Vols. 1 and 2,	2 50
Fletcher's Works—Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4,	2 25
Christian Biography,	40
Claude's Essay,	60
Steward's Philosophy of the Human Mind,	1 30
Watson's Theological Dictionary,	3 50
Theological Institutes—Watson,	2 50
Scripture Cabinet—House,	1 25
Women of the Bible—Adams,	65
History of Methodism,	
Vols. 1, 2, [illegible] Stevens	[illegible]
Illustrative [illegible]	[illegible]

HYMN-BOOKS

Superfine Morocco, with clasp,	1 75
" " without,	1 25
Plain Roan, gilt edge,	1 10
" "	85
Sheep,	75
Cloth,	70

NOTICE

☞ This week's issue of our paper will be found unusually graphic and interesting, embracing as it does several letters from our army correspondents, vividly portraying the joys and sorrows, and the clouds and sunshine of life in the camp. Get a copy and see.

HYMN-BOOKS

We take the present opportunity of notifying those of our brethren who may be in want of hymn-books, that we are prepared to supply their wants, as far as we can. We have a still few on hand, and, being in want of the ready money, we shall dispose of them at cost, if applied for soon. To those of our friends who cannot pay the cash down on purchasing, we shall endeavor to be accommodating, by letting them have as many of the books as they can sell immediately, with the understanding that they shall forward the money at once.

Brethren will please be particular not to send for more copies than they can dispose of in a given time; for the present state of our capital will not justify us in allowing a very long credit. The gallant ship might totter and eventually go down.

OBITUARY.

Sister Gale, who died in our city some weeks ago was the daughter of Rev. David Smith, who resides at Wilberforce University. She was a member of Bethel church for many years. She leaves behind her a daughter and a kind husband to mourn her loss. Both husband and daughter at present reside in Boston, Massachusetts, where they have all resided for a number of years. From all accounts, we feel that Sister Gale has gone to a happier land—a place where severed ties are re-united, and dear ones meet, never again to be parted.

THANKS.

We hereby desire to return our sincere thanks to the Hon. William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, an honored and respected member of the United States Congress, for a copy of his most eloquent and telling speech upon the proposed amendments to the National Constitution—the most important of which is the abolishing of Slavery, that hydra headed and cursed system, of which "Proud and free America," of all nations of the earth, Christian or *Heathen*, stands alone the unswerving champion!

It is needless for us to say that the zealous and untiring efforts of this humane advocate and friend of the oppressed bondmen will ever be fully appreciated and held in grateful remembrance by our people. Deep is the hold he has upon the affections of the colored people of this country.

TO OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS.

For your satisfaction, we will say, that we believe, that, as we now understand it, Congress has passed a bill that all [illegible] are to have equal pay. This is right, and never should have been any other way.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, June 23d, 1864

After speaking was over, the throne of grace was addressed by Rev. Dr Barrows, of Chelsea. Some few of the brethren had to leave before nine o'clock, and hence they went pretty soon after tea. The rest of us repaired to a very nice little grove, some thirty yards from Dr. Burmingham's house, and there joined in singing some of the hymns. We then returned back to the house, and sat awhile. Sister Burmingham and the Dr. had their sweet little children come together and sing by note. We do not think that any of them are over nine years of age. They sat in a row and sung very sweetly.

After they had all sung sweetly together, the little daughter, who they said was six years old, was caused to go to the pianoforte, select her hymn, play and sing it. We hope that God may continue to pour His blessings upon brother and sister Burmingham and their children.

There is another fact about the Dr. we wish to call your attention to, and that is, the Dr has a part of his house dedicated to Almighty God, which is the basement story, for prayer-meetings, class-meetings and Sabbath-school. And he told us, that, on the Sabbath previous to our being at his house, twenty-five children stood up to be prayed for, both white and black.

It was now time for us to be getting down to the depot, and so we took the parting hands of the Dr and his dear little family. We will take occasion to say, at this point, that the Christian ministers all opened their churches in Boston and its suburbs on last Sabbath. We were appointed to preach in the Rev. Dr. Barrows' church. It is a large, capacious church, and has a splendid organ. It is true we were not very well, but we were willing to suffer a little in the flesh, so as to accommodate the Dr. and his congregation.

After services were over, the Dr would have us to stop and take tea with him and his fine lady, and a more friendly and Christian-like family we have not met with.

On the morning of the 28th of June Conference adjourned, between one and three o'clock; and I will just say here, that, on Monday morning, the ministers of the M. E. Church met, and a motion was passed, that the meeting adjourn, and that they visit, *en masse*, the A. M. E. Conference, which they did, and their Chairman, Rev. Dr. Cooper, addressed the Conference in a most elegant style; after which, the oldest men in their ranks was called upon to speak, and he did it with the zeal of a Paul.

Dr Barrows also made a few very appropriate remarks. Then they all left.

The business of the Conference being pretty well through, the Bishop prepared to make a few remarks, and then proceeded to read out the appointments, as follows:

Appointments for New England Conference.

Boston, Mass., Rev. G. A. Rue.
Newport, R. I., Rev. E. T. Williams.
New Haven, Conn., W. W. Grimes.
New Bedford, Mass., J. H. Shreeves.
Providence, R. I., Rev. J. W. Barley, sub. J. H. Shreeves.
Bridgeport, Conn., Isaac Emery, sub. W. W. Grimes.
Mission, Second Division, Rev. W. Johnson.
Great Barrington, Henry Doty.
Agent for the Boston church, Rev. Jacob Mitchell.

[illegible] adjourned to meet in Providence in 18[illegible]

We were all, preachers and visitors, invited to dine at the boarding-house of Mr. and Mrs. Castys, No. 185 North Street. Any person going to Boston will find their boarding house to be very pleasant. We got them to subscribe to the Recorder.

The Daughters of Conference had tea in the basement story of the Rev. Mr. Grimes' church (Baptist) on the night of the same day the Conference adjourned. We had a nice time. Just before the Daughters passed their good things around, the Conference presented a splendid patent lever watch to Bishop Nazrey, through brother Burley and brother H. J. Johnson. This being done, the Providence Daughters presented him and his wife with a silver cup, through a young girl, who did herself and the Society credit.

The next thing that followed was the presentation of the Daughters of Newport with a set of silver spoons and forks. Two young girls made the presentation. It is more than likely that we shall publish what they said in our next. The Bishop and his wife were taken by surprise with all except the watch.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL OUR AGENTS AND FRIENDS, AND ESPECIALLY MINISTERS HAVING CHARGE OF CIRCUITS AND STATIONS

We wish to inform you, that everything is advancing higher and higher in price. Paper has gone up to 22, 23 and 25 cents per pound—almost three cents a sheet. You will readily perceive that it is impossible for us to make anything at such rates.

Brethren will order papers to be sent to them, and keep us out of the money for three, four, five and six weeks at a time, and some two and three months, and sometimes much more than this. Now, brethren, is it right? Let conscience speak. Well, then, here is another rub on us. The printers have nearly doubled their charges. The printers in this city have met together and adopted a scale of prices, which raises the prices enormously high. If they go on in the way they are now doing, we assure our friends that a great many of our weekly papers will have to stop. But there are many reasons why the Recorder should not go down. First. Because it is the only weekly religious paper among the colored people in this country, and for this reason alone it should be sustained, even if the times are hard. Secondly. We have nearly fifty thousand members, and they should never suffer it to go down after standing the storm so long, and as it is a source of information to them, both spiritually and politically, and this being an age of improvement, we should strive to come in possession of all we can. Thirdly. We have thousands of our brethren and friends who are in this war, fighting for liberty, and many of whom have fallen before the cannon. Oftentimes the information can be gained through this paper.

Now, in view of all this, will not all our ministers go to work and get us as many cash subscribers for one year as they possibly can? Those that they cannot get for a year, let them take for six months. Let us hear from our brethren, and, instead of five cents, you should charge six cents per copy.

We say again to our brethren, we want to hear from you what you are doing for the paper. We believe that all who want the paper to live will keep it before their people. We intend to labor to make our paper one of the very best.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT THORNBERRY ON LAST SABBATH

On last Sabbath we held Quarterly Meeting at Thornberry for Rev. E. Laws. We met together on Saturday at the church, but before we could get there, Brother Laws and myself were overtaken by a very heavy storm. We were all completely drenched—at least more so than was at all agreeable, for it had been a long time ago since we had received such a ducking. It reminded us of our boyish days. However, we had not been there long before the brethren commenced to stream in from different parts of the circuit, and we had a very nice time. Everything passed off very smoothly, and all seemed to be well pleased.

On Sabbath morning we did our best at preaching, and then administered the Lord's Supper. God was with us. The friends had gathered in from various parts of the circuit—some by the railroad.

At three o'clock Rev. Brother Laws preached, and we had a very nice time indeed during the afternoon.

At night we preached again, and thus the good work went on. All seemed to enjoy the meeting. We succeeded in prevailing upon four to confess that they wished to come over to the Lord's side. God be praised for his goodness to his people.

Brother Laws seemed well pleased, and well he might be, for we worked hard for his pecuniary advancement—for, disguise it as you will, a minister can no more live upon the wind than can any other human being. Why he should, we know not.

We hope that the good Lord will bless Brother Laws on his circuit this year. We did not forget to set before the people the duty they owe to Brother Laws and to the organ of the Church, a paper generally adapted to the wants of our people, namely, the *Christian Recorder*. So much is this the case, that we have become satisfied that all our people want is to have the matter of the Book Concern and paper properly set before them, to ensure a hearty response and liberal patronage from them. Why, brethren, we do really believe that the only reason why we have not ten thousand subscribers, is that it has not, as a general thing, been properly laid before our people. To prove the truth of what we say, we will give you the result of our doings in the matter.

After attending to Brother Laws' case we gave the people to understand that no church or congregation can possibly prosper or advance in intelligence which does not take the paper, and read it carefully, and especially a church paper which tells the people of their duty, rights and privileges.

The following persons subscribed for the Recorder:

Concordville, Del. Co., Pa.

Robert Derry, paid, ... 1 25
Henry Gibbs, do 1 25
David Carter, do. 1 25
Henry Anderson, do. 1 25
Daniel Davis, ...

Howellville, Del. Co., Pa.

John Smith, ... 1 25
John Garrette, ... 1 25

Heling Post Office, Del. Co., Pa.

John Elsey, ... 1 25

Kennard Square, Chester Co., Pa.

Rev. James R. Wilson, ...

West Chester, Pa.

Mrs. Rachel A. Jackson, ...
Mrs. Ellen Winn, ...

Now we hope that all of our brethren will take this matter in hand, and prevail upon the people to take the paper for one year, or even for six months at a time. This is the only road to success. We do not make anything now by letting brethren have the paper to supply their respective charges.

JUSTICE RESTORED.

We clip the following from the New York Tribune, and it will be read with much interest by [illegible] our people. It is just what we would like to see in Philadelphia. But when, oh! when will the hard-hearted Passenger Railway Companies of Philadelphia give the right to the colored people to ride in the cars? They may stubbornly refuse, but there is a just God, who will make them yield at a time when they will wish that they had done justice to the oppressed:

RIGHT OF COLORED PEOPLE TO RIDE IN THE STREET CARS—IMPORTANT CASE

The case of Ellen Anderson, the widow of Sergeant Anderson, of Co. F, in the 26th Colored Regiment, who was forcibly ejected by Police Officer Tyler from one of the cars of the Eighth Avenue Railroad came before the Police Commissioners on Wednesday morning, a charge of assault having been preferred, at her instance, against the officer, and of breaking the police regulations. Mr. Charles C. Whitehead, acting for William Curtis Noyes, Esq., as counsel, appeared for the complainant.

Mrs. Ellen Anderson, a respectable-looking woman, attired in deep mourning, was then sworn. She said: I am the widow of Sergeant Anderson, of Co. F, 26th Regiment, who died in discharge of his duty at Beaufort, S. C.; I was going up home and standing at the corner of Broadway, when car No. 2 of the Eighth Avenue Railroad came up; I got in; the conductor came up and said I could not ride in it; I told him I was sick, and wished to go home; he said there would be another car along soon; I told him I wished to ride in that; he started up and put his hands on me; I told him not to touch me; then he went out and brought in a policeman; this is the man here; he came in and told me there would be another car along soon; I said I knew nothing about another car, and had a right to ride there as well as anywhere else; he said I could not ride, and must go out, and then he got hold of me and dragged me, and called to the conductor for assistance; the conductor came, and they got me off the seat; I got hold of the straps of the car, and then they both pulled me and dragged me so that I was very sore, and they tore my hand and at last succeeded in dragging me into the street; the conductor said he did not care for me or my husband; I had money with me to pay my fare; no one asked me for any money; I had a basket in my hand.

The cross-examination by defendant simply elicited a repetition of the above statement.

C. A. Runkle, Esq., lawyer, confirmed the complainant's statement as to the manner of her ejection, and the parties engaged in it, and, in answer to a question by defendant, said there was no more violence used than was necessary to take her out.

J. P. Cumming, Esq., a Director of the Eighth Avenue Railroad, said there was no order of the Board excluding colored citizens from the use of the Eighth Avenue Railroad cars, and, on cross-examination, said he did not know there were signs on the road saying colored people were allowed to ride in certain cars only. No orders had been issued by the Board to the conductors to eject colored people.

E. G. Brown, Esq., merchant, also corroborated complainant's evidence; she was dragged by the wrist out of the cars, there was an unnecessary violence used.

Isaac Sweet, conductor of the car, was then called by Tyler as witness for the defence. His statement differed but little from that of Mrs. Anderson: the conductors had orders to remove colored people; that was the understanding; Col. May, the Superintendent of the road, gave these orders to eject colored people.

Cross examined by Mr. Whitehead—Col. May never directed me personally to turn colored people out of the cars; I never received any letter or writing from him directing me to do so, it was not in the printed books, but I supposed it was the rule of the road.

By the Court—Col. May never ordered me; I presumed it was an order; I never received it, and took it for granted that colored people could not ride in all the cars; there are cars specially for colored people; white people can ride in those cars if they please, but colored people could not ride with the white folks.

Police Officer Tyler then made a statement to Court, that he was stationed at the corner of the street; the conductor of the car came up and said there was a colored woman in the car, and asked him to remove her; I went in and asked her to remove, and said the next car was for colored people; she asked who rode in that car; I said, white people; she then said, "I am as good as any white people;" the conductor then came up, and said he must go on; I put my hand upon her, and she took hold of the straps; I asked the conductor to assist me, and we took her out.

By Mr. Whitehead—I had no orders except from the conductor.

By the Court—If a man had come in with gray hair, I should not have put him out.

In reply to a question from the Court, Mr. Whitehead said his object was only to test the right of the police to interfere in these matters. They had no vindictive feeling against the officer, who, he dare say, imagined he was doing his duty; but similar cases had been before the Court before, and were always decided in favor of the colored appellants and they simply wanted such a punishment inflicted as the Board would deem necessary to prevent the recurrence of such scandals. He appeared there for a number of gentlemen, whose feelings had often been much shocked by these *fracas* in the street cars, sometimes at the very moment the colored regiments were marching down the streets on their way to the war.

Mr. Commissioner Acton then said he was very sorry such a good officer as the defendant had got himself into such a scrape. It was his duty to preserve the peace, and there was no breach of the peace until he broke it. It was rather his duty to have arrested the conductor than the woman, if he was breaking the peace. He didn't care what he supposed; he ought to exhibit some common sense in these matters. There was no law against these people riding in the cars, and they had no right to make such a law, nor was there any order requiring policemen to do the dirty work of these conductors.

The final disposal of the case was then left for the full Board to pass such sentence as they may deem necessary.

The following order of the Superintendent of the Eighth Avenue Railroad was issued on Tuesday evening. This leaves the Sixth Avenue the only railroad in the city on which the discrimination between white and black passengers is observed:

Office of the 8th Av. R. R., June 28, 1864.

Hereafter, colored people are allowed to ride in all the cars (both large and small) of this Company.

C. A. May,
Sup't Eighth Av. Railroad Co.

CINCINNATI PUBLIC SCHOOLS

We see, by the "Colored Citizen," that the public schools for colored children in Cincinnati have been closed for the season, and that they have had a good time of it. If the colored people of Cincinnati now fail to possess themselves of a good education, it will not be for the want of good schools, but will be entirely their own fault.

We also learn from the same paper that they have a very strange way of getting rid of some of their citizens over there. They divest them of every vestige of clothing, and then without the least ceremony, precipitate them headlong into the yawning current of the Ohio river. This is the last seen of them. What becomes of them, after this unsolicited aquatic introduction, no tongue can tell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Articles sent to this paper for publication, without the authors' names signed to them, will not be noticed by us at all. Should any one wish to correspond with an assumed signature, we have no objection, but we must also have his real name in full.

BOOK NOTICES.

We take great pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers a most elegant and interesting new work, a copy of which we have received from the author. We do not claim to be the first to call attention to it through public print, but we are at least the first through the columns of this paper. It is the first copy we have seen of the work.

It is a wonderful book. The subject of the narrative was once a slave—a mere chattel, or a piece of merchandise, and was traded off as brutes are bought and sold. Now, reader, who do you think it was? Many of those in Philadelphia who have seen and heard him preach, will be astonished to learn that it was none other than the Rev. J. W. Loguen, now residing in Syracuse, New York.

This book narrates the life of Bro Loguen as a slave with startling power. We have not had time yet to peruse the work thoroughly—but we have read enough to convince us that the history it gives to the public is a most striking and truthful one.

The book contains 455 pages, and is sold at the low price of $1 per copy. We recommend all who have not secured a copy to do so immediately, before they are all gone. We have a few copies on hand, and will send them to any address by mail upon receipt of the price named—One Dollar.

DON'T SAY SO, OR YOU MAY BE MISTAKEN.

This is the title of a new work just published by Messrs Perkinpine & Higgins, of this city. This firm is noted for its extensive operations in book publishing line, and are generally much esteemed in their efforts to please. The book now on our table is a pleasant little volume. We have examined it carefully, and can recommend it to families. It forms an interesting dialogue, in which is set forth the various consistent and inconsistent acts or deeds of individuals. It is a lesson to those persons who do not know and never think of what they are saying or doing, and assists them to guard against the wrong, and to pursue the right way—the road that leads on to prosperity and peace.

It contains 290 pages, and can be had for 00 cents per copy. No one will regret having procured this book. A liberal discount will be allowed to booksellers and others who buy by wholesale.

Messrs Perkinpine and Higgins has also presented us with another little book, entitled, The Minister's Pocket Ritual, a hand book of Scripture lessons, such as Marriage, Baptism, Confirmation, Receiving Members into Church, &c. This is an excellent little book for ministers. The compiler of it has taken much pains to arrange it so as to meet the wants of almost all. We highly appreciate it. The price is from 00 @ 75 and $1.00, depending upon the binding.

For the Christian Recorder.

A VERY IMPORTANT LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN TURNER

Front of Petersburg, Va., June 30th, 1864.

Mr. Editor:—As I promised in my last letter to give you a further account of our doings, I embrace this opportunity of complying with said promise. You will not look for anything like rhetorical flourishes, I trust, nor even excellence in composition, as you will perceive by the heading of my letter, that I am actually on the field of battle; and allow me to inform you, if you are not already aware, that a man thinks very little about the niceties of literature when bombs and balls are flying around his head; for, if such a shower of iron hail as was falling an hour ago over and around our camp, was in hearing distance of your editorial chair, I think your leaders would be few. I need not refer to this evening particularly, yet it was rather more severe than usual, but might, with incredulous propriety, refer to every day in the week, and Sunday, too, for the last two weeks.

On the morning of the 15th inst., I awoke from sleep at a later hour than usual. We were then at City Point, Va., nine miles in our rear now. The sun was up, and everything seemed quiet and still, with the exception of awful cannonading and musketry, which appeared to be about three or four miles distant toward Petersburg. This did not raise my curiosity, as it was a very ordinary thing, but, on looking out, I was much surprised to see our camp-tents, but no man in them. This natural query, however, was soon settled by being informed by Quartermaster-Sergeant Pollard, that the regiment had moved that morning at three o'clock, and it was thought unnecessary to interrupt me at that hour. I soon learned, that, not only had my regiment moved, but that the Fifth Massachusetts Colored Cavalry, which were encamped next to us, and all the batteries had done the same.

Shortly after the reception of this intelligence, I started in pursuit of my regiment. Several of the boys, who had, for various reasons, stayed behind, fell in and left with me, so that I soon found myself surrounded by a pretty strong guard. Thus travelling for about four miles, I found a house, in which several of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth United States Colored Troops were quartered, having been wounded; a few had also been killed. But seeing so few of the men of my regiment there, I went on to overtake them. A few paces, however, brought me to another house, which had been converted into an hospital. Chaplain Hunter found several of his men wounded (I omitted saying that Chaplain Hunter left camp with me, and accompanied me all the way;) yet I still found but few of my men. Here I returned thanks to Heaven that so few in my regiment had suffered, and went on again. The cause was, that our men were on the left wing at the time the charge was made, and happily escaped the rebel grape and canister. The prosecution of my journey soon led me to where the first conflict had taken place. The rebels had a line of rifle-pits and embrasures thrown up across the road which led to Petersburg, and intended to stop our headway if we attempted to pass; but the colored troops told the rebels, that it was too early in the morning for such fun as that. Consequently, they charged upon the rebel works, took all their cannon (four pieces) and flayed the scoundrels as they would a set of mad dogs. Those of them who escaped the death-pills of our boys, played a most successful game of skedaddling, many of whom won their life by it. My regiment then led the advance, and drove the rebels some five or six miles, keeping up a continual skirmish all the time.

Our gallant and efficient Colonel, John H. Holman, having been placed in command of a brigade by General Hinks, the Division Commander, the duty of leading our regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Elias Wright, whose military genius and strategical skill in maneuvering his regiment to save his men, and at the same time evincing the most surprising bravery himself, and inspiring his command with the same spirit, purchased for him a place in the affections of the regiment, that I doubt whether time, circumstances or events will ever obliterate. With this noble officer in front, our regiment followed the rebels in hot pursuit, till they came in front of the five forts on the heights around Petersburg. These forts and fortifications were regarded impregnable by the rebels. Here my regiment, in the advance, and the rest of the colored troops lay under the galling fire of the rebel forts and sharp-shooters for nearly eight hours, part of which time I was with the advance skirmishers, and the only chance a man had for his life was to lie as flat on the ground as a leech upon his prey.

A shell would often burst in the midst of the ranks, and sever arms and legs from the bodies of our brave soldiers with as much ease, apparently, as if they had dropped off themselves. Sometimes the rebel forts would be playing on us and over us in the front, and our own artillery playing on us (not knowingly) in the rear. Several of our men were killed by our own shells that day. In this precarious predicament we had to gain foot by foot and inch by inch toward the rebel forts, till late in the afternoon, when Colonel Holman resolved that he would keep his men under fire no longer, unless it was to accomplish more and more than had been achieved for several hours. So he rode down the line of his brigade, and told the men to get ready to take the forts, which was glorious news to the boys. A few moments only intervened before the bayonets were fixed, and away went Uncle Sam's sable sons across an old field nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, in the face of rebel grape and canister and the unbroken clatter of thousands of muskets. Nothing less than the pen of horror could begin to describe the terrific roar and dying yells of that awful yet masterly charge and daring feat.

The rebel balls would tear up the ground at times, and create such a heavy dust in front of our charging army, that they could scarcely see the forts for which they were making. But onward they went, through dust and every impediment, while they and the rebels were both crying out—"Fort Pillow!" This seems to be the battle-cry on both sides. But onward they went, waxing stronger and mightier every time Fort Pillow was mentioned. Soon the boys were at the base of the Fort, climbing over abbatis, and jumping the deep ditches, ravines, &c. The last load fired by the rebel battery, was a cartridge of powder not having time to put the ball in, which flashed and did no injury.

The next place we saw the rebels, was going out the rear of the forts with their coat-tails sticking straight out behind. Some few held up their hands and pleaded for mercy, but our boys thought that over Jordan would be the best place for them, and sent them there, with a very few exceptions.

Thus ended the great battle for that day, after driving the rebels six miles, taking their fortifications, killing many, and capturing five forts that were considered impregnable, all their cannons, wagons, ammunition, &c., &c.

It is my intention to send you a list of the killed and wounded as soon as I get time to prepare it, which I have not time to prepare now, as there is not a minute, from one week's end to another, but what a gun is firing. Whether it be night or day, all you hear is bang! bang! either with muskets, cannons, mortars, or shells. I would remark, however, that the loss in our regiment amounts to one hundred and fifty-six killed and wounded, one hundred and forty six soldiers and ten officers. I am sorry to mention that Orderly-Sergeant George W. Hatton was shot through the leg near the knee. Sergeant Hatton was widely known for his usefulness in the Israel Lyceum, in Washington, D. C. When he was shot, he fell and exclaimed to Bro. Hunter, who was near by, "Chaplain, I am shot, and am dying for my rights." But, thank God, he was not dying, though he thought so then. I wish I had time to mention dying expressions made by those who did die and those who thought they were dying. Some of the sentences were too sublime for earthly being to utter, and every one highly patriotic.

I must refer, however, to one man whose arm was blown off by a shell near his shoulder. In his helpless condition he begged another soldier to load his gun while he fired, and was only got off the field by persistent measures.

There is one thing, though, which is highly endorsed by an immense number of both white and colored people, which I am sternly opposed to, and that is, the killing of all the rebel prisoners taken by our soldiers. True, the rebels have set the example, particularly in killing the colored soldiers, but it is a cruel one, and two cruel acts never make one humane act. Such a course of warfare is an outrage upon civilization and nominal Christianity. And inasmuch as it was presumed that we would carry out a brutal warfare, let us disappoint our malicious anticipators, by showing the world that higher sentiments not only prevail, but actually predominate.

Before closing I would say that the brilliant achievements of our boys in front of Petersburg, was more than timed, and did more to conquer the prejudice of the army of the Potomac than a thousand newspaper puffs. Providentially, the most of that immense army had to pass right by the forts taken by the colored soldiers. Every soldier with whom I came to contact had but little to say, except to pay the most flattering compliments to the brave colored men of our division. After that the white and colored soldiers talked, laughed, and eat together with a friendly regard, not surpassed by any previous occasion. Let the Forts of Petersburg hereafter add new stars to the glorious constellation, which are glittering with untarnished brilliancy above the horizon of the black man's elevation. Let them stand a monument to his bravery, heroism, and daring. But I must now close this letter, it being entirely too long.

Mr. Editor, before closing, permit to say that I have received a copy of the General Conference Minutes; and, if I understand it, I have learned that no bishop is assigned to the work in California. I hope I am mistaken. But it appears that Brother Ward is to act as superintendent over that field. Please inform me if such is the case: for if it is, I shall certainly write out my opinion, regardless of friend or foe.

I have also read with pleasure that the General Conference proposed to present one regiment (1st U. S. Col'd Troops) with one thousand Hymn Books. I must have the boys tone up their vocal organs preparatory to the presentation.

You will hear from us again very soon.

I have the honor to be very respectfully,

H. M. Turner
Chaplain 1st U. S. Col'd Troops.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Education of the Young—Day-schools and Sabbath-schools—Picnics—Disgraceful Scenes—A Reform Needed—Duties of Mothers and Fathers, the Means—A Higher Tone of Morals—Duty of our Editors of Papers—Preachers in their Churches—Teachers in the Schools—A Change demanded by the Times.

Mr. Editor:—If the human mind is capable of comprehending a period in time when a necessity exists for the general diffusion of knowledge and the proper instruction of the youth, it is now. The vast dominions over which the rising generation will have to roam in thought, the mighty energies adequate to the disenthralment of the rising millions, whose destiny is directed by the unerring finger of God,—whose moral, social, and political regeneration is the manifest destiny of this republic,—if they are to stand, side by side, with the most favored in this country, "when this cruel war is over," as now the brave black father nobly presses forward, shoulder to shoulder with the white man, to victory and triumph, then we must, by a thorough education, prepare the colored youth for the high duties of a citizen, a merchant, a lawyer, or millionaire. Amid the unfolding interests of this century, no subject can demand our serious consideration more than the proper training of the youth. All the good to the race in the future depends on the proper formation of character and exhibition of manhood, in order to a reciprocal recognition by those who will stand at the head of affairs in those happy days to come, when our country shall be delivered from blood.

The day-school of our city deserve a passing notice. For years past it has been under the direction of Wm. J. Wilson—mis-named professor—for no college or university knows anything of him, nor yet any faculty of learning ever conferred the degree. The school was quite a pleasant place for children to while away the time and learn mischief, without any very great improvement in literary affairs. It is remarkable that there are not twenty-five young men or women in this city that are worth the pain and anxiety which their parents have suffered in keeping them in school, so far as their education is concerned. The people were discouraged, and kept their children from school, and there was a general dissatisfaction; and when the school closed, the labors of the teacher closed also. Much difficulty was experienced in finding a competent colored gentleman to take charge. Mr. Dorsey, of Philadelphia, was engaged, and assumed the charge; and since he has been here there has been a happy change in the children. All are learning fast, and making rapid improvements in their studies. Miss Putnam, of Wineburgh, his efficient assistant, is winning golden opinions in the community. The children love her, and the parents appreciate the efforts which they are making for the improvement of the youth. The trustees of the school are doing all for its comfort which can be done, and pledge that whenever the school shall be filled so as to demand improvements in building, they are ready to make them. Every thing which children want, are furnished in this school, and all that is now lacking, is the children to be placed in there to receive the instruction.

The Sabbath-schools also claim our attention. While the day-schools lay the foundation for the rearing of the superstructures, yet the Sabbath-school is the great institution in this land, which is doing more to evangelize the world than any other in this country. The nature of the instructions, and the happy and saving influences brought to bear on the young minds of these rising millions, are incalculable. Every great and flourishing denomination in this country can, with pride, point to the Sabbath school as the nursery in which its best and most efficient members have been trained. This great and important work has been too much neglected by the colored denominations, especially in the Eastern States. *The members and ministers have left it to the benevolent white people, who do see the importance of the work!* The preachers think they have not time to look after the children, but would rather see the elders do it; and they think it would lower their dignity to be found in the Sunday-school. They preach, and that is enough for the elder in charge to do, when possibly all they have preached during the day is but one incoherent jargon of nonsense, and time thrown away. Whereas, if that time had been employed in reading the Bible by those who were present, and properly expounded, they would have been doubly edified, and understood the great truths of the gospel of Christ to the joy of their souls.

The Sabbath-school interest is increasing in this city. The custom of holding pic-nics is very prevalent in our section, and in many instances is very pleasant and cheering; but in this Sodom of the new world, (New York,) there are all classes of men and women who live by their wits and the vanity of the simple. These sharks are following in the wake of every vessel which may chance to pass laden with precious stores. Every person likes to go into the cool groves in these hot summer days, and these harpies give grand displays in print, and invite respectable people to come and bring their children, and then fleece them of their money, establish rum-shops on the ground, gather their bullies and rude women, have their dances and blackguardism, entice respectable young women into the ring, and make them disgrace themselves and the parents who begat them, get up a general fight, use pistols knives and bludgeons, and finish the pic-nic with a regular murdering raid. Such are some of the exhibitions which grace the groves on Long Island, at the pic-nics gotten up by these sharks.

This fearful picture calls for a reform. The community must look to it, and see that the virtue and character of their children are not destroyed by these jackals, who are ever following in the lion's tread. Mothers, we implore you to bestir yourselves! Watch night and day over the rising beauty of your daughters! Watch incessantly, lest they be destroyed by these wolves in sheep's clothing! Fathers, you have been too neglectful of your children. Your wife has a thousand cares at home, and must have your counsel and encouragement in rearing the children. You must bring your manly influence to bear on that home circle; make home attractive for your family and children; let them feel that in the association of father, mother, brothers and sisters, and the neighbors, there is a happy circle. Make a selection of company for your family, and let there be nothing (on your part) wanting to make your family feel that refinement and a select pic-nic, with a circle of known friends, is more desirable than those disgraceful scenes above referred to.

The editors of our papers must pay more attention to the moral character of the community, and warn the people of these schemers. Pastors of churches and public-school teachers must lift up their voices against these evils which are destroying our young men and women. These evil-doers must be made to feel that an indignant public will not tolerate their debasing and demoralizing influences upon the purity of our children.

The standard of morals must be raised, and every man or woman who will not respect the just judgment of a virtuous community, let them be compelled to leave the circle of respectable people. The moral purity—the intellectual and social development of the race, is the great desideratum of the age. The redemption of our age depends on it. We are to send out teachers from our large cities, who are to guide the rising generation of the Southern States. We want them to be models of men and women, worthy of imitation, by those who will look to them for guidance. Let no man or woman who feels the burden of this great crisis, be impatient or desponding. The sun in the heavens will still pour down its rays to cheer them on. The mighty tread in the war-path—*to Richmond*—and the victorious shouts of the Army of Freedom, will open the gates to the dome of liberty, honor, and national agrandizement. Labor then earnestly, and leave to the coming millions a name honored and revered.

R. H. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA

Portsmouth, Va., July 2d, 1864.

Mr. Editor:—I drop you these few lines to let you know that I am still alive here in the Old Dominion. There are in the hospitals here about five hundred sick and wounded colored soldiers, most of whom are from Massachusetts, Ohio, Tennessee, Maryland and Virginia. They belong to Gen. Hicks' division. Some few of them are without arms or legs, but the greater part of them are slightly wounded, and will be ready for duty in a few weeks.

The ladies are untiring in their labors of love, in administering to the wants of our country's defenders. The Court-house, Sons of Temperance Hall, First Colored Baptist Church and the American House have been taken as hospitals for these brave colored soldiers.

On last Sabbath, I wended my way along North St. to Emmanuel A. M. E. Church, to hear the Rev. James A. Handy (the pastor of said church) preach—it was a funeral discourse—and, Mr. Editor, never has old North St. heard such theological lore from a colored man. There were a large number of the F. F. V's present; they appeared to be amazed, and seemed to say, Is he a nigger? The inquiry was, Where is he from? and I with the rest asked the same question. I am informed that the Rev. gentleman is from Washington, D. C. I think he is the right man in the right place.

The ladies of Mr. Handy's Church have formed a Soldier's Relief Association. Mrs. Elizabeth Owen, President; Mrs. Mary Elliot, Secretary; Rev. James A. Handy, Superintendent.

The Portsmouth Singing Branch, (an association of young ladies and gentlemen, members of Emmanuel Church,) under the leadership of Mr Alexander McCoy, gave a concert of sacred music, on Tuesday evening last, the proceeds for the benefit of the wounded soldiers It was a grand affair. The orator of the evening was our distinguished townsman, Joshua Wilson, Esq

Our old friend, Rev J. M. Brown, is again at his post in Norfolk, watching for God and for his race. He has his family with him (and for the benefit of Northern friends, his address is Norfolk, Va.)

On Friday, July 1st, forty young converts were baptized at Ferry Point, by the Rev. J. M. Brown, after which they, with a large congregation, surrounded the Lord's table. It was a grand sight and a glorious time.

The Quarterly Conference Meeting of the A M E Churches, (something new amongst colored Methodists in Virginia,) will commence.

On Sabbath, July 3d, at St. John's Chapel, Bute St, Norfolk.

On July 10th, at Emmanuel Chapel, North St. Portsmouth.

At Gosport Chapel, July 17th

On Sabbath, July 24th, an A M E Church will be dedicated at Hampden, Va. The world still moves.

The Union-hating, rebel loving, good-men provoking and gallows-deserving Portsmouthians were terribly startled, and with eyes extended, mouth opened, hats on and and hands in pockets, they could be seen in groups, talking very low A Union man approached on of the groups, and inquired what was the matter. Why, says one of the F. F. V's, "*There's a nigger doctor* in Portsmouth, in the capacity of a U. S Surgeon." It was too much: A negro *M D* upon the sacred soil? they could not stand it. Some of them tried to die, others went in search of the last ditch, while Surgeon Harris, with an ability that is second to no surgeon in this department, is rendering invaluable service to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Mr. Editor, you shall hear from me again, until which time I shall Look In

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BRO TIBBS.

Zanesville, June 30th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir:—After a long absence attending our Annual and General Conferences, I returned to my field of labor, and the condition I found the church in, caused me to feel more sensibly the weighty responsibility resting on a gospel minister, and we led to exclaim in the language of the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

I am endeavoring, by God's assistance, to rally and concentrate our forces for another Conference year's war against the "Devil's Kingdom."

Last year we repaired our church to the amount of $365. $65 of which we owed at the close of last Conference year, and being anxious to have no claims hanging over God's house, we got up a Sabbath School Concert, which came off last Thursday evening, June 23d, under the auspices of our excellent and accomplished chorister, Bro. A. C. Lucas, whose gratuitous labors and exemplary piety have tended greatly towards the elevation and refinement of the colored part of this community. How greatly are we in debt to such good men for their services? What a pity that they are so little appreciated by our people! But let this be the consolation of such: "The Lord has reserved in heaven their reward." And when our people shall have taken a higher and holier stand, (though they may have passed from earth,) their names will be remembered, revered, and honored. The price of admission into the concert, was fixed at twenty five cents, which some fiercely opposed. But, be it remembered, we have some here whose hearts expand greatly at religious excitements and flying times, and contracts mightily when called to support the gospel and meet the expenses of God's house. However, our concert was a success. A large majority of our people in this community are liberal, and have large and kind hearts. We took in $93, and cleared $79. We had some refreshments, such as ice-cream, cakes, and lemonade. Our church is again clear of debt. At some future time, I may have occasion to speak particularly of some of our singers, for we have some excellent ones, members of our church, and some excellent ones who are not, but kindly and willingly aid us whenever requested.

Your fellow laborer in the great cause of our blessed Redeemer, JOHN TIBBS.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps a few lines from me would not be uninteresting to your numerous readers

How many are seeking happiness in this world? It is not one or two—no! the whole human family are unconsciously rushing forward to obtain it. The rich, the poor, the high, the low, all alike, are seeking happiness; but the reason why so few enjoy the momentary bliss which this world affords, is, they seek how to make themselves happy, never stopping to think that a kind word or a smile, may help to disperse the cloud of adversity, and brighten up the pathway of some drooping friend. God never created man to live for himself alone, but for the edification of those around him As some good man said: he was most happy, when he had promoted the happiness of others. We should be willing to deprive ourselves of many of the comforts of life, in order to ameliorate the condition of our race. It is true, many, very many, have made a sacrifice of home and friends, and all the comforts of life, and gone forth to battle for freedom and their rights; though they are far from home, many prayers are being offered up in their behalf, for there is an Eye ever watchful, that never slumbers, Which cares for them. It was love, pure voluntary love, and trying to make others happy, that caused the father, the husband, and the brother, to leave their peaceful homes, and suffer privations in a strange land. Then, soldiers, though we are far from friends, we must not be discouraged; if we fall by the hands of our enemies, we fall in defence of our race and country. But remember that God marks the fall of the sparrow, and you are of more value than many sparrows.

I must bring my letter to a close, but I still remain your friend, SAMUEL J. ALLEN,

First Sergeant of Co. I, 1st Regt. U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Sister Elizabeth Gale, the daughter of Rev. David Smith, departed this life in the triumphs of the Christian faith, on Wednesday, June 15th, 1864, in the city of Philadelphia She was a member of Bethel Church, in Boston, Mass.

She leaves an affectionate husband and three children to mourn her loss

It can be said of sister E Gale, as St. Paul said to himself: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, &c." Hence she had an abundant admittance into that state where there is no more sorrow nor death.

GEO. A RUE Pastor

Boston, Mass

Our Country.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Statement for Army Meetings

JUNE, 1864.

The United States Christian Commission embodies in action in the Army and Navy the principles illustrated by the works, and inculcated by the words, of our Lord Jesus Christ during his personal ministry on earth.

Its delegates go as Christian volunteers to the field, and seek out those who need their ministrations. They go without pay, only having needful expenses borne. They are Christian scouts, always alert; on the lookout in the advance, first at every place of suffering, keen to find every case of want, and kind to relieve all. They minister alike to all whether friend or foe, whether for the body or soul, as the case may require. Suffering humanity commands their sympathy wherever it is found. Human want is supplied at once, and without question, whether it be physical or spiritual, without money or price.

Going and returning, they, by the messages they bear, as well as by the letters they write, form a home link with the army, filling the soldier's heart with home cheer, and gladdening the home with news from the army. Or, if need be, breaking the sad intelligence of wounds, sickness or death gently, and tempering sorrow by sympathy, and anguish with hope.

Its stores, by means of its delegates, go directly to the soldiers, to relieve special cases of suffering and want, and to aid in emergencies not fully reached, or quickly supplied by the truly bountiful governmental provision.

Its publications alleviate, somewhat, the painful deprivation of books and papers incident to absence from home in the service of the country, whether on land or sea.

Its religious services supply the wants of large portions of the army without chaplains.

Its supplies of chapels, Bibles, Testaments, hymn-books, papers, tracts, and other valuable helps, aid chaplains in their arduous and excellent work.

Its wagons and stores, agents and delegates, accompany the army in its marches and are at hand for relief of the wounded, and comfort of the dying in time of battle

Its minute men and special battle-field stores are sent to meet every emergency, and are sure to be early on the ground whatever our wounded heroes are to be found.

Its diet kitchens in the Western Departments, in connection with the field hospitals, are meeting a great want by the preparation of food suitable for each case, and thus giving much comfort, and saving many lives.

Its individual relief agency in the Eastern Departments promises to meet an urgent want by reaching particular persons on behalf of their friends, and by procuring reliable information early concerning the wounded or killed after battle, to satisfy anxious hearts at home.

Its stationery, writing-tables, and, if need be, postage stamps, free to all, and its letters written for those unable to write, do much to keep up correspondence between the field and the home.

Preparation of the Army for the Present Campaign.

The influence of the Christian Commission in the army at rest, by the blessing of God, has done much to prepare the soldiers for marches and battles. Many thousands were hopefully, joyously converted to God, and prepared to face death without fear of what is beyond. A steadying power went out from Christian teaching and example of value untold. The material preparations so wisely made by the authorities, and so successful under the favor of God, were scarcely more remarkable than the moral preparations through the agency of chaplains and of the Christian Commission. The re-enlistment of veterans, the added reinforcements, the cheer of visits home, the reorganization effected, the consolidation of counsel and command by the appointment of a Lieutenant-General, the thorough physical rest and material supply of clothing and food, and the concentration of forces to advance upon the two vital points of the rebellion, were grand preparations for the campaign. The religious and moral preparation, however, from the presence of God in power to save, to restrain, and reform, must have place in the front rank of conservative and strengthening influences to elevate the men, and sustain the "morale" of the army.

The work of God extended to every station of the Christian Commission to all the chapels supplied by the Commission to chaplains, and to many regiments away from all these, but reached by the labors of delegates and chaplains.

In the two greatest armies it was most remarkable. In the Army of the Cumberland, for example, at one station, Ringgold, Ga., within two miles of the enemy's pickets, only fifteen miles from his centre, "Four hundred new converts," (writes William Reynolds, Esq., a leading merchant of Peoria, Illinois, delegate of the Commission,) "sat down at the Lord's table." These were part of the fruits for a few short but glorious weeks of daily service in a church detailed for use of chaplains and delegates by the General in command. Similar results were witnessed at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and other stations in the West.

In the Army of the Potomac the work was widespread, precious and powerful. Never was any army before so "visited by the day-spring from on high." Never were so many prepared in so short a time for the perils of war or the home of peace.

Work of the Commission since the Campaign Opened.

At a future time the work in Georgia and elsewhere may be described. At present a few facts only from the field in Virginia can be given.

1. From the Front.—A section of delegates, under a captain, attended by a four-horse team and wagon loaded with stores, marched with each army corps, five in all, with one team extra as a reserve. In the Wilderness and at Chancellorsville, during the battles, they found employment, day and night, in the care of the wounded—and so at Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Coal Harbor. And now they are on the south side of the James, ready for the future success of the campaign.

2. At the Base.—While the regular delegates were in their work at the front, the minute men were gathering at the base. A detachment of delegates came in with the wounded to Fredericksburg, and served them there, while the teams went on to Belle Plain for supplies. A corps of minute men, with ample supplies, meanwhile came to Belle Plain, and were then in advance of all other relief to meet the wounded coming on from Fredericksburg. Others followed immediately, and in large numbers walked over to Fredericksburg, until there were there engaged incessantly two hundred and seventy-nine men in the arduous and blessed work of dressing wounds, writing letters for the soldiers, giving them food and drink, together with religious instruction and consolation.

These, with those at Belle Plain, and afterwards at Acquia Creek and Falmouth, made in all a corps of Christian ministers, surgeons, and others in this work at the base, of over three hundred men. Whilst at Washington, Alexandria and the various hospitals and posts, fifty more were assigned to various positions of similar work.

Soon the base was changed, the wounded were brought in, two schooners and a steam tug were chartered and sent with supplies and delegates, first to Port Royal, and then to White House, where they again were the first to meet the long trains of wounded heroes coming in from the battles at the front. Their number gradually enlarged until over a hundred were here engaged day and night. Nine tents in one cluster on the south bank of the river at White House, and two in another, formed the camp of the Christian Commission. Amongst these was a dispensary in charge of a surgeon, a hospital where wounds were dressed and surgical operations performed, store-tents, sleeping-tents, &c., &c.

Ten thousand wounded men, more or less, were cheered, relieved, instructed, and benefited at this now abandoned base of the army.

3. *At Bermuda Hundred.*—With General Butler's command, a corps of delegates, with a field agent, and team, and stores, went up the James, and opened the work several days in advance of any other relief agency. Reinforcements of delegates and stores were added, until twenty or more were there employed part of whom, however, went with the Eighteenth Army Corps to the main army on the Chickahominy.

It was in the work here that a soldier who had witnessed the whole, until finally he himself was wounded and relieved, said to Chaplain Thomas, of the delegates, "What a blessed institution this Christian Commission is! Your delegates care for us in the hospital, follow us on the march, and in the hour of battle they hover around us like ministering angels."

In all this work in every field, the good hand of God has preserved and blessed the Christian Commission Nothing has been lost. All have come through safe, and a world of good has been done The authorities have afforded every facility, with a cheerful generosity most gratifying, and the soldiers, by their unbounded gratitude and universal blessing, have repaid all toil, and lightened every burden

The people have sustained the work by unprecedented contributions, so that although the campaign was entered upon with a treasury only just free from debt, the Commission has been, from the first day until now, free from serious fears of embarrassment for want of means.

For all these benefits, devout thanksgiving to God and the warmest gratitude to the authorities and people are due, but for nothing more, after all, than for the "noble men who have done the work without pay" in the field, at the front, and at the base, whom may God abundantly bless and reward on earth and in heaven.

Wants for the Future.

Some days during the present campaign, the stores distributed by the delegates have exceeded ten thousand dollars in value.

Hereafter, while the armies are in motion, a full corps of delegates will comprise two hundred for the Army of the Potomac, and one hundred for the other departments, three hundred in all. To fill their hands with clothing and comforts for needful distribution, will require $20 worth of stores for each per day, $6000 per day for all, $18,000 per month, aside from all other expenditures.

The cost of wagons and teams, of forage for horses and subsistence for men, together with the limited salaries of the few permanent agents and delegates employed, will swell this amount materially. Inasmuch that $20,000 each month of the active campaigning is not an over-estimate of what is needed for the vigorous, extensive, unembarrassed prosecution of the work of the U. S. Christian Commission in all fields.

Do not be afraid, therefore, of overflowing the treasury. The just fear is rather, that hereafter, as at times heretofore, large as the contributions have been, the work may be materially limited for want of sufficient abundant means for its prosecution.

High Prices—The true Cause—It is quite the custom just now to attribute the present high prices to an expanded currency. We are flippantly told that this is the one cause of commercial derangement, and that if the currency were only reduced to the standard of three years ago, prices would come down in the same proportion. Let us think a moment, and we shall see the utter absurdity of such a conclusion. No matter what is the medium for making exchanges, or what is currency, or what is lawful money—whether it be gold, or bank notes, or treasury notes—war prices always were and always must be high prices. Europe learned it during her Napoleonic wars, we learned it in the war of 1812, and the same stern teacher compels us to submit to it now. The lesson is clear and simple. Production is diminished, and, by the waste of war, consumption is increased. The war draws the farmer's sons from the plow, and fewer acres are sown and smaller harvests are reaped. The mechanic arts suffer in the same proportion. Scarcely less than two-fifths of our adult male population are now devoting all their time and energy to putting down the rebellion. Of these, a vast number are in the field with our brave generals, a large part man our ships of war, now counted by hundreds, and many are in hospitals; while those employed in the navy yards, iron-works, machine shops, and in the manufacture of military clothing and equipments, and in producing munitions and supplies, swell the aggregate to the limit we have named. The great class of producers cannot be withdrawn from their ordinary pursuits without a great diminution in the products of the country. When the supply is greatly diminished, and the demand not only continued but increased, prices must advance. There is no possible help for it. If we could return to a specie basis to-morrow, it would still be a war basis, at war prices

Resignation of Secretary Chase—David Tod, of Ohio, to succeed Him—Washington, June 30. The President, at half past eleven o'clock, to-day, sent to the Senate the nomination of Hon. David Tod, of Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Mr Chase resigned. The Senate went immediately into Executive session.

General Grant in Camp—A pastor of the city of New York went out for the Christian Commission. He had, of course, a great desire for a personal interview with the Lieutenant General. But he was told he could not gain access to him at all—could not see him even. He resolved to try With three friends of the Commission, he set out, found the tent of the General and made for it. Advancing towards the front he at once saw that the tent was occupied. A person sat near the entrance. He was coatless, sitting in his shirt sleeves; his vest was unbuttoned; his feet were in slippers and raised upon a stool; he was alone, reading a newspaper and had a cigar in his mouth. As the three gentlemen approached, he looked up. One of them asked, "Is this Gen Grant's tent?" He somewhat modestly replied, "That's my name." "Will you allow three New York clergymen soon to go home, to take you by the hand?" "With the greatest pleasure," was the response; "I am glad to see you gentlemen; take seats." "How do you endure the campaign?" was asked. With tenderness he replied: "Finely. I only wish my men endured it as well." One of them said: "I was in hopes to have attended you to Richmond, General, before I went home."

To which Gen. Grant responded in emphatic tones, looking the clergymen earnestly in the eye, "I expect to go there." While the conversation was going on, the incessant rat-tat of musketry rang along the air like millions of crackers fired for millions of barrels on the Fourth of July. Bang, bang, in the distance sounded the booming gun. Shot and shell whizzed in the air; but calm and composed and confident sat the Lieutenant General, as if in the summer home of his home at Galena With this immense responsibility on him, let every true American say, "God bless the brave."

Ought the Cotton Trade to be Opened?—There is considerable discussion just now upon the policy of restricting the cotton trade in the rebel States. The true policy of our Government, it is contended, should be to allow free trade in cotton, payment to be made in greenbacks. Against this it is urged, that the unrestricted trade in cotton, would be to allow the rebels to furnish themselves with the means of supplies and material of war. But on the other hand, it is shown by the receipts of cotton at the Bahamas and Bermuda that we have not the power to prevent this cotton escaping to England, and of that country furnishing all the supplies the rebels need The rebels got enough cotton through our blockade last year to clothe and set in the field an army of 400,000 men The present restriction, it is urged, tends to corrupt our public officers and agents, and leads to connivance at illicit operations. The rogues and adventurers who now are engaged in evading all regulations, and supplying the rebels with contraband goods, would, by opening the trade without restriction, be driven out by the honest trader, who would conform to all proper regulations in regard to the return trade. The guerrillas, who are now plundering and burning cotton, would, instead of destroying it, bring it into the Union lines—because it would pay better than stealing. The effect of cotton scarcity has been to raise enormously the price of cotton goods, and to cause large quantities of woolen fabrics to be imported, requiring remittances in gold in pay for them. From the excessive cost of all cotton goods, the Government has been obliged to pay more paper money in circulation to pay for the equipment of the army and navy. The country requires in cotton fabrics the consumption of four thousand two hundred bales of cotton per week. Under the restricted system, now prevailing in the Southwest, this supply cannot be obtained. Under the system which formerly existed, the supply ran up to 10,000 bales per week for thirteen weeks, and this system fell far short of free trade. Now our supply falls short of the required amount, and the manufacturers of the country are talking of stopping all the spindles for want of cotton We shall require large quantities of foreign goods in the place of cotton fabrics, which might have been made on a continued receipt of 10,000 bales per week, and the contractors for army equipments have made very large contracts based on one dollar per pound for cotton.

The Rebel Fortifications at Petersburg.—The New York Sun, speaking of the rebel fortifications at Petersburg, says that last Friday and Saturday's operations established the important fact that the rebel works were constructed months ago, in anticipation of an attack on Petersburg from the point on which the army is now operating. There are few or no appearances of freshly turned earth, and the greater portion of the works are covered with grass and weeds.

Married.

At Zanesville O., June 27th, 1864, by Rev. John Tibbs Mr George Heiss to Miss Eliza Freeman, both of Zanesville, O.

Mr Heiss was a batchelor of a number of years standing and generally considered by the community as to be a confirmed old batch; but the cupid darts of the lovely and fascinating Miss Eliza pierced his heart, and caused it to melt like wax upon which she made an indelible impression. He gracefully led her to the hymenial altar, and they are now in their conjugal bliss. J. T

Church Directory

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LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

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LECTURE, Wednesday " 8 o'clock.

REV. J. ANDERSON HARDY, Pastor.

Residence—334 14th Street

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
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DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
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A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicos, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers' and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—

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☞ An early call solicited. mar1-6m

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E GREEN,
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JACOB L. THOMAS,
HILLARD BUSH,
JOHN A. SIMMS.
} *Committee.*

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Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been ten years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Instead, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such places as *Phil-ip-pi*, and Then-a-loe-ica, or such personages as [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible]. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that has continued to flourish at their domestic devotions, it finds its way into our school-houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community,—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when he is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that; and still more, when the pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Lemon, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to Dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c.,
B A GOULD
G B EMERSON
S P MILES

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Boston.

Messrs Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in few books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard of accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our seminaries and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted.

A true copy
Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

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What say you, boys and girls, to a jump forward, or back, as you please, into the middle of winter?—Let's try how it feels. Here we have it then, full of fun and snow-drifts.

A merry sound of clapping hands;
A call to see the sight;
And lo! the first soft snow-flakes fall,
So exquisitely virginal!
'Tis my wee Nell at window stands,
And the world is all in white.

Her eyes, where dawns my blithest day,
Dance with the dancing snow!
I see delicious shivers thrill
Her through and through. She feels the chill
Of Earth so white, and skies so grey
Enrich our inner glow.

"No winters now, my little maid,
Like those that used to come,
Making our Christmas sparkle bright
As crystallized plum cake, at night,
And Frost his Puck-like trickeries played,
With fancies frolicsome.

"He fixed your breath in flowers, the trees
To chandeliers would turn;
He pinched your toes, he nipped your nose,
And made your cheek a winter rose:
Perhaps at night you heard him sneeze,
And the jug was cracked at morn.

"The snow-storms were magnificent!
And in the clear, still weather,
Against the bitter wintry blue,
And sunset's orange-tawny hue,
You saw the smoke straight upward went,
For weeks and weeks together.

"No winters now-a-days like those,"
And then my darling tries
To coax me for "*a tale that's true:
A story that is new—quite new.*"
And up the arch of wonder goes,
Above the frank blue eyes.

"Once on a time,"—"*Do tell me when,
And where!*" says my wee Nell,—
"When Christmas came on Thursday—now
Some five and thirty years ago!
Superbly we were snowed up then,
Who lived in Ingle Dell.

"His icy drawbridge Winter dropped;
The running springs he froze;
The roads were lost; the hedges crossed;
All field-work ceased through the long frost;
But there was one thing never stopped,—
That was grandmother's nose!

"The snow might fall by day, by night;
The weather grow more rough;
And high as our bedroom windows heap
The drift, and smother men like sheep,
And wrap the world in shroud of white;
Old Gran must have her snuff!

"So Uncle Willie, then a lad
Not more than nine years old,
Upon the Christmas morn would go
And fetch her snuff, and face the snow,
Which surely had gone dancing mad,
And wrestle with the cold.

"Wrapped in his crimson comforter,—
His basket on his arm,—
He started.—Mother followed him
With her proud eyes so dewy dim;
While kisses from the heart of her
Within his heart were warm.

"How gentle is the gracious Snow,
When first you watch her dance,
Her feathery flutter, winding whirls,
Her flush, perfect as the pearls;
She looks you in the face as though
'Twere unveiled innocence!

"But now, 'tis wild upon the waste,
And winged as the wind;
You see, just passing out of sight,
The ghosts of things in a swirl of white!—
The storm unwinkingly he faced,
Though it snowed enough to blind.

"Fire-pointed, stinging, stifles and burns
To the bone each icy dart.
He stumbles—falls—is up again,
And onward for the town doth strain.
Backward our Willie never turns,
And never loses heart.

"He looks a weird and wintry elf,
With face in ruddy glow;
And all his curls are straightened out,
Hanging in icicles about
A sparkling statue of himself,
Shaped out of frozen snow.

"He still fought on, for, though the storm
Might bend him, he was tough;
And when the blast would take his breath,
With kisses like the kiss of death,
One thought still kept his courage warm—
It was grandmother's snuff!

"He has the snuff; but, it were well,
If granny had it, too!
For early closes such a day,
And wild and dreary is the way:
If dark before he reach the dell,
What can poor Willie do?

"Within the town the blast is hushed;
The snow flakes from you melt;
But, out upon the eerie moor,
The storm grows wilder than before;
And at him all its furies rushed,
Till he faint and fainter felt.

"To the last stile he clung—maybe
A furlong from our door;
Then missed his footing on the plank
And dropt into the snow-drift sank.
Oh, my beloved Willie, we
Shall never see you more!

"Ah, they looked long and wistfully
Who waiting, sat at home:
They strained their eyes through the deepening dark;
At every sound they leaned to hark;
And wondered where could Willie be,
And when would Willie come?

"Through all that night of wild affright
They searched the road to town
They called him high, they called him low;
They mocked each other through the snow,
And all the night, by lantern-light,
They wandered up and down.

"All night the snow, with fingers soft,
Kept pointing to the ground!
Only too well they knew 'twas *there*
They had to look! but no hint *where*:
And he so near! They passed him oft—
Close by the white grave mound."

"*And did he die?*" cries little Nell.
"No, dear. He nestled warm.
It seemed the white arm round him curled,
And closed him in another world:
What other world he could not tell;
But, out of all the storm:

• • • • • • •

"A long, long night of bitter hours
Did Willie pass. I know
Not how he lived. But Heaven can hold
A life as safe as Earth can fold
Her hidden life of fruit and flowers
Through her long trances of snow.

"'Tis Sabbath-day. How quietly gleams
That snow drift o'er him driven!
The winds are softly laid asleep,
In their white snow-beds covered deep;
The white clouds all so still, it seems
Like Sunday up in heaven.

"The country-folk are passing near
His tomb; no tale it tells!
Old ploughmen in their white smock-frocks,
Old women in long scarlet cloaks,
With lad and lass, when on his ear
There faints a sound of bells!

"And looking up! a little hole
Was melted with his breath;
And there a bit of God's blue sky
Was smiling on him like an eye;
A living eye with loving soul
Shone in the face of death!

"Oh, then he shouted from his grave,
And, finding room to stir,
He, tooth and nail, began to climb;
He clutched the tall bank top this time;
Thrust his head through the snow to wave
His good old comforter!

"'I'm here! It's me!' His flag they see,
And know lost Willie's voice;
They quickly answer shout for shout,
And with their hands they dig him out,
Convey him home. Oh! didn't we
In Ingle Dell rejoice!

"There are some tears that smile, and these
Were wept by lass and man.
But while they glistened in each eye,
He pulled grandmother's snuff out dry—
Snow might [illegible] him, cold might freeze;
The snuff was safe for Gran."

—*Living Age.*

The Family.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

BY REV. WM. REID.

When persons enter the marriage relation, they generally anticipate a life of happiness as the result of their union. That such anticipations are natural, cannot be denied. Indeed, for two persons to unite in holy wedlock, who do not expect to render life sweet to each other, would be both unnatural and wicked. The affections of married life ought to be

"The pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledged on earth, and sealed above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile, and home's caress;
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness."

But, alas! with many persons the result is very different from expectation. After a few weeks or months of the enjoyment which arises from the consummation of their cherished purpose, and the newness and freshness of the relation, features develope themselves which lead to disappointment and sorrow. This deplorable condition arises from a dissimilarity in the endowment, education, tastes, and habits of those who have entered the hymeneal state. And against such a result, from these causes, every husband and wife will do well to preserve a careful and unremitting guard; for no two persons can reasonably expect to find their views and inclinations, at all times, and in all respects, the same.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive."

And in the cultivation of this kind, forbearing, forgiving spirit, is the true hope of matrimonial felicity. The unhappy tendency of the differences which have been mentioned can be overcome by affection and patience—and this, too, when the unlikeness is neither slight nor confined to few particulars. And two persons having once united their destinies for life, should both feel most solemnly bound to cultivate, in themselves and in each other, those qualities and habits which will secure their mutual happiness.

The constant aim of each should be to gratify every proper and holy desire of the other, both in matters of large and small magnitude. The husband should seek to increase his companion's love for him by regarding her wishes, admiring what she admires, taking an interest in whatever affords her pleasure and encouraging her aspirations, so far as these things may be done with justice and propriety. So, on the other hand, the wife, quick of perception to discern the general drift of her husband's desires and anticipate what is pleasing to him, should earnestly endeavor to "please her husband" by gratifying him, as far as possible, in all lawful matters.

But should cases arise in which the difference of views and feelings are such that they cannot be brought into harmony, "the ruling power" is unquestionably lodged in the husband; and where reason and persuasion fail of securing sympathy, or of making his choice the wife's, then it is the duty of submission that belongs to the wife, "except in affairs of religion and the conscience."

Both the husband and wife will find in the New Testament important directions by which to regulate their conduct, and to neglect those directions is both unwise and sinful. They were written by Divine inspiration, not to be the subject for sport or jest in some moment of mirthfulness, but as important rules for our diligent and prayerful observance.

What husband who shall read the fifth chapter of Ephesians and other similar passages of Scripture, and still not bestow on the chosen partner of his life the ardent affection of his heart, can claim a right to the name of Christian? Or what wife, having the same Divine instruction in her possession, and, at the same time, refusing to submit to her husband's authority, can dare to hope for the smiles of that God whose commands she is constantly and knowingly disregarding? And let it be remembered that it will not answer to refer to the customs of society, as a reason for disobeying the plain teachings of the Bible. The injunction of the Spirit is, "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Every Christian will acknowledge his or her obligation to obey the requirements of Scripture—and those who are not professed disciples of Jesus will find it for their happiness to commence at once to practise the teachings of his holy word.

To what has been said I will add another direction for the attainment and preservation of conjugal happiness, which would seem to grow out of a suitable degree of mutual affection. It is this: Let each party treat the other with rational confidence in reference to all the plans and purposes of life. And, while this wise confidence is maintained between the husband and wife, let there be also the utmost faithfulness in preserving every trust inviolate. Let neither have any confidant of either sex with whom to trust so sacred a treasure as the lightest word which has been placed in your keeping by your bosom companion, with the expectation of concealment. It is far better for a wife to have but one *friend* in the world—and that one her husband—than, in the smallest degree, to diminish his confidence and affection for the sake of her "*dear five hundred friends.*" So, too, will the husband find his greatest happiness in esteeming, loving and trusting his wife in preference to all other friends.

By these remarks I would not be thought to undervalue true friendship, or to exclude the married from its sweet enjoyments. Everybody has an undoubted right to win and enjoy friendship—and the greater number of the right stamp that a person can claim, the better. To have good and noble friends is evidence of goodness and nobleness on the part of him who wins and retains them. But friends should never be allowed to come between husband and wife. Here is a relation too sacred, too endearing, for others to intermeddle with.

By observing the principles which have now been indicated, you may enjoy a large amount of happiness in the married relation—and, what is of greater moment, you may expect your enjoyment to endure to old age and *increase as time advances.* Beauty will fade, novelty will soon lose its power, riches will fail to confer conjugal bliss, but, within yourselves, in pursuing the course of reason and religion, you have the power to secure this coveted blessing.

"Oh! happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
For naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

—*Mother's Journal.*

SERVANTS.

With servants, who will leave a family which has treated them with the utmost kindness and consideration, provided the change will in the slightest degree augment their emoluments, it is almost impossible for masters and mistresses to have much sympathy. Time was when female domestics became attached to families, and would remain with them, from that attachment, even under worldly reverses. That has greatly changed. Self-interest alone actuates the servant now.

Female education, which professes so much and performs so little, in this country, is much to blame for much of the discomfort afflicting households, by reason of servants' misconduct. A young lady—the future mistress of a house and mother of a family—is taught a great many useless and unprofitable things. What use algebra, mathematics, natural philosophy, and such fancy attainments may be for such a young woman, we never could discover. In Germany, where the people are practical, these "higher" branches are not taught, but every young woman, from the highest rank to the lowest, is taught how to keep a house, how to cook, how to spin, how to cut out and make her own clothes. Add these essentials to the accomplishments—music, singing, drawing, dancing, languages—which also form part of this education, and you see, at once, why German women generally make good wives. They can do everything in their houses which they expect their servants to do, and therefore *their servants cannot impose upon them.* To some extent this is also the case in England, where the female head of the house sometimes is a practical housewife, and, when she is, the business of that domicile goes on with the regularity of clock-work. These are the houses, *par excellence*, in which servants, who neither impose nor are imposed upon, remain for a considerable time—until they marry or after they settle down into established single-blessedness.

When the young housekeeper—the algebraic and mathematical prize pupil of the female "college" or "institute"—is ignorant of her business as mistress of a household, and painfully helpless from that ignorance, she is wholly at the mercy of the kitchen despots. Of course, waste and robbery then come into play, and domestic comfort, under the tyranny of the Biddies, is not to be looked for. The cases in which the domestic servants discountenance their mistresses' visit to the kitchen are not rare even in this well-regulated city. Nine-tenths of the domestic unhappiness of families is caused by the blundering ignorance, dishonest rapacity, and audacious tyranny of our domestic servants; but, primarily, by the imperfect education of the wives and mothers themselves, who can work a problem in Euclid, but cannot tell how long a boiled leg of mutton ought to be on the fire.

IT IS TOO MUCH.

"Hold," said the venerable Judson, laying his hand on the arm of his wife, while his frame trembled with emotion. She was reading to him from a paper, some account of missionary operations among a people he himself had been once interested in. He had employed a teacher for them, translated a book into their language, and devoted considerable time to the enterprise. His plans, however, were interrupted, and he had long since given up the expectation of seeing any fruit.

But now, as he lies on that couch of languishing and suffering, in need of consolation, he hears tidings of a movement among that people, not forgotten, though labored for, as he supposed, in vain. One of the natives meets with a book, reads it; is convinced and converted. He then reads this book to another. His eyes too are opened, and his heart touched with the love of God. They read to others, and they also receive the word, and become Christians. The number increases till they feel a demand for a church. And there, without the aid or advice of any teacher, they unite in covenant, and, in the midst of idolatry, celebrate the worship of the true God.

This was the account his devoted wife was reading to him. He listened till he recognized the book that led to this glorious result as the one he himself had translated, when, with emotions too deep for utterance, he cried, "Hold." As soon as he could command himself, he went on: "It is too much. I am overwhelmed. I never yet did undertake any thing simply with a view of honoring my blessed Saviour, but he did more than I asked or thought."

TENDER, TRUSTY, AND TRUE.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

Away off, I believe in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day; when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came, and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches?" "No; don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see, we do not want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last. "And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change; so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'O! do buy them the nicht, if ye please,' the boy pleaded again. 'I will rin and get ye the change; for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away, and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well, late in the evening, a servant came, and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags, as if he was seeking something, and then said, 'Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o'yer shillin.' Sandie canna come; he's no weel. A cart ran ower him, and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your sevenpence; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken step-mother, their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are broken. And O Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dee'in! and who will tak care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes; and, in a moment—

"'He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

Come, children, listen to me, and I will teach you there is but one way: it is to be tender, and trusty, and true. Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys and girls, or to take what mother says you must not take, I want you to remember little Sandie. This poor little man, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, and trusty, and true; and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuby, and be a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it—just the last thing he ever did hear; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad step-mother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels. And I think the angels would take him, and hold him until one came with the sweetest, kindest face you ever saw; and that was Jesus. And he said, "Suffer the little child to come unto me;" and he took him in his arms and blessed him. And then Sandie's own father and mother would come, and bear him away to their own home: for in our Father's house are many mansions; and there Sandie lives now. And I think that the angels, who have never known any pain, who never wore rags or sold matches, or were hungry or cold, came to look at Sandie in his new home, and wonder, and say one to another, "That is the little man that kept his word, and sent back fourpence, and was tender and trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, and both his legs were broken, and he lay a-dying." And Sandie would only find out what a grand good thing he had done when he was right home there in heaven. But I tell you to-day, little children, because, whether it be hard, or whether it be easy, I want you to be as tender, and trusty, and true as Sandie every time.—*Monthly Journal.*

SPEECHLESS GRIEF RELIEVED BY A HYMN.

Dr Stowe once visited an old lady whose whole family of children and grandchildren had been swept away by an epidemic. When he attempted to condole with her, she was at first so affected that she could not speak. After a few moments' silence, she suddenly began to sing the hymn, "When I can read my title clear." Having sung it through, she appeared perfectly calm,—and said to the doctor, "I could not speak till I had fixed my heart on heaven, but now I can talk to you."

ANTISEPTIC PROPERTY OF THE SUGAR-CANE.

In the West Indies the fibrous residue of the sugar-cane after it has passed through the mill, is called cane trash. Until now this residue was not known to possess any remarkable properties, and the only use that was made of it was to tie it up into faggots when dry, or else to give it to cattle. But accident, as is generally the case in most scientific discoveries has lately revealed a property in this refuse of the sugar mill which it had never been suspected to possess; and henceforth, should further experiments confirm the fact, the cane, while it yields sugar to the community at large, will afford medical men a valuable therapeutic agent. A few months ago a physician of Georgetown was summoned by the authorities to examine the body of a man that had been discovered under a heap of cane-trash. He was surprised to find that the body emitted no smell, and that instead of being in a state of putrefaction, it was dried up like a mummy. He did not at the time proclaim his discovery, but immediately instituted experiments on dead animals which completely confirmed his observation. Convinced thereby, that by the fermentation of fresh cane-trash a disinfecting and antiseptic gas was evolved, he immediately turned his attention to the means of employing the sugar-cane as a preservative against epidemics and contagious diseases, and as a medicinal plant generally. There happened to be at the time a great number of patients suffering from ulcers in the hospital, and a contagious gangrene had declared itself, the physician caused several tubs containing cane-trash to be placed in the wards, and the supply to be renewed at intervals. In a short time, the atmosphere of the hospital was purified, the contagion ceased, and none of the patients who had not caught the gangrene before were attacked with it. Thus it seems that Nature itself has provided an antidote for the pernicious effects of heat in tropical countries; the contagious diseases caused by the heat of the sun may be neutralized by the sugar-cane which is brought to maturity by its very rays.—*Galignani.*

THE LANGUAGE OF PRECIOUS STONES.

The Poles have a belief that each month of the year is under the influence of some one of the precious stones or gems, and they attribute a corresponding influence on the destiny of persons born within those respective months. These precious stones or gems, with their corresponding influences, are thus stated:

January,	Garnet,	Constancy and Fidelity.
February,	Amethyst,	Sincerity.
March,	Bloodstone,	Courage presence of mind.
April,	Diamond,	Innocence.
May,	Emerald,	Success in love.
June,	Agate,	Health and long life.
July,	Cornelian,	Contented mind.
August,	Sardonyx,	Conjugal felicity.
September,	Chrysolite,	Antidote against madness.
October,	Opal,	Hope.
November,	Topaz,	Fidelity.
December,	Turquois,	Prosperity.

It is somewhat singular that the philosophy of the author of this arrangement could see nothing of adversity, as indicated by any of the gems to which he has reference.

Advertisements.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,

FAMILY LINIMENT

IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,

EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. SUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 16, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MURSH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept 3, 1861.

Rev Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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WISHART'S TAR CORDIAL

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WILL CURE CONSUMPTION
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MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
HAVE BEEN CURED
HAVE BEEN CURED
HAVE BEEN CURED
OF CONSUMPTION,
OF CONSUMPTION,
OF CONSUMPTION,
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OF CONSUMPTION,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would heal the lungs—but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the Pine Tree Tar to heal the lungs;—therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect. But how to combine its medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and has been put in bottles, patented by the United States Government. We say to the afflicted that Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will produce the INVIGORATION OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, THE STRENGTHENING OF THE DEBILITATED SYSTEM, THE PURIFICATION AND ENRICHMENT OF THE BLOOD, which must expel from the system the corruption which Scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alterative (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving the pain, subduing inflammation and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this twofold power, the healing and strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with nature's constant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

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IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE
IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is a great and effectual remedy for

BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.
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Thousands have been cured of the above disease when all hope of ever receiving relief was gone.

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There is not a medicine discovered that has so much power to dissolve the thick mucus that stops up the wind passages of the lungs as the Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which subdues the fever and inflammation that destroy the power and vitality of the lungs and consign the patient to the grave. We say to all whose lungs are affected, use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial with great confidence, as it has restored thousands of cases to health that were hopelessly given up to die.

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are speedily cured by the use of Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It does its work at once, and the patient is cured before other medicines would have had time to have any beneficial effect.

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IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR SCROFULA.

The Pine Tree Tar Cordial will purify the blood and cleanse it of all scrofulous matter that is constantly breeding sores, internal and external. Salt-rheum, sore legs and all skin diseases are especially cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It is good to be applied internal and external in the above cases, as it has great power to heal where it comes in contact with the human flesh.

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is a great remedy for chronic croup and diphtheria, which is sending thousands and thousands of children to a premature grave. It can be cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial.

Out of ten thousand cases where it has been tried in the past two years, it has never missed a case where it was taken in time. All families should have it on hand, as it gives instant relief in croup and diphtheria.

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The Pine Tree Tar Cordial gives instantaneous relief in cases of asthma and whooping-cough. It often cures whooping-cough before it runs half its course, as it acts at once upon the phlegm and mucus, and expels them from the throat, and the sufferer is relieved. In cases of asthma use Dr. Wishart's Dyspepsia Pills with the Cordial, as they have never been known to fail to cure that disease.

Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has the name of the proprietor and a pine tree blown in the bottle. All others are spurious imitations. Price, One Dollar per bottle, or Eight dollars per dozen.

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Has cured every case of DIABETES in which it has been given.

Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, and Inflammation of the Kidneys.

For these diseases it is indeed a sovereign remedy, and much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms.

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Attended with the following symptoms:—

Indisposition to Exertion,	Loss of Power,
Loss of Memory,	Difficulty of Breathing,
Weak Nerves,	Trembling,
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Dimness of Vision,	Pain in the Back,
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PALLID COUNTENANCE,

Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System.

Diseases of these organs require the aid of a *Diuretic.*

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Habits of Dissipation, Excesses, and Imprudences in Life,

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And it is certain to have the desired effect in Diseases for which it is recommended.

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WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physicians did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary to the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer! Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, as then as no excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions! Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. The knowledge of so distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 18, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Sims' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Brown; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fauset; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rogers,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson
" " E. Bowers,	"	" J. P. Black,
" " M. H. Scott,	"	" E. A. Clark,
" " B. Newman,	"	" White,
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All articles or matter for the *Christian Recorder*, must be directed E. Weaver, Box No. 1975, Philadelphia.

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Poetry.

EVENING HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

"Lucis Creator Optime," &c.

O Thou, of light Creator best,
Who didst the days with light invest;
And bid its new born radiance shine
To glad creation's origin:

Thou, who the morn to evening join'd
For day's formation hast assign'd;
Lo, round us spreads a gloomy shade,
Thy suppliants hear, their sorrows aid!

The soul, in sin's hard bondage held,
O, be she not from life expell'd;
While yet to things eternal blind,
In bands of wilful guilt confin'd.

Grant to heaven's portal she may rise,
And claim the everlasting prize;
But first, from sin's oppression free,
Grant her on earth to walk with Thee!

Such favour, Lord, of Thee we pray,
Thy blessing on this closing day;
Sole Sovereign of the heavenly host,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN NEW ORLEANS.

Headquarters of the 8th U. S. H. A.,
Camp Parapet, New Orleans,
June 19th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—It has been some time since I have troubled you or your readers with jottings from the Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, (or, as it is now called, the Eighth United States Heavy Artillery.) My silence has been caused by no fault of mine. I have set apart several times to write, but have as frequently been disappointed. Duties have been pressing, time fleeting and precious, the weather unmercifully warm, the mosquitoes marvellously plenty, and troublesome, and my mind not very fertile, especially during this very heated term. But changes are so rapid. The grand march of events is becoming so visible to the close observer, and our duty as colored men and citizens of the United States is being made so plain, that I can forbear writing no longer.

At the present writing we are enjoying comparative peace and quietness, and, as soldiers, we have little cause of complaint, if we except the gross injustice being practised upon us by the Government in refusing to pay us more than seven dollars per month, while they pay the white soldiers, in the same camp, doing the same and less duty, thirteen dollars, and even promise them an increase of pay. Somebody says that we will receive an equal pay ere long. Of this I am not certain, yet time will show.

Mr. Editor, what do you think—has Congress passed such a law, or will they pass one to that effect?

Since my last letter, the news of the successful series of battles fought by General Grant in Virginia has been circulated through the various camps and portions of the army in this department, and they have given new life and energy to the troops. Even here we very sensibly feel and see the prestige of victory, and the watchword is "On to Richmond and to Victory!" So may it be.

How shall we keep pace with the grand and rapid march of events? With all of our attention, with the due fulfilment of our former predictions to sustain us, we are lost in wonder and amazement when we behold the mighty events that are almost daily transpiring.

Wonderful indeed has been the mighty change in public opinion. Stranger still the change that the feelings and sentiments of the people of the South are daily undergoing in reference to slavery and the colored race. Strange and unlooked-for changes in this direction are daily taking place. Stranger, too, when clothed in the garb of justice and humanity to the colored man, the chief operators in which are Southern slaveholders, in an extreme Southern State. My astonishment is still increased when I behold a State Constitutional Convention, composed of slaveholders, sitting in the slaveholding city of New Orleans, adopting a clause to their Constitution which at once and forever abolishes slavery as involuntary servitude, except it be for crime, within the State of Louisiana—and that, too, without the great and selfish hobby of compensation to owners. This is a triumph indeed, and shows conclusively that Northern arms, under the guidance of the Almighty, have accomplished more than speeches of Northern men in Congress could accomplish. Not only this, but it proves further to me that the Lord has declared for the last time that the stain of human slavery must end shall be wiped out. He has made frequent calls to them through the pulpit, the press, and from the halls of Congress. All these they have allowed to pass unheeded, and now they must bow and submit to His holy will; and they themselves are the first instruments in his hands to do what they defied the nations of the earth to do, viz: abolish slavery, and declare the slave a man.

Saturday, the 11th, was a day long to be remembered by both white and colored people in the city of New Orleans. This day was set apart by our people for the purpose of giving expression to their feelings and sentiments in reference to the passage of the Emancipation Act. To properly celebrate this great event was a matter of no little interest to them, and, fraught as it was with unknown effects upon the freed man, and placing upon them new and important responsibilities and obligations, it became a matter of double interest to all concerned. Fortunately for themselves and their race, they acquitted themselves honorably. The day was such a one as is only to be seen and enjoyed in the "Sunny South." At an early hour the people began to pour into the city from the country and surrounding villages. Men, women and children, young and old, those that had ever been free, and those that had just realized the pleasing sensation caused by the falling off of their chains, all were there. For the time being, the plantation, the farm, the work-shops, hotels, and all places of labor and amusement, were deserted and forgotten. The people were out to celebrate what to them was a great epoch in the history of their race.

They came by hundreds and thousands; they came with bands playing and banners flying; they came vieing with each other as to who should appear best and show the highest appreciation for the cause that brought them together. They came in their strength, and as they came, their cry was,

"Slavery's Chain is Broken."

At ten o'clock, A. M., the procession was formed at the Second Baptist church, which was the place of general rendezvous. From thence they passed through some of the principal streets, to Congo Square, the place where the meeting was held.

I cannot be precise in giving your readers the names of the different Societies or their order in the procession. Suffice it to say that religious congregations, Sabbath and day schools, benevolent Societies, Temperance Societies, political and social Clubs, Mechanics' Associations, farmers, and last, though not least, laborers, all had a place in that mighty procession, which, as it passed along, headed by the Fourth Louisiana (colored) Cavalry, made even the good man that voted them free almost shudder when they beheld the power and numbers that by their individual and collective aid had been, as it were, brought to life.

The procession arriving at Congo Square, the different delegations were disposed according to programme. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Forrest, after which the Rev. Mr. Rodgers, D. D., orator of the day, delivered an address replete with historical facts, and plainly showing that the Almighty has called us as a people from under the hand of the hard task-master.

It was a masterly effort indeed, and bore on its face the fact that the colored man has a mind and is capable of thinking and reasoning. The Doctor's address went very far towards convincing the slaveholders that, now that they had opened the door to education to the colored man, they must guard the path to intellectual improvement with a jealous eye, or else they will find a stern and powerful competitor in that same black man, in an intellectual point of view.

The celebration was a complete success. It did honor to all engaged in its arrangement, and our Northern brethren have little to boast of when we contrast behaviour and general deportment.

I see that the Convention is hammering at the question of giving colored men the rights of suffrage. The bill meets with strong opposition, yet the friends of freedom are sanguine of success.

I think, Mr. Editor, that, under God, this will yet be a pleasant land for the colored man to dwell in, the declarations of colonizationists to the contrary, notwithstanding. Step by step we are emerging from darkness into light. One by one the scales that have so long blinded our race—ignorance and superstition—are falling off; prejudice, with all its concomitant evils, is fast giving way; men begin to reason and think of us in a rational and religious way. As a people, we begin to think of our race as something more than vassals, and goods, and chattels; and with this increasing good opinion of ourselves, we will make all people respect us. Yet, while this is a plain and unmistakable truth, there are some among us so foolish as to despair of ever being anything, as they term it, and beg to go somewhere and colonize, go anywhere, do anything, to get out of this country. Shame on such men, I say. Oh, that they had not been here to poison the minds and weaken the energies of our youth! This is the land of our birth. This is our home and country. The children of Israel were upwards of three hundred years in bondage; they were forty years travelling and fighting for their Canaan. We have not been in bondage so long. The journey to our Canaan of freedom and national honor will not require so long a period. Therefore, we must consent to bide our time, and yet mildly and firmly demand the restoration of our wrested rights in the land of our birth. As I have said before in a former letter, "the world is my country," but I love this part of the world best. Hence I am in the army fighting for rights withheld, fighting down oppression, fighting for God and the right.

By the heading of this letter you will see that the name and style of our regiment has been changed from the 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery to that of the 8th United States Heavy Artillery.

The change was made without our knowledge or consent; for what reason, deponent sayeth not. Our men are in good condition. The health of the regiment is pretty good, compared with the health of others in the same camp.

The First Battalion of the 8th arrived here a few days ago, with the 20th New York, more properly the 20th United States Colored Troops. The boys looked very much as if they knew what heavy fatigue was. The 20th complains somewhat of the treatment they receive at the hands of the Government. There is nothing of interest (civil or military) going on in our camp. I write hurriedly and with but little system. Hoping that this may prove sufficiently interesting for print, I am, with fond hopes for the elevation of my race,

JAMES F. JONES,
Ward Master in Hospital of the 8th U. S. H. A.

* * *

CHRISTIANS may have among them many sinners, and many who are sickly, yea, have intercourse only with sick, and not with whole ones; yet they reject nobody, are well disposed to every body, yea, care for them, as if they themselves were in that condition, they pray for them, instruct, exhort and encourage them on the way: this is the right Christian spirit, for thus God in Christ did, and is still doing.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAPE MAY CORRESPONDENCE.

INCIDENTS AND PROGRESS BY THE WAY.

MR. EDITOR:—Myself and family left home (the city of brotherly love) on the 16th of June, for the noted bathing place, Cape May. One could scarcely realize the progress that New Jersey has become heir to, since the introduction of the New Jersey Rail Road to the Capes. Only to think, that not two years ago, leaving Philadelphia at 9½ o'clock A. M., and reaching the Capes, tide and wind favorable, at 5 P. M.! Contrariwise, at 8, and often 9, by steamboat. Now you leave Philadelphia by Rail Road, at 6 and 10 A. M., and 4½ P. M., and get down at the Capes in three hours and a half by the watch. So much for the Rail Road, and now for the scenes by the way.

The good people of Jersey, always slow to move, unless you can charm them by holding up the mighty *dollar*, has at last taken the mania of progress. Some one has been along and told them, that every foot of land lying contiguously to the railroad from Camden to Cape Island, is, at least, a dollar, and right well have they improved the suggestion; for they have applied the axe and grubbing hoe faithfully, as the large stocks of wood, and thrifty villages, with buildings complete and in course of construction, amply testify, and as you near the Capes, (the stocking-leg of New Jersey,) the people are peeping out from behind their usual parsimony to see who next; for they think every arrival must bring them $1,000 for lots 15 by 20, without discount or deduction. With such hope, they only plant one half in potatoes, holding the other half in reserve for sharp bids and quick sales. I tell you that the railroad has put additional keenness on the usual sharp Jerseyman, for what he can't get out of you the mosquitoes will.

In credit to the inhabitants of Cape Island, be it said, that great improvements have been made in the appearance of the place. Usually, every man seemed to build his house where he pleased, so far as street lines were concerned, to show commodities on sale. Every one tried to excel the other in getting to the middle of the street; but this rivalry has given place to grading, and uniformity of street lines, so that one may walk the streets at night without butting his head against store doors or sign-posts, trying to make sharp corners.

I need not inform you that old Ocean still rolls in majesty along one of the most beautiful strands in the world, inviting all those that seek pleasure and health to her embrace, and at the same time warning the too venturous, that there are bounds beyond which few ever recover.

The season has not fairly set in yet, but the anticipations are, that it will be one of the best ever had, so far as company is concerned; but should the fond hopes of our Jersey friends not be realized, it will cool their ardor for the next five years; for, in a general way, I do not think our Jersey friends, hereabouts, having been awakened from a Rip Vanwinkle sleep, proceed upon their own judgment, but upon what some one else says. But say what you will, this is the place to lower your purse. Come on, friends, all of you that are heavy with greenbacks, and want to spend them, we will give you a chance.

A large number of new buildings have been erected since last season; among which are one or two magnificent cottages. The hotels are all open, but I see the waiters have plenty of leisure, and take the opportunity to puff away at their long nines, and ape the fop whose "mother never knew he was out."

I see also that these colored gentry do not stand upon reasonable dignity—they will frequent drinking places where the proprietor will not allow them to drink at the public bar, but thrust them into some corner closet out of sight, to drink Jersey lightning, which is said to kill easily at sixty yards.

I purpose to keep you posted upon matters and things as they occur; and if those negroes, that come down here to wait, will drink rum and go mad, I propose that they shall do it in as public a way as possible.

Yours respectfully,
SEASIDE.

June 29th, 1864.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder

WANTS OF MINISTERS.

They are to know them as the embassadors of Christ. They come not in their own name, delivered not their own message, nor transacted their own business, but they are sent from the court of Heaven. They are not sent to starve their families, nor clothe themselves, nor pay their own board; but I claim that the people, to whom they preach, should do all this. The Scriptures say so, too. They come in the name, deliver the message, and do the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are authorized to say with St. Paul, "Now, then, we are embassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us. We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." But ministers are embassadors of Christ, who is "Lord of lords and King of kings." They represent the power and dignity of their sovereign. They stand in the place of Christ, and speak in his name and by his authority, just as if he came himself. Theirs is, indeed, an office which angels might covet. Consider their work. God beseeches man by them, and they pray them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. Oh, what an office and what a work is this! If Christ were again to appear on this earth, most men, and especially Christians, would regard it a great privilege to be permitted to hear him. With what profound attention they would listen! How they would hang upon his lips, and drink in the words of wisdom and salvation! How zealously and earnestly they would endeavor to reduce to practice what they should hear! But people have the opportunity of hearing God's ambassadors, the messengers whom he has sent out, every Sabbath day, and yet how careless and indifferent they are! How low is the estimate which the majority put upon these men! How lightly do they esteem the privilege of hearing the gospel from their lips! How emphatically the words of Paul may be addressed to such—"We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you." Let us also hear what the Saviour himself says in regard to his ministers—"He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me. He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that heareth me, heareth him that sent me. He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me. Verily, verily I say unto you he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me."

What a fearful thing, then, it is to despise, reject, or refuse to hear Christ himself. It is God that says to him, "Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins."

Your ministers are expected to preach two or three sermons every Sabbath, besides meeting with their Sunday School; then in the week they have lectures and prayer-meetings, or some other service for almost every evening in the week. They must visit the sick and poor from house to house, bury the dead, and perform various other pastoral duties, besides preparing two or three sermons for the next Sabbath, and attending to the cares of their families. It is evident that such an amount of labor will kill any man in a few years, even if he had an iron constitution. The people ought to know their ministers in this respect, and not to impose unnecessary burdens upon them.

Another impossibility which is expected of ministers is, that they should know every thing. For instance, if any person is sick in the congregation, they are expected to know it without being told of it or sent for. Another impossibility is, they won't half pay their minister, and he is compelled to make a living some other way for himself and family. Then he is complained of, and his congregation say their minister is disgracing them. All I have to say about such talk is, that such complainers, whether they be preachers, members, or open sinners, I say they ought to go to the mourner's bench.

But some ministers and people want more than God thinks proper they should have, while others die at their post. Another impossibility that is expected of a minister is, that he should preach well two or three times on the Sabbath, without time to study during the week, or a library of suitable books to aid him. If he is expected to be constantly on the run during the week, visiting every where and every body, how can he be prepared to preach on the next Sabbath? It is impossible. And then most ministers are so poorly paid, that they never have the means to buy even the most necessary book, and during their whole life-time, they never get together any thing of a library. What kind of a library do you suppose I could get in receiving only $69 a year, pay $4 per week for board, pay for my sleeping, and find my family. Still, a body of ministers tell me that I must die at my post. If they can die so easily, let them die at their post. I will take the Scripture's plan—"If they don't know me in my wants, I won't know them in their wants," and I do think any gospel minister ought to.

Once more, the people must know their minister in his wants. They are men, and have wants that must be supplied. First, they have temporal or bodily wants. They cannot live upon the air, by prayer, nor by preaching. They and their families must have bread to eat, and raiment to put on. Some church members either cannot, or will not, understand this. They think it a pity, that in our day preachers have not Jacob's ladder, so that after preaching on the Sabbath they could go up to heaven on it and stay until the next Sabbath, and then come down and preach and go up again. If this could be done, preachers could, no doubt, live without eating, and then it would not be necessary to give them any thing for their labor. But as long as they have bodily wants like other men, the people are bound to know them in their wants, and supply them.

As this subject has, however, already been fully presented, I need add nothing more here. Oh, Lord, breathe upon the church the spirit of prayer and charity, and induce them to obey the Saviour's command.

Having written upon this subject to some extent, I intended to reprove the unchristianly steps of some of our fast brethren in the ministry, who like to put burdens on other men's shoulders that they would not touch with their finger,—that tell me, as though I were a child, after receiving sixty-nine dollars a year for my salary, *to die at my post*, when they themselves would not serve such a people. The bishop himself would contend for his salary, every cent of it; and then to be carried away with a set of men, to reprimand a man who only receives $69 a year for the support of his family and himself!—the blindest thing that ever was in the history of the church. I hope the Lord will always give me "mother wit," to leave a people when they are starving me to death.

(REV.) DAVID SMITH.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

THE MIRACLES OF VESPASIAN.

In Book IV., Sec. 81, of the history of Tacitus, the Roman writer, we find recorded an event in the life of the Emperor Vespasian; which event transpired in the city of Alexandria, Egypt, while that celebrated warrior was engaged in uncertain conflict with Vitellius, for the possession of the imperial chair at Rome.

As these two miracles, or "incidents," so Arthur Murray, Esq., translates the Latin of Tacitus, have been held as events "out of the ordinary course of nature," by Pagans, and as really miraculous by the great representative of infidelity, the French Voltaire; and, lest we might be accused of pronouncing upon the affair with our prejudices, and not with our reason, let us not rule out, without a fair hearing, these two pleas, among the best that Paganism makes in defence of its beneficial intentions toward men.

These pleas may be fairly stated, as follows: Accepting the record of Tacitus, for it has not been the privilege of the poverty-stricken writer to possess Suetonius, the other Pagan author who chronicles these same events, during the winter of A. D. 70, having completed a campaign in the East, and learning of the vacancy of the emperor's chair, by the violent death of Galba, Vespasian, after the interview with his generals and chiefs at Patavio, turned his face toward Rome, whither he himself longed to be. Autonius, his general, and Mucianus, his minister, had already preceded him; the former by his superior generalship, the latter by his counsel, expecting to overthrow the rival emperor together with his army. The legions of Vespasian were marched over the Pannonian mountains into Italy, while he went by the way of Alexandria, for the double purpose of securing that invaluable province to his interest, and, by means of the ever ready shipping to be found at that notable port, to receive a pleasant passage across the waters of the Midland sea. While there, awaiting for information from his army, as well as the dawn of genial Spring, the miracles are professed to have been wrought. The prospective emperor was approached by a man who was blind. His story was, that he approached Vespasian at the command of the god Serapis, who told him to implore the Roman prince to moisten his face and eyeballs with spittle. The other case was that of a man, who, once having robust limbs, had lost the use of his hand. He, too, was inspired by the same god, and besought Vespasian to place his imperial foot upon the much affected hand.

The importunity of the afflicted men, joined to that of the flatterers, by whom Vespasian was surrounded, would not allow him to disregard their cries. He gave orders for the invalids to undergo a medical examination, to see whether their respective maladies were in the reach of human assistance. The report of the physicians was as follows:—"that the organs of sight were not so impaired, but that by removing the film or cataract, the patient might recover. As to the disabled limb, by proper applications and invigorating medicines, it was not impossible to restore it to its former tone.

At a certain time, before a numerous assembly, Vespasian "hazarded the experiment," says our author, and the blind man saw, and the diseased hand was healed. This is the Tacitusian record, concerning the much-famed miracles of Vespasian. O! that we had Suetonius upon our shelf. One witness scarcely suffices to prove the plainest statement; but, when that witness is seen to be halting, and doubting, and self-contradicting, then indeed must the plea he defends fall, unproved, to the earth. Suetonius! thy colleague, Tacitus, is a man of doubts—is too calculating; he plainly shows his willingness that the thoughtless multitude might believe that his benefactor, Vespasian, was a wonder-worker—a Pagan Thaumaturgus; but, for himself, he was inclined to think, and it was very natural, too, that the General had used strategy in the whole affair.

SHALOM.

Frederick, Md., June 30th, 1864.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

INDIANA CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—It has been some time since I contributed anything to your excellent paper. We are now about winding up our third Conference year in Terre Haute. Our success for this year has been astonishing. The officers of the church settled up with us two months before the end of this Conference year, paying us all of our table expenses, which amounted to $159, and our travelling expenses and our salary, which they brought up this year to $201.60, which they say is more than any preacher has ever received in this station in one year.

When we came to this station in '61, we found it in rather a sad state. The first year they paid us all of our expenses and $50 salary. The second year they paid us $170 over all expenses. The third year they paid us $201.60 salary over all expenses; $1.60 over my salary for one year. The amount over is not much, but better that much over than under. This was certainly very satisfactory indeed. I had always thought it to be detrimental to the cause and interest of religion for a common preacher (such as I only claim to be) to stay more than one, or two years at the most, in succession, in a station. But after this year I will have to give that notion up. I know now, from experience, to the contrary, and I would here state that our success has not only been in financial matters, but in spiritualities it has been most complete, everything considered; and it is singularly remarkable that we are less willing to leave now than we were to return here for the third year. This brings to my mind the fact as stated in the scriptures, that "All things shall work together for good for them that love and fear the Lord." I am frank to acknowledge that I thought the arrangement was a bad one, when I heard that we had been appointed back to Terre Haute for the third year, but I see now that the error was on my part, and this confirms me more than ever in the belief that a preacher who is really called of God to the ministry, ought never to have any hand whatever in making out his own appointment, though I find a number of ministers who take an active part in this work, and I most positively believe that this accounts for the many failures which occur among the black-coats these days, on different circuits and stations: they have had a hand in making out their own appointments, and in order to get some favorite station or circuit, they have acted wickedly in the sight of God, and of course such would only succeed in getting such circuits or stations in order that they may be brought to shame and confusion in a failure, and that they may be thereby humbled somewhat. Now, my candid belief is, that whenever God calls a man to preach, he has a place for each one of such, and that preachers so-called of God, are sure to fill the places intended by God for them, unless these men themselves have had a hand in the making out of their own appointments; and whenever they do so interfere, they are sure to smart for it.

For my part, I think I can always tell when a preacher has interfered in the making out of his own appointment. Things so turn up that he has to leave his station or circuit in disgrace, before the year is half out.

Now let us glance about and see whether our eyes will not fall upon such cases. This is sufficient to satisfy me that they are not where God intended them to be; for if God has a place for a minister, and places him in it himself, I do not believe that there is any power that should remove such a man.

But to return to my Terre Haute friends. I do not believe that I have ever seen a people more noble in some respects than the Terre Haute people. I never made a call upon them for a public collection, during the whole three years which I served them, not even in one single instance, but they responded nobly.

You no doubt, Mr. Editor, will feel convinced of the truth of this assertion, when I tell you that we have raised during this year for my expenses and salary, and other church purposes, about $700, and that too out of a congregation of about 150 persons, all told. I feel greatly rejoiced to-day, Mr. Editor, to say that the Terre Haute people are improving greatly. They attend church better, behave better, sing better, pray better, and I believe are better Christians than they used to be; but in a few days we will leave them, probably to serve them no more.

T. STROTHER.

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For the Christian Recorder.

OUR CAMDEN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to say a word to the numerous friends of Christianity that read the report of our doings here at Macedonia, in South Camden.

This being the first church that ever was committed to my charge, it may well be conjectured that I came here freighted with many forebodings and fears, but still my confidence was in Christ, and so far I feel that He has been with us.

Our church appears in a good, healthy condition, although slightly encumbered by a debt, which we are diligently trying to dispose of, having paid already this year $64, and have a balance on hand.

We have also a very flourishing Sabbath School, under the excellent supervision of Bro. B. F. Brown, which I trust will be the means of winning many souls to Christ in the days of their youth.

The Mission School, also at Kaighnsville, is looking quite promising, considering the disadvantages under which it exists.

I should also have said, that we have received two more names upon our register, which I hope may "walk with God in white, because they are worthy."

I have also to record the death of Sister Rachael Cooper, who departed this life July 4th, the day that Americans celebrate as the anniversary of their freedom, by virtually casting off the monarchical yoke. It was to her a day of actual freedom from the bondage of sin and cares of life. Her last words were uttered upon Sunday afternoon, which were, I am told, ready and waiting for the Lord.

I cannot help feeling the great necessity there is now for united and herculean efforts to be made by all the followers of Christ, for the diffusion of Christian knowledge, and enforcing religion and its claims continually upon the public, for since the war has commenced wickedness has apparently increased in every part of this now unhappy country. Respectable men have turned vagabonds, honest men rogues, good men villains. All kind of sin has flourished and is still onward bound. Even nominal Christians have caught the infection, and have invented a "war of religion," equivalent to the times, permitting them to associate the name of the Lord over all, with the most common-place jest, or even to establish their word, and also to drink whiskey, attend houses of ill fame, &c., thus making the difference between those that are religious and those that are not—merely the difference between the hypocrite and the sincere.

May God help us strictly to seek after the truth, and found our religion upon it.

With desire for your prayers,
I remain your son in the Gospel,
T. G. STEWARD.

Camden, N. J.

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For the Christian Recorder.

A STATEMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—I was appointed by Bishop D. A. Payne, D. D., at the last Session of the Baltimore Annual Conference, to resume the charge of the South Carolina mission, which appointment was shortly after almost substantially revoked by one given me by the bishop during the sitting of the last General Conference, to go to England as his associate agent in behalf of the Wilberforce College.

Immediately after the adjournment of the General Conference, I proposed to the Executive Board of the Missionary Society of the A. M. E. Church to take an agency to collect moneys for its fund, in order that the period of time I was waiting to sail for England might be spent profitably for the connection, as well as contribute to my own support. I immediately issued circulars, which were duly signed by the proper officers, and I was on the eve of commencing the work, when I was advised by Bishop Payne, and also authorized to use all means at command, to raise moneys to pay our expenses to England, besides the little surplus cash necessary on arrival.

Thus the plan of replenishing the funds of the Missionary Society was abandoned.

The effort to raise moneys to pay the expense of the mission to England, was signally successful in Georgetown and Washington, D. C. About seven hundred and thirty-one dollars (two hundred and thirty-one of which was coin) was borrowed from different friends of the cause on the most charitable terms, in a very short time.

The high price of gold, with its upward tendency, will probably delay the commencement of this mission to England. Meanwhile Bishop Payne, whose name is a tower of strength, will doubtless accomplish much at home.

My time is precious: the interest of the church demands my immediate return to South Carolina. I shall therefore sail for the Sea Islands in a few days, there to stay until my superior officer shall order me where I can better serve the interests of the people.

I go to South Carolina, holding myself in readiness to report to the bishop when he is ready to start for England.

The probabilities of a mission being successful for the collection of moneys in England, to establish a colored college, are now very strong indeed. Doubtless thousands of dollars could be obtained.

Every effort that the colored people themselves can put forth, will be needed to pay the remaining debt of five thousand dollars, and to rely upon them for the raising of an endowment fund of forty thousand dollars, is to hold expectations that can never be realized.

It is highly important that the mission to England on behalf of Wilberforce, be undertaken soon, as there are other denominations and societies laboring for the good of the colored people, who are now thinking of sending their agents to England, for the purpose of laying before the people there the educational wants of the colored people, and soliciting aid.

To act effectually, we should act at once.

JAMES LYNCH.

Phila., July 9th.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM G. DUNLAP.

REV. ELISHA WEAVER:—Dear Brother:—I was appointed agent for your paper—the "Christian Recorder"—by the Rev. Wm. Jackson, in April, 1862.

All the papers you send to me, have them marked "Box 101, Post Office, Vincennes." I sent to you five dollars and fifty cents, ($5.50) on the 11th of June, and have got no answer for the money. I would like to get your answer as soon as the nature of the case will admit of, for I am blind. Ever since I have been agent for this paper, the impression of the paper has been on my mind. The same as my prayers, it has been my duty to attend to the post office two and three times a day. I only get the papers once a week; and when the papers come, I carry them to the subscribers, the same as Bro. Jackson did when he was agent, and charge nothing. I have adopted a plan. Hereafter, when you want money, drop me a few lines, for I have seen the cashier of the bank, and he says to draw on him for it.

When we first commenced taking your paper, it was two dollars per year; the next year it was two dollars and twenty-five cents; this year it is two dollars and fifty cents by the soldier's letter. But I feel as able and willing to pay as any of the rest for your valuable paper. My dear brother, it has been my nightly dreams and my daily thoughts. I often think of you and the days when I went down your circuit at Princeton. I often think about the time we got out of the buggy, and walked up the hill in close conversation about our religious matters; and in the winding up part, your counsel to me, was to educate myself for a minister. The next time I got in conversation with you, was in Vincennes at the Annual Conference. You wanted me to go with you on the circuit that year, and you stated to me that I had the gift from God.

Bro. Weaver, Alice Lynch is dead, and I have ever understood that she could say that she had made her peace with God.

Below you will find the names of the subscribers that have kept taking the paper, and those that have dropped off.

The following continue to be subscribers:—G. Dunlap, West Bierd, Patrick Thomas, Sarah Ann McGilpin, Zechariah White, H. B. Smith. The following cease to be subscribers:—Eli Lofton, in war, Charles Purris, Wm. Posey, Caroline White, Mary Posey, Mary Howard, Mr. Ritchey, Indiana Florence, James Peteford, Joseph Stewart, in Cairo, Nathaniel Newton, Aaron Bates, Charles Brown, and Caroline Rollins.

Fall before last I wrote to you for the newspaper law, but received no law. I paid out of my pocket between two and three dollars for postage.

I remain yours respectfully in Christ,
G. DUNLAP.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir: Time has elapsed since I have furnished you with an article for your valuable paper. In the meantime, I have been in sublimity. The pressing weight of the great future of my beloved race, particularly that class who have emerged from the condition of chattels, to a sense of true manhood, and also who have demonstrated their manly courage on every battle-field where they have fought; and have also shown, to the civilized world, that they are capable of being soldiers, and also capable of self-government.

I had the honor of hearing the speech of Gov. Andrew Johnson, the evening after he was nominated by the Baltimore Convention, as the Vice President of the United States.

At Nashville, Tenn., that gentleman assured the black man, in his speech, that he would be free, and that we would have equal share in the race of life, in the pursuit of happiness, and the enjoyment of civil liberty, which belongs to every man under the sun.

Mr. Editor, I am proud of the 13th U. S. C. T., not because I am connected in this regiment, but because they have decidedly won the praise of being the best military men in the American army. They are the bravest set of men on the Western Continent. They think nothing of routing the guerrillas, that roam at large in the wilds of Tennessee.

Yours respectfully,
JOS. E. WILLIAMS,
13th U. S. C. T.

Johnsonville, Tenn., June 15th, 1864.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN.

Exercises in the Public Schools.

The annual exercises, preceding the 4th of July, took place on Friday, July the 1st, at the Colored Grammar School, No. 1, corner of Willoughby and Raymond Sts., Prof. C. A. Dorsey, Principal.

This school gave great satisfaction to the city Superintendent, Mr. J. W. Bulkley, and the Board of Education; also all the visiting friends were delighted with the exercises, which consisted of singing, reading, and speaking, by the children, and several short addresses by the members of the Board of Education, and the Rev. H. H. Cain, and Rev. James Morris Williams.

This school, I think, is destined to stand, in a very short time, second to none in this city of churches.

The Principal, Mr. C. A. Dorsey, has quite redeemed our school, and is making an everlasting mark of praise to himself and our race.

May the great Creator give him long life and good health, to bless our children, and thus elevate a down-trodden people.

J. M. WILLIAMS.

* * *

THREE properties belong to a good prayer, in order that it be a sweet savor before God and be answered:—first, the laying hold upon the promise; secondly, an anxious feeling concerning what is asked for; thirdly, thankfulness to God and confession of unworthiness of the least mercies, for those that hope and pray to be delivered through grace and mercy alone.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 16, 1864.

BISHOP WAYMAN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, July 24th, 10 o'clock Sullivan Street Church, New York.

3 and 8 o'clock, P. M., Bridge Street Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Monday night, July 25, Newark, N. J.

Tuesday night, July 26, Rahway, N. J.

Wednesday night, July 27, Princeton, N. J.

Thursday night, July 28, Trenton, N. J.

Sunday, July 31, 10 o'clock, Bethel Church, Philadelphia.

3 o'clock, P. M., Union Church, Philadelphia.

8 o'clock, P. M., Wesley Church, Philada.

Sunday, August 7, Cape May.

A. W. WAYMAN.

A LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED OF OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

We call special attention to the letter and report of Rev. Chaplain Hunter, one of our strong young men. Everybody will read it with a great deal of interest. We hope that our chaplains will keep us posted in regard to all the movements of our people, for the benefit of the families and friends of our soldiers. Therefore, we shall look for letters and reports from Revs. Hunter, Turner, Asher, and all the other chaplains in the field for our people.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Frankford, Pa.	
J. G. Fry,	$1 60
Baltimore.	
J. H. A. Johnson,	1 00
Rev. H. J. Davis,	4 00
Cape Island.	
Amy Williams, per Lewis Williams,	2 50
Trenton, N. J.	
Lucy Dillon,	1 15
Washington, D. C.	
Eugene B. Lewis, advertisement,	1 50
Providence, R. I.	
Henrietta Johnson,	2 60
New Albany, Ind.	
Per Rev. F. Myers:	
Julia A. Brent,	1 00
Amelia Mitchem,	1 00
Elizabeth Webster,	2 00
Henry Clay,	1 25
Nancy Harper,	1 25
Anna Leforce,	1 25
Mary Finley,	1 35
Havre de Grace, Md.	
A. Berry, per Rev. W. H. Hopkins,	1 00
Belleville, Ill.	
Rev. J. W. Malone, for Minutes,	3 00
Boston, Mass.	
Rev. G. A. Rue,	1 50
Pittsburgh, Pa.	
J. W. Parker,	3 00
Kelleyville, Pa.	
Lucy Currey,	1 25
Chester, Pa.	
Prudence Reeves,	1 25
New York.	
Rev. R. P. Gibbs, on account for paper,	5 00

THE DAUGHTERS OF CONFERENCE OF BOSTON.

In our last week's issue, when speaking of the Daughters of Conference doing so much by presenting the Bishop with a gift, we unintentionally gave the credit to the Daughters of Providence instead of the Daughters of Boston. Sister Sarah Johnson, the wife of Rev. William Johnson, is the President, and Miss E. Butler made the speech and presentation.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Dear brethren, we find it highly necessary, in order to succeed well, to keep constantly before you the claims of the Recorder, and the importance of vigorous effort on the part of brethren and friends. As we have had occasion to speak heretofore of the great rise in the price of paper and material, we wish to say again, that it is still rising, and there is no telling where it is going to stop.

Brethren having charge of stations and circuits should never fail to keep the claims of the Recorder before the minds of their congregations. There are many reasons why every minister should do so. The first is, that this paper has now got a reputation and the confidence of the people. This fact is admitted by all unprejudiced minds. Therefore, we want this confidence to remain, and grow still stronger and stronger. The second is, we need, as a Church and a people, just such a paper amongst us. Will any one deny this? We think that none who love the Church and people will. That such a paper ought to exist is quite evident, then, in the minds of all thinking people who love their race, and who want to see them raised in the scale of intelligence, morally, religiously and intellectually. Then, in order that such a paper should exist, it requires means, and a great deal of it, too, for its support, to meet the heavy liabilities which necessarily must accrue to keep such a paper in the field.

Our expenses since the General Conference, on account of the high rise in the price of paper and printing, is considerably over one hundred dollars a week. This is outside of our other current expenses. Now, brethren and friends ought to ask themselves, how can it be possible for the paper to live, unless we, as brethren, set about the work and procure annual subscribers?

Why, brethren, the getting out of our Hymn-books and the binding of them will cost us not less than six hundred dollars. The getting out of our Book of Discipline will cost us nearly five hundred dollars. Now, here is more than one thousand dollars, which has to be met with cash. This, you know, is outside of the printing of the paper.

Our Love Feast tickets will cost us about forty dollars, and will be ready in a few days. Where is the money to come from to pay these bills, if brethren do not exert themselves to get annual subscribers and collect the two-cent money?

All want the Minutes of the General Conference, all want the Love Feast tickets, all want the Book of Discipline, and all want Hymn-books. We are continually getting letters from the brethren requesting us to send them all the above articles. We shall require brethren to make sale, and return the avails immediately.

And brethren who take the paper on sale must be punctual in payment; and if brethren sell the paper on credit, they will be held responsible for the whole amount at the time of sending the bill, or every two weeks.

We would say to our Editorial Correspondents, that we look for them to keep the importance of the support of the paper before their districts. It was for this purpose that these brethren were appointed Corresponding Editors. We do really hope that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations. If those brethren will give their influence throughout their districts, they will soon see what a change it will make.

CHESTER QUARTERLY MEETING.

The first Quarterly Meeting for this circuit was held last Saturday and Sunday. We left Philadelphia last Saturday, on the Wilmington boat, at half-past two o'clock, in company with brother John Cornish, the minister on said circuit, and arrived there about four o'clock, P. M., and stopped with our much-esteemed and beloved brother Murphy and his kind lady, in Free Street, and were welcomed by those hospitable friends. Brother Murphy is a deacon of long standing in our Church, and is much beloved by all who know him. His wife also takes great delight in the accommodations of the ministry. But enough of this.

On Saturday night we held Quarterly Conference for the circuit. On account of its being harvest-time, many of the members could not be there until night. We had, on the whole, a very good time. The brethren seemed good-humored. The Rev. John Cornish, their pastor, is very easy and kind in his manners, and apparently not stern in his views. One would think that he would agree to anything proposed, but would likely feel indignant at the course, notwithstanding he himself consented to the same.

On Sabbath the order of exercises was as follows: Love Feast from nine o'clock till half-past ten. At eleven o'clock preaching commenced, by a Baptist preacher, who spoke for a short time; after which there were two exhortations, and then the preacher in charge, who wished to be excused from preaching, closed with a few remarks. We then adjourned.

At half past one o'clock, the funeral of the son of brother Turner, who was drowned a few days prior, took place. Brother Turner used to be stationed in Wilmington, Del.

We commenced afternoon services at a quarter to three o'clock, and, after we had preached a sacramental discourse, we consecrated the Supper of the Lord. We were assisted by brother Cornish and brother Murphy. At night brother Frisby Cooper, a local preacher of Wilmington, Del., preached. Brother Cooper is a man of good ability, and preached on a real practical discourse, and was followed by brother Lloyd, another local preacher, from Philadelphia, who made a few very timely remarks. Having gone through in this way, the doors of the Church were opened, but there were no fish caught in the seine.

We also tried to set the Book Concern and paper before them, but we only got two subscribers to the first of the year. It would appear that the people have no appetite for reading. We hope that the Chester people will cultivate more of a reading appetite. There were several announcements made by the minister, one of which was, that sister Murray, a lady preacher, would hold a bush meeting on brother Cornish's circuit. We have only to say in regard to this, that we have nothing against the dear sisters doing all the good they can, which is right; but there is one thing, which we, as one who sits at the head of affairs, do object to, and that is this. We are in favor of all our ministers, elders, deacons and preachers carrying out the rules and regulations of our General, Annual and Quarterly Conferences, so as to make a unit. Now, we shall not say anything about whether it is or is not right for women to preach; but the question is this, we claim that no one, whether they be a man or a woman, has the right to officiate in public, in the name of any society, without they have been legally authorized. Therefore, any elder, deacon or preacher, who indulges such a course, is culpable. If they encourage sisters, without being properly authorized, they have the same right to encourage brethren to hold bush-meetings, without license. We shall say more about this at another time, for it is good to be morally honest.

WORKING FOR THE UNION.

It now becomes the imperative duty of each and every preacher of our Church and the Zion Church to work for the union of the two branches, as was recommended by the Convention held in this city on the 14th, 15th and 16th of June.

The question now comes up, to know how we shall work? We answer, the right way. Which is the right way? Well, we will answer as we understand it. First, do no harm; do not misrepresent the doings and true intent of the Convention. This we apply to preachers, because they have the people before them, and it is in the power of the minister in charge to make either a good or bad impression on the people. It would be a thousand times better for a minister, who really does not understand the doings of the Convention, to hold his peace, and call in some good brother who does understand it to set it before his congregation, than to make a wrong impression, which might create very vicious feelings in the minds and breasts of some, which might not easily be removed. It should be the motto of all: "If I cannot do any good, I will do no harm."

The Committee, we presume, will have the basis of the union out as soon as they can, at which time they will be for sale; and just at this point we will say, that we are sorry that Rev. W. H. Jones, of Canada, has pursued the course that he has in forestalling the Committee in getting out what he did. Brother Jones should not have allowed his fondness for money to have led him astray in this direction, and we hope that he will repent in sack-cloth and ashes, and hand the money that he has received over to the Committee. We are aware that this will not repay the damage that has been done, but it will be better than nothing.

We refer our readers to the Ohio Correspondence on the subject of the union, in another column of our paper.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN OUR CITY.

The Rebels have again invaded Maryland, and pillored and destroyed whatever they felt disposed to; and, while we are writing, it is supposed that Washington and Baltimore are being fired upon.

The Government is calling for men on every hand. The Supervisory Committee for Colored Soldiers is calling for one hundred days' men, and offering them fifty dollars bounty. We have just received the news, that the Rebels are surrounding Washington, and have cut off all communication between Baltimore and Washington, thus preventing supplies of men, as they think, from reaching Washington. We understand, however, that General Hunter is preparing to confront them, and will give them a warm reception. We also have reports that General Siegel has possession of Harper's Ferry. If so, we can send supplies in ways that the Rebels are not aware of. The people are horror-stricken. Some have given way to despair and despondency; some want an end put to the war, and others insist on its being prosecuted to the last moment until the rebellion is put down. But we have only to say, that, if God is in the work, He will do right, and not ask men.

On last Tuesday night Mr. Webster and a number of the Committee held a meeting in Lombard Street, opposite the Institute for Colored Youth, to get men of color to enlist for one hundred days. The bounty, as we have already stated, is fifty dollars. There is so much prejudice against the colored people, that we are not much at a loss to know why it is that God suffers the state of things to be as they are. Let every man give the fullest evidence of his willingness to give up such a wicked feeling towards his fellow-man.

DR. CURRY, EDITOR OF THE ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

We highly congratulate the very distinguished and learned Dr. Curry, who is the successor of Bishop Thompson, by appointment of the General Conference. It may seem to some a late hour to congratulate the Dr.; but, as it is better at some time than not at all, we hope that it will be cordially accepted; for the only reason why we have not congratulated him before is, because we have been out of the city, more or less, ever since his appointment, so that we have not had the time. However, we wish the Dr. great success and a long life, and hope that he may continue to get hundreds of subscribers to his paper. The responsibility which devolves upon him is two-fold greater than it was before his charge. It was a responsible position, but now he has the entire Church, of which he is a representative, so to speak. Instead of feeding hundreds, he now feeds thousands, of all sorts of disposition and temper. But the Lord, whom he serves, is able to deliver him. He has rich supplies in his store-house—enough to feed the flesh of Christ, and to warn sinners to flee the wrath to come.

In conclusion, permit us to say, that we shall always be happy to receive the Advocate in return for the Christian Recorder.

PROF. W. F. JOHNSON.

This intellectual giant, so well known to the friends of science and progress, is now in our city. Though blind from birth, he has so applied himself, that he now ranks with such men as Fowler, Wells, and Capen, as a phrenologist.

The Professor, by aid of his magic lantern, exhibits quite a number of interesting views, of paintings, embracing many subjects.

On last Wednesday evening, we attended one of his exhibitions in Wesley Church. We were extremely gratified. He has the gift of instructing by his descriptions of the various views, thus combining the useful lecture with the instructive panorama.

Among the many views the Professor exhibits, we saw that hero John Brown, President Lincoln signing the Emancipation Bill—the conflagration of Fort Sumter, &c.

On Wednesday evening 20th inst, our friends will have an opportunity of seeing the Professor and his paintings, in Central Presbyterian Church, Lombard St. Let all lovers of progress try to attend, for they will be more than amply repaid the sum of 25 cents, which is the admission fee.

THE LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

The corner-stone of the First A. M. E. Church of Toledo, Ohio, will be laid on the first day of August, 1864. Bishops Quinn and Campbell, assisted by Revs. J. A. Warren, C. Burch, and others, including all denominations in the city, will participate in the ceremonies.

H. J. YOUNG,
July 16—2t *Stated Pastor.*

SABBATH-SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

The St. Thomas' Sabbath-school had a pic-nic, last Tuesday, to Grey's Ferry. We were not there, but we are told that they had a very nice time amongst the little folks.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

Grand Movements on hand—Call for a Convention—New York Designated as the Grand Base.

MR. EDITOR:—A week has passed and many acts in the great drama of providential development have transpired. While the whole nation had fixed their gaze on Washington—on the occupant of the rent building on Pennsylvania Avenue—S. P. Chase, the mighty genius of the Treasury Department, waiting for some new plan for meeting the military wants of the nation, we are somewhat startled by the announcement, that "*Secretary Chase has resigned*," and the gold-gamblers in Wall St. and on the "Boards," combined with copperheads and secessionists, caused gold to rise to 2.70. Provisions rose accordingly, and the poor have to pay enormous prices for the necessaries of life. Men hold their breath in suspense, looking for a crash.

At length the silence is broken by a long loud cry from the ocean, of a drowning *pirate*, and the echoing notes of the Kearsarge's guns proclaim the destruction of the pirate craft *Alabama*, and Capt. Semmes is heard crying for help and mercy at the hands of Capt. Winslow, of the U. S. Navy.

The people breathe easier, and although provisions are high, they feel willing to bear it, so that victory may attend our gallant army and navy. Hope now inspires all classes, and black and white men feel that the nation must and shall live.

Turning our attention to the "colored," aspect of affairs, we hear of a great convention being called by the savans of Washington and elsewhere, to meet in New York City, on the 11th of October, 1864, to consider the wants and interests of the colored people in the United States. The names appended are strong ones, and will certainly bring together the wisdom of the land. There are only three States and one District represented in the call. Not a Western man in all the vast regions beyond the Alleghenies has his name appended to this call, while representative men are requested to send in their names. They should have had a voice in the call. The greatest interests are found centred in the South and West, and the men who are doing the most for the race, are in these regions of the country, and there should have been at least communication opened with them by these distinguished brethren, to ascertain the difference of their views in so momentous a matter as a National Convention of the *Colored Citizens of the United States.*

A movement of this kind should be made a success, especially at this time. The former movements of this kind have all proved abortive, and now that the crisis demands a renewal of those efforts, the basis should be so firm that a superstructure of grand and lasting proportions should be reared upon it. We want more than resolutions in this crisis; we must have *action*; and in conformity with the resolutions passed and propositions laid down, there must be movements inaugurated immediately to carry them into operation. We must be practical in our future movements to benefit our race. *Three things* we must seek for and not be content until we possess them, before we can accomplish the high mission of reformers and reformed.

First, We want UNION among ourselves.

Second, *Confidence in each other.*

Third, We must possess the *soil*, be the owners of lands, and become independent, or rather self-dependent.

We are to look to the proper training of the youth, and while we are giving them a fine education, we must give them *trades*—let them feel that honest *industry* will bring its reward. It is to be hoped that this convention, when assembled, will not leave these important and weighty matters out of their deliberations. Every movement now made should be carefully considered, so that it may be successful and practicable. More practice and less theory will meet our present necessity.

If this convention can form a great land company, or agricultural association, with a capital of $100,000, and purchase vast tracts of land in the South or South-west from this government, and lay it out in small farms, selling them at moderate prices, and then assisting thousands of the poor females of colored people, who are serfs and menials in these large cities, to settle on these farms, till them, become comfortable livers—where their children might be learning the arts of industry, and receive a common education—they will have accomplished more than all the previous gatherings of the kind have ever done. But there must be calm and mature deliberation and interchange of views by the thinking minds of all sections of the republic.

Let the farmers of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and other Western and Southern States, be invited to this gathering, that we may have a convention which will reflect great credit on the race, for all coming time.

Yours,

R. H. CAIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN HUNTER.

Camp before Petersburg, Va.,
July 9th, 1864.

DEAR RECORDER:—It has been a long time since I have communed with my friends through the columns of your paper. Though often urged to write, I have deferred it from time to time, until now. I believe my silence would have continued, had it not been disturbed by an *infamous falsehood published in the "Anglo-African," over the signature of Africano.*

I hardly think it worth while to spend either ~~much time or paper in showing up the wilful~~ misrepresentations of the wondrous Africano. The ungarnished and uncalled for falsehoods with reference to the 4th U. S. C. T. and the deeds of daring performed by the 5th Mass. Cavalry, are both stories manufactured, as a general thing, by just such men as the noted correspondent, who, in fact, only heard the bursting of the shells thrown by the guns of which he spoke. He claims that the 5th Mass. Cavalry (dismounted) captured two guns, when there was but one taken in that part of the fight, and that was taken by the 22d U. S. C. T., while the *5th Mass. Cavalry* were not within 600 yards of it. And so little were the commanding officers impressed by the efficiency of the famous Africano and his host, that they were detailed to draw the gun to the rear, and we were not blessed with the privilege of seeing them again that day, though there were *seven forts to be taken, which were captured before our days' work was done.*

Mr. Editor, his letter is an insult to every soldier in our division, and is a production emanating from the brain and pen of a coward of the basest character, who will not dare to answer this communication over his own signature.

As I have but little time, I must not spend it all in speaking of a creature of so little importance. I will now write of our noble soldiers, and of the day which will be held sacred forever in the memory of colored men.

The 15th day of June, 1864, is a day long to be remembered by the entire colored race on this continent. It is the day when prejudice died in the entire Army of the U. S. of America. It is the day when it was admitted that colored men were equal to the severest ordeal. It is the day in which was secured to us rights of equality in the Army and service of the Government of the United States.

It is true, it cost us some of the best blood of our race—noble men fell to rise no more. The names of such noble men as Burgee, Shaw, Anderson, Warren and others, will be handed down with reverence to all coming generations.

The gallant 4th suffered dreadfully on that memorable day. We were the first to leave the cover of the woods, thereby suffering more than any regiment in our division. Our loss is estimated at about 150 in that charge, and still we pressed forward until the outer works of Petersburg were ours, and the order was given to halt, which order, like good soldiers, we obeyed; but I assure you we had a great desire to enter that city on the night of the 15th of June, but we were told by those who ought to know, that the work of that day was the greatest of the campaign. When daylight of the 16th made its appearance, it was our lot to look upon works more formidable than those of Missionary Ridge, and those taken by colored soldiers of the 1st, 4th, (5th Ohio,) 6th and 22d Regts.

While I write, the boom of cannon is not far distant. The "Petersburgh Express," as the soldiers call one of our heavy guns, is a short distance from where I sit. It speaks forth in tones severe, the hatred of all true men to treason and rebellion, together with their intention to punish and subdue them.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, please give place in your paper to the list of the names of the killed and wounded, which the Hospital Steward of the regiment has just furnished me for the purpose, and you will confer a favor upon many.

List of Killed and Wounded in the 4th U. S. C. T.

Killed.—

W. Vernon King, Captain Co. C. Killed. A. M. Brigham, Lieut. do K, do. John Shaw, Sergt. do. A, do. Isaac Burgee, do do. K, do. Wm. Hopkins, Private do. F, do. James Foote, do. do. do. George Osborne, do. C, do. Thos. Spriggs, do. do. do. John Anderson, do. do. John Warner, Corporal do. do. Jerry Meima, Private E, do. Thos. Jackson, do. do. do. T. L. Robinson, do. K, do. Wm. Blake, do. do. do. John Wilson, do. do. do. Benj. Foote, do. I, do. Jacob Maybury, do. do. do. Andrew Barge, do. do. do. Thomas Derritts, do. do. do. Francis Tilman, do. B, do. James Gross, do. do. do. James Meddox, do. do. do. Isaac James, (June 30th,) do. I, do.

Wounded.

Jno. W. Panington, Capt. do. A. Jas. W. Dillenbach, do. do. F. Sidney J. Wendel, do. do. I. D. Webster Spicer, Lieut. do. I. Enoch Kinny, Private do. A. Sandy Gardner, do. do. do. John Gate, do. do. do. James Moore, do. do. do. D. V. Smith, do. do. do. Jacob Turner, do. do. do. Nelson Unes, do. do. do. Alex. Watts, do. do. do. John Whye, do. do. do. Edward Dorsey, do. do. B. John Adams, Corp. do. do. John Daridge, Private do. do. Thed. Fisher, do. do. do. Isaiah Hutton, do. do. do. Philip McLean, do. do. do. James Price, do. do. do. Leroy Wallace, do. do. do. Joseph Wilson, do. do. do. Josiah Wells, do. do. do. William Anderson, do. do. do. Nathan A. Nailer, do. do. do. William Dunn, do. do. do. Jerome Bonaparte, Corp do. G. Anderson Pollard, Private do. do. Wm. Massey, do. do. do. Thos. Seymour, do. do. do. Chas. Griffin, do. George Harris, do. do. do. George Barnes, do. do. do. Isaac Bradford, do. do. do. Stephen Webb, do. do. do. James Tyler, do. do. do. John H. Pleskosy, do. do. do. John Gross, do. do. do. John Williams, do. do. do. Samuel Lindenberger, do. do. do. Jesse Lee, do. do. do. Solomon Sharpe, do. do. do. William T. Edwards, Corporal, Co. D. William Stiles, do. Wm. H. Thomas, do. Wm. Stanley, do. Daniel Harrison, do. John Travis, do. James Shannon, do. Howard Camper, do. Solomon Hammond, do. John Wancky, do. H. D. Webb, Corporal Co. E. Bushrod Prinkel, do. James Gray, do. Anthony Barnes, do. Elijah Carey, do. George Payne, do. Alex Robinson, John Reles, do. Benj. Whitfield, do. Stephen Young, do. John Fisher, do. Joseph Baker, Corporal Co. F. Jonah Kay, do. Elijah Ash, Sergt. Co. F. George Stewart, Private Co. F. Henry Hupper, do. Benj. Dorsey, do. Charles Johnson, do. D. A. Robinson, do. John Briscoe, do. Simon P. Mordock, do. Wm. Brown do. Adam Reed, do. S. W. Roberts, do. Alex Hamilton, do. J. F. Kane, Corporal Co. G. J. H. Jackson, do. Jacob Gibson, do. Wm. H. Lewis, Private do. Harris Wright, do. Ed. Boratura, do. D. J. Kane, Corp. do. Geo. W. Taylor, Private do. John Holliday, do. James Johnson, do. Wm. Tripple, do. Alex. Wheatley, do. Wm. Bell, Corp. Co. H. James Jones, Private do. Charles Flemer, do. Chas. W. Dorsey, do. Wm. H. Turner, do. Alex. Shorter, do. Wm. Jones, do. Jacob Lytle, do. David Matthews, do. George Lewis, do. John Worthington, do. James Morrett, do. Ashbury Key, Corporal do. John Parker, Private do. Wm. G. Bowie, Corp do. Robt. Johnson, Private Co. I. Wm. Wheelly, do. Noah Camper, do. Lewis Haskins, do. Thos. Trusty, do. John W. Camper, do. Thomas Fisher do. John Gibson, do. Garrison Freeman, do. James Jackson, do. K. Thomas Cooper, Corporal Co. K. Wm. T. Bentley, Private do. Alfred Wilson, do. Alfred Banks, do. John Thompson, do. John Thomas, do. C. C. Dockett, do. Henry Munson, do. Robt. West, do.

John Smith, (Drummer-boy) Co. D. killed.

Isaac Himols, Sergt. Co. E, wounded.

I have the honor to be
Most respectfully yours, &c., &c.,
W. W. HUNTER,
Chaplain 4th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BLACK AND WHITE AMERICAN.

There is no *natural* difference existing between the two races. If the white and the black men's conditions had been the same, no difference could have been found between the two races, so far as intellect is concerned. The black man has the same number of bones as the white man; the same number of blood vessels; the same sutures in the skull; the same divisions of brain, and the same physical organization.

It is generally supposed by the whites, that the black man's skull is harder and thicker than theirs. I deny that, that the black man's skull is naturally any harder or thicker than theirs. Well, says one, how do you account for the butting propensities that the black race exhibit? Very easily. As a general thing, white children are sent to school at an early age; they are made to study in school hours, and after school hours; more is heaped upon the mind than it is able to bear; the brain is overtaxed by mental labor; hence, a very slight shock in the region of the brain, produces headache. Colored children have not those advantages of education. Many of them grow up in ignorance; the mind uncultivated; uncared for; hence, the hardness of head.

Take a colored and a white child; rear them together; treat them precisely alike; show them the same advantages, and disadvantages; and at the end of ten years, show me which is the smarter child. Or, take them both, and turn them to the cares of the world, where they can have free access to all kinds of vice, then, at the end of ten years, tell me which can be the hardest, or endure the greater hardships.

It has been frequently said, that the black race can stand more heat than the whites. I deny this also. Why, says one, black men live in Africa, and no white man can do it. Dr. Livingston lived in Africa sixteen years, and was exposed to more hardships than ever the natives. Dr. Barth was subjected to Africa's perils and dangers for four years, and survived it. Dr. Anderson, Mungo Park, and others, survived it, and so can any other white man.

It was pretended, before the war swayed its dark sceptre over the land, that Northern white men could not live in the South; they live there now, and could have done so before. The fact is, they do not wish it to appear that we (the black race) are the same as themselves; but we are; and all the concentrated powers of the infernal regions cannot blot the truth away.

J. ANDERSON RAYMOND.

Philadelphia, July 12th, 1864.

Those who in their peril, wish to see and behold the escape, will only increase their pain, and tire themselves in vain, quite another course has been shewn unto me; the way we are to live in the midst of dangers, is this:—to close our eyes and believe, that although we are blind, God is not, but sees the end of the temptation. 1 Cor. x. 13.

For the Christian Recorder.

DUTY OF THE MINISTERS IN REFERENCE TO THE UNION TO BE EFFECTED BETWEEN THE TWO RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR. EDITOR:—In the first place, it is my honest conviction and candid opinion, that, if all the leading ministers of both organizations—the A. M. E. Church and the A. M. E. Zion Church—will enter into the work with a good will and pure principles, and lay the plans of uniting before the people, as agreed upon by the Convention, in less than four years, at least two-thirds of them of both branches will agree to unite, and, if so, the proposed General Conference, to meet in the city of Washington, D. C., in 1868, will be instructed to consummate the union, without which it cannot be perfected according to the present arrangement—the influences that more or less control the people in an organized Church form. The people generally look to the ministry for instruction and guidance. It probably would be better for them, as it regards producing beneficial and salutary results, if they would consult the Word of God, and depend more upon its teachings, than merely upon the ministers. Being thus informed, they would be better prepared to decide when the ministry is right or wrong, and, if so disposed, only accede to the right.

Now, so far as the union of the two Churches is concerned, there is not and cannot be anything wrong in that, for it is one of the great objects of the gospel to unite all people, and to make them one common family in Christ. The Bible declares, that there is but one God, one faith, and one baptism. Whether Jews or Gentiles, in Christ we are all one. Therefore, as there is no difference between the two above religious organizations in their creeds, how easily ought the union to be effected! In fact, nothing but sinister motives and local prejudice can keep us apart.

There is a very important reason why we should labor, and, if possible, effect the union of the two Churches, and that is, the condition of our people in the South. Slavery, for many years, has kept them in ignorance and apart. Hence we should go to them as ministers of Christ, in love, and as brothers of the same household of faith, teaching them love and union, not only in religion, but in all their honest pursuits in life, in order that they may prosper and stand firm in the truth.

SAMUEL WATTS.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 10, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM AN OBSERVER.

Cairo, Ill., July 4, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to insert a few lines in your columns in reference to matters and things in this section of the country.

You, who are acquainted with this section, especially since the outbreak of the rebellion, are aware that it has been a great depot for contrabands, or liberated slaves. Schools have been organized and teachers employed to instruct the youths, who have been roused to change a life of slavery for one of liberty—of ignorance and superstition for one of light and knowledge. At the expiration of the teachers' term, which was about the first of the present month, the friends of the cause—those who had watched the rapid advancement the children had made under their teachers—met and made arrangements to make them a donation for the inestimable services they had rendered during the year. The Fourth of July was set apart as the day the effort should be made, and I am happy to say, that it was a decided success.

The exercises of the day were as follows:

1. Singing; 2. Prayer by the Teacher; 3. Singing; 4. Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. Joseph Stewart; 5. Singing; 6. Address by the President, Mr. H. O'Brian; 7. Oration by John J. Bird, of Canada; 8. Singing; 9. Dinner. After which, a procession was formed, and, with torches at the head, they marched through the principal streets to head-quarters, from thence to the Quartermaster's Department, where they were received with a hearty welcome, and, the best of all, they were greeted with brief but appropriate remarks from Mr. White, Superintendent of Contrabands at this place. Then, with one melodious strain, those well-trained infant voices went up, which caused the air to ring with music. The song was, "The battle-cry of freedom."

This grand effort was received with deafening applause by a large number of whites, who had just returned from a pic-nic. The children were interrogated with the following questions, which were readily answered:

"What day is this?"

"The Fourth of July."

"How often does it come?"

"Once a year."

"What transpired on this day?"

"Independence was declared."

"Who is President of the United States?"

"Abraham Lincoln."

"Who do you want to be President the next four years?"

"Abraham Lincoln."

"Why?"

"Because he freed us," was the ready response.

After these exercises were over, they returned to the grove, where their teacher delivered his farewell address, which was touching and interesting.

From these proceedings one can discover the great change of sentiment that Egypt has undergone in four years' time; for it must be remembered, that, in no Free State in the Union, and in very few Slave States, have colored men received greater wrongs at the hands of the law or the people, than they have in this State. They have been arrested, imprisoned, and, in some instances, sold into slavery, free colored men because they could not produce evidence of their freedom. Comment is useless. I, therefore, leave the subject for the consideration of the friends of liberty and union, that they may judge from the evil and good of the past what will be our future in this State.

AN OBSERVER.

For the Christian Recorder.

NAVAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Steamer Commodore Reed,
Potomac Flotilla,
July 5th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I feel it essential for me to give you a synopsis of the life of a sailor, or the way in which we spend and celebrate the Day of Independence on board ship. As a general custom, we celebrate that day, above all others, by firing a national salute at daybreak and at 12 o'clock, noon, besides a great display of colors, but, owing to our domestic troubles, we are deprived of all that pleasure, as all our time now is employed in watching the rebels, who infest this part of the country. The Potomac Flotilla is noted for its daring and successful raids, and we are a perfect terror to the rebel community. They fear us more than they do General Grant's great army, so they say themselves, and, as a proof of the same, I notice a piece in the Richmond Examiner of the 10th ult.,—an order from Jefferson Davis, authorizing his troops in this vicinity, whenever they capture a tar or sailor belonging to the Potomac Flotilla, to hang him to the nearest tree, and take no prisoners. This created a great excitement here, and made the officers and men more eager to fight and destroy their property than ever. The captain concluded to try them, and the men were all anxious to take part.

We concluded to land our forces from the different boats, and make a raid on the night of the 3d of July. It proved successful. We destroyed a large amount of Confederate beef, corn, wheat and grain of all descriptions, and captured two prisoners. They succeeded in capturing three of our men belonging to the U. S. steamer Fuchsia, who happened to stray off from us to get some poultry for a Fourth of July dinner. We followed in pursuit of them, but met with a larger force of rebels, and retreated to our gunboats safely.

After getting on board, we saw twenty or thirty rebels come down near the beach, when a shell from our 100-pound rifle exploded in their midst, and must have done great execution. Later in the day, we observed a force of fifty rebel cavalry, with a flag of truce. We sent an armed boat's crew to learn their wants. It appeared that the two prisoners captured by us were their principal leaders, and they wanted an exchange. The boats returned, stating their wants, when our captain replied, with his 100 pound rifle: "No exchange." We intend to hold them, in case they should hang our men. We intend, to-night, to endeavor to recapture our men.

Yours, respectfully,

GEO. W. REED, *Drummer.*

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM REV. J. LYNCH.

MR. EDITOR:—During the last two weeks, I have had an opportunity of visiting several of our Churches in New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia cities, and was extremely gratified by the apparently flourishing condition of each. I had a fine opportunity of observing how the preacher or pastor stamps his impression on the people.

The people at Sullivan St. Church, New York city, seemed to greatly enjoy coming to church; indeed, the church is scarcely large enough for the congregation. They evince a deep spirituality of feeling and quick sympathy—not very greatly troubled about the future—very affectionate to their pastor, and easily led by their church officers.

The pastor of this Church is more solid than brilliant in intellect; not ambitious for fame; possesses those rare qualities of mind and soul, that make the successful pastor; indeed, his whole history is one of success. He is of commanding presence: nearly six feet tall, symmetrically proportioned; graceful in his movements, with a countenance bespeaking, most strongly, a combination of kindness and firmness, to which is added an unbroken self-possession clothed with modesty. He possesses a voice of great compass, and though its sounds may not have the rich melody, which would be imparted by a sound physical constitution, yet the earnestness which fires his soul, gives it a charm that makes it inviting. A man of deep piety and irreproachable character, with great zeal for the conversion of sinners; his preaching, though not exhibiting very great logical power—rhetoric or the adornments of history, *has great effect*, as it generally presents and enforces some gospel truth that the soul needs.

If our friend were more ambitious, he would be more learned, probably less devoted, and less spiritual. Certainly, he has the devotion of the true Christian minister.

Fleet St. Church, Brooklyn, is one of the finest churches in the connexion, North of the Potomac.

The people of this Church, exhibit more of the progressive elements, than the above mentioned—*more practical*—and demonstrating, by action, the value of gospel truth; and there seems to be strong indications that they are leading the van for religious improvement and intelligence.

The pastor of this Church is a man of great enterprise; looks the world squarely in the face, preferring to destroy the obstacles lying in his way, than fruitlessly spend time in begging or waiting for them to move; or, in ineffectual attempts, to climb over them. Naturally, he is ambitious, yet his ambition is to excel, not for the sake of excelling, but to ably equip himself for the battle of life. He is one of those who looks upon life as full of conflicts, and is never happier than when in the hottest. His public speeches, lectures, and sermons, are not characterized by the genuine tenderness of his social intercourse, because, being a man of strong convictions, he is forcible. He is decidedly eloquent, but his style conforms more to ancient than late models—seldom humorous, but cogent and telling. A lack of persuasive power, detracts from his power of oratory. He has the power of *doing something*, and has done, and will do it. Few men will better succeed in influencing the human mind to action, and then he brings about that action prompted by reason, not the spasmodic produced by many of our preachers, which is no sooner visible than invisible. Wherever he may be, the people may feel that they have a *R*ight *H*and *C*ane to support them in time of trial.

A man of irreproachable character, and practical piety, his influence in the community is salutary, while his benevolent nature gives the character of *philanthropic* to his efforts.

JAMES LYNCH.

For the Christian Recorder.

Hampton Hospital, 4th Ward,
Near Fortress Monroe, Va.,
July 1st, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir: I have been silent for a long time, but to-day I must speak, for it is a day long to be remembered by me, a wounded soldier of the U. S. Army.

I was wounded at the battle of Petersburg, on the 15th of June last, and arrived at the Hampton Hospital on the 20th. On my arrival there, I wrote to my father, stating that I was wounded and would like him to come and see me, and, if possible, take me home, where I should have the attendance of my kind and loving mother. My father complied with my request, and arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 30th. I was overjoyed to see him.

To-day, he departed with a hung-down-head, leaving me with an aching heart. I must here state the cause of my trouble. It is as follows.

On my father's arrival at the hospital, he stated the object of his visit to the doctor in charge, who, very short and snappish, referred him to Dr. White, one of the head surgeons. Father immediately proceeded to Dr. White's office where he expected to receive a little satisfaction, but, to his heart-rending surprise, received none After making every exertion in his power to get a furlough, he failed in so doing, without receiving the slightest shadow of satisfaction.

All of this I was willing to stand, as I had discharged my duty as a soldier, from the 1st of May, 1863, up to the time I was wounded, for the low United States' degrading sum of $7 per month, that no man but the poor, down-trodden, uneducated, patriotic black man would be willing to fight for. Yes, I stand all this; but the great wound I received at the hospital, was this: A white man, whose name I did not learn, came from Washington with father for the same purpose, to see his son, and carry him home. His success needs no comment; let it suffice to say that he was white; and he carried his son home.

Such deception as that, I thought was crucified at the battle of Fort Wagner; buried at Milliken's Bend; rose the third day, and descended into everlasting forgetfulness in the Appomattox river, at the battle of Petersburg.

Mr Editor, when, oh! when can one of my color, and in my position, at this time, find a comforter? When will my people be a nation? I fear, never upon the American soil; though we may crush this cursed rebellion.

Yours truly, G. W Hatton,
Orderly Sergeant of Co C, 1st U. S C. T

EVERYBODY READ THIS

Head quarters, 1st U S. Col Troops,
In the field, front of Petersburg, Va.,
July 4th, 1864

Mr. Editor:—I wish to inform the relatives and friends of the soldiers of this regiment, that they will confer a favor upon us, by directing their letters to this regiment according to its established name; which name is, 1st regiment, U. S. Col Troops, or they may say, 1st U. S. Col. Troops, and not as some directs them,—U. S. Col. Troops, and several other directions which nobody can understand but themselves And I will also embrace this opportunity of remarking that the friends and relations will confer another favor upon the regiment in answering all letters as speedily as possible, which are sent to them from the regiment. No one knows, in civil life, how much a soldier appreciates a letter from those whom he regards as near and dear to him. In many instances our soldiers will beg paper and ink enough to write to some dearly beloved wife, brother, sister or friend who would apparently shake their head off at home, and after receiving their letter, they are too contemptibly lazy to answer it. I know this from experience; for often, when I am travelling, persons will say to me, Chaplain, tell such a one, I received his two or three letters, and he must write again. They don't know that some of the letters sent to them cost a very big price, for many of the soldiers who can't write themselves, have to pay others to do it for them And sometimes, it is almost impossible for a soldier either to get paper, ink, pen, or pencil. Any wife that is a wife, or friend that is a friend, or relative that is a relative, should never think it too much to write to a soldier two three or four times, before getting an answer from him. For that very soldier probably can't get means to write with, as he may be on picket duty for 48 hours, where every moment demands the greatest vigilance to keep himself out of the way of sharp-shooters, or being detected by his own men, for sleeping on post is certain death. And by the time the soldier gets back to where he might possibly write a few words, he is so exhausted, that without even eating, probably, he falls to sleep, and when he wakes, some thief, likely, has stolen his paper, ink and pen, or it has rained and destroyed his paper, and then he can't write after all; but I can not now enumerate half the obstacles laboured under by a soldier But this I do say—that all persons receiving letters from soldiers, should answer them immediately, and if they care anything about the brave defenders of justice, right and equity, they should write to their husbands, brothers and sons without being written to first. I have seen soldiers go from day to day, asking for letters, and on a continual answer in the negative, they would look so down-hearted, that I would feel sorry for them in my heart. I have seen others, after a long suspense, get a letter, and it seemed to have illuminated their very souls with joy. Let the friends of the soldier write to him, and if you know of the whereabouts of the regiment, write to him first, and then write again. And cheer him up, while lying from day to day under the ball and shell of your and his enemy, and do away with that lazy timber-headed sluggishness

A certain friend wrote to me a few days ago, and sent me some envelopes, pens, and postage-stamps I thought highly of the favor; if the example were adopted by the soldiers' friends generally, it would be a great blessing to both parties. I have the honor to be,

H M Turner,
Chaplain 1st U. S. Col. Troops

For the Christian Recorder

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

Camp of the 1st U. S. C.,
City Point Va., June 15th, '64.

Are we to have in the ultra-Southern States, along the Mississippi, including Kentucky and Tennessee, emancipation in name only? Is the thing (slavery) to be retained in all its horrors, without its redeeming qualities (if such there are) to alleviate the sufferings of the freedmen? These questions rise out of certain facts reported in "The Evening Post," of the 23d ult.

The plantations on the Mississippi have been hired out, it appears, to a set of men who have gone in to make the largest amount of money, in the shortest space of time, and at the least outlay. They have consequently overworked, and half starved the freedmen, who have been their hired laborers; have left them half housed, and entirely without medical attendance, of which the graveyards have grown fat with the freedmen in all that region.

Give the freedman the right to vote, and the chance to buy small farms and he will set matters straight without the teaching of so much called philanthropy.

In the meantime, young men must crowd their way "Away down South in Dixie," and plant a hand here and a foot there, in order to be on hand in the newness of things, which must come out of this chaos Do not let all the teachers who are sent down South, be white young ladies—bless them! for it is barely possible that their ranks may be thinned by an element called matrimony, to which shoulder straps are very inviting.

Let some of our large headed, long-limbed, flat-footed Pennsylvania brethren, skilled in teaching, go down and help Of this we may be assured. that if our intelligent young men do not interfere, this generation will pass away without emancipation, in fact, being secured to our brethren in the South.

I must bring my letter to a close,—time not permitting me to write any more. You will hear from me soon. Andrew King,

Sergeant of Co B, 1st U. S. C T

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM NORFOLK, VA

Mr Editor:—The 4th of July opened, in this ancient town, with the booming of guns, and the ringing of bells, the star-spangled banner waved from a thousand stand-points, and the 88th anniversary of our Independence was a bright and glorious day in Portsmouth, Va. Hundreds and thousands, to-day, enjoy, partially, what Thomas Jefferson said July 4th, 1776, when he said, "these truths are self evident, that all men are created free and equal" Thomas Jefferson is dead; but these principles of eternal truth, will survive this great Republic, for when these United States shall have fulfilled their high and noble destiny, and shall expire upon the grave of time, these burning words (all men are created free and equal) shall stand far above the ruins, brighter and nobler.

The Ladies' United Soldier's Relief Association, of Portsmouth, held a grand mass meeting at Emmanuel Church. Hundreds did not get into the Church.

Speakers: Rev. Jas. A Handy, Miss Milly A. Walke, Miss ——, Samuel Davis, Esq.

A handsome collection was taken up for the benefit of the Association.

The Rev. J. M. Brown, P. Elder, of the Norfolk District, held the first Quarterly Conference in Emmanuel A. M. E. Church, on the 8th inst.

I am informed that he found things, at that Church, in an improved condition, which speaks well for the pastor and people. Three of the brethren were licensed to preach, (a new thing here,) viz: David Onnae, Richard Sylvester, Jas. Thoughgood. They bid fair to be more useful to our people.

Elder Brown, with his corps of assistants, is laboring hard to bring this district up in the standard of other districts, in the Baltimore Annual Conference

Now, sir, I am no prophet, (for my father was a painter and glazier,) nor the son of a prophet; yet I venture the assertion, that by the Conference of 1866, we will not be behind the chief Look out, I tell you, for Eastern Virginia!

On my way down High St., who should I meet but that great man, Henry M. Turner, Chaplain of the 1st U. S C.T. He is here looking after wounded soldiers; giving them good cheer, and pointing them to Christ. He is going to Washington. More anon.

Yours truly,
Look Ire.

Portsmouth, Va., July 11th.

A PRESENTATION.

Dear Bishop:—Allow me, in behalf of the united daughters, to present to you this Conference goblet, as a token of the high esteem in which you are held by us Receive it; and when, in times to come, you look upon it, remember the donors, and this association; and if, when we part, it is God's will we shall not meet again under the counsel you have administered to us here, we will endeavor to meet above; for as you have planted your standard on the frontier, and have baffled the wind-and storms of many years, we will profit by your example, and at last reach the port.

We insert this spicy little piece, delivered by a young Miss of the Daughters of Conference, on making the presentation. She did well.

DIED.

CRAIG.—At the residence of her grandmother, Mary Abbt, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Craig, in the second (2d) year of her age.

Farewell, dear little one. Soon was finished thy mission to this sinful world of ours. No more shall thy glad voice flit like a sunbeam through the well-nigh deserted homestead Thy errand has been accomplished, and thou hast fled thee back to home.

Camden, June 25th, 1864.

Our Country.

The Great Naval Battle.—Paris, Tuesday, June 21.—For once we have a bit of exciting war news to send you from this side of the water. The sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge, off the port of Cherbourg, occupies, for the moment, the thoughts and the conversation of everybody, for it is rare that so many circumstances combine to give interest to any one event. The joy of our loyal people here is, as might be expected, something beyond description.

In one of the many conversations the American Minister has been obliged to hold with the French Government on the subject of the asylum which is furnished to the rebels in the French naval ports, Mr Dayton, I am told, said to the Foreign Minister that all that was wanting to complete the hospitality of France towards the rebels was to give refuge to the Alabama; that then they would have given aid and protection to the whole Confederate navy, and he terminated by saying that this vessel, knowing how its mates had been received in France, would no doubt soon enter a French port to demand the hospitality which had been accorded the others. To this the Foreign Minister is said to have replied with great energy that it would not be permitted, that he would not allow the Alabama to come in, and that their ports should not be made a place of common resort for these vessels.

This was three months ago. At that time, although watching with interest the course of the Alabama, we did not anticipate so early a visit from her. Only a fortnight ago, Mr. Forbes, of New York, arrived from Shanghae and gratified us all by assuring us that we would never see the Alabama again in European waters, for that she was badly used up by her long and active service, and from this fact and the fact that the maritime interdictions against her in the East had been made very severe, she would probably be sold there. We were therefore not a little astonished to find that the Alabama was in the port of Cherbourg, and that she had made the run from the East in the remarkably short time, for a vessel in her condition, of a hundred days. So impossible did it seem that when she entered the port of Cherbourg, last Friday week, both the American vice consul at that place and the maritime prefect telegraphed to Paris that it was the Florida.

Immediately the American Minister at Paris telegraphed to Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, then lying in one of the ports of Holland, and to the old sailing frigate St. Louis, supposed to be at Cadiz, to repair immediately to Cherbourg to catch the pirate if possible. The Kearsarge arrived at once, but the St. Louis had not yet had time to arrive at the moment of the fight. The American Minister also protested at once to the French Government against the admission of the Alabama, and reminded the Foreign Secretary of his previous promise in regard to this vessel. The American Minister could with more justice protest energetically in view of the fact that the Alabama did not come into a French port under stress of weather; she seemed to have struck a straight line from the Cape to Cherbourg, she did not turn either to the right or to the left, she did not attempt to go into either of the ports of England, or of Holland, or of Belgium, or of Spain, or of Portugal, as she might have done with the same facility. Mr. Dayton therefore, made a most apt and most forcible point in declaring to the Foreign Minister that, by his indulgence, the rebels were using French ports exactly as if they were their own, that they paid no regard to the stress of weather clause, and that such had been the hospitality shown them in France that they were fast learning to make it their only rendezvous.

The result of this protest was that Semmes, after the thing had gone through the "circumlocution office," received a notice from the Maritime Prefect to leave as soon as he had provisioned and coaled, and not to wait for repairs, as he had expected to do. As soon as this order was sent to Semmes Mr. Dayton sent his son, Mr. William Dayton, Jr., with instructions to Capt Winslow to make preparations for a fight, for that Semmes had been ordered out, and would be obliged to go.

Capt. Semmes, finding that he had no alternative, determined to put the best face on the matter, and to make as much capital for himself as possible. He, therefore, wrote a letter to the Maritime Prefect, requesting him to inform Capt. Winslow that he considered the latter's conduct, in pretending to lie off and blockade him in a neutral port as an insult (!), and that he intended to come out and drive him off. Winslow replied, "Let him come out and try it." Both parties made their preparations accordingly. Semmes, whose business it was to run and not to fight, was so badgered and worried by the taunts of one side, by the pats on the back of his friends and sympathizers, and by the restrictions of the French authorities, that a less brave man than he would have been driven by desperation to fight; and Capt. Winslow, who properly estimated all these circumstances, felt perfectly sure that Semmes was going to fight. Semmes left all his valuables in the hands of the Brazilian consular agent on shore, and after inviting his friends to come out and see the fight, went to sea.

You will see so many accounts of the fight that I need not dwell at length on that part of the affair. Mr. William Dayton, Jr., and Antoine, the well known messenger of the American Legation, however, saw the fight. They were on board the Kearsarge before and after the action, and their accounts differ from most of those published and very much from the one-sided accounts of the Moniteur and the other Secession prints, to whom the affair had been a very bitter pill. According to Mr. Dayton, Jr.'s, account, the action lasted almost an hour and a half. The Kearsarge, although hit in several places, received no vital shot. The Kearsarge had but three men touched, and these not mortally. It is not true that at any part of the fighting the Alabama had the advantage; the manoeuvering and firing of the Kearsarge were both superior to those of the Alabama. There is no evidence that Capt. Semmes tried to board the Kearsarge, as the Secession prints say. Toward the end of the fight Captain Winslow succeeded in planting a shot in the machinery of the Alabama, which disabled her; he then had things all his own way, and running close to her he poured into her a destructive converging broadside, which tore through a whole section of the Alabama's side at the water-line and let the water through in cascades. Both ships then stopped firing, and the Alabama, without striking her flag, started towards Cherbourg, but Captain Winslow, hoisting his flag of victory, started to head her off. He saw, however, that the Alabama was filling, and at once lowered two boats to go to her aid, and, in effect, the vessel sank before she had proceeded a dozen lengths towards the harbor. The Kearsarge's boats picked up sixty eight persons, of whom fourteen were wounded, and of whom three died. The others were picked up by the English yacht, Captain Lancaster, and landed at Southampton. The Kearsarge steamed at once into the port of Cherbourg with her prisoners.

Clergymen Disfranchised in Maryland.—The Constitutional Convention of Maryland, now in session at Annapolis, is engaged in a noble work. It is conforming the fundamental law of the State to the facts of transpiring history. There are now, in reality, no slaves in Maryland, and the convention is called to [illegible] the fact and to make it perpetual. So let it be, world without end But in strange dissonance with this glorious forward movement, the committee to prepare business for the convention has reported for re-adoption the provision of the old constitution which declares that no clergyman shall be a member of either branch of the Legislature. This we pronounce an outrage upon the clergy of the State, and an insult to the whole body of the profession throughout the country. What have the clergy done, or what are they, that they should receive such treatment?

First let me notice that the Constitution of the United States has no such clause—that ministers of the gospel, from the foundation of the government, or nearly so, have been members of both the United States Senate and House of Representatives. And so far as we have been able to learn, such senators and representatives have had an average of respect equal to that of others. At the present moment we recall the names of a number of clergymen who occupy highly honorable positions in Congress.—Another and very striking fact is, that so far as we know, no such provision is to be found in the constitution of any single free State in the land, while it is found in the constitution of every slave State excepting Arkansas.

It is difficult to conceive on what possible ground such a disfranchisement can possibly rest. The pretense in the South originally, would, perhaps, have been a dread of the old question of "Church and State," whose very ghost was long ago buried with its body. Clergymen are to be denied the common rights of citizens, lest they should conspire to unite church and state. With equal reason they might be denied the right of discussing political questions in newspapers or on the stump, or even of casting a vote on the day of election. If their office is dangerous in politics, it is so wherever it touches politics. If their close connection with religion and the church breeds the danger, there is equal danger in the case of every zealous layman, who is devoted to the clergy and the church.—*Methodist.*

The Rebel Invasion of Maryland.—We are in the midst of another excitement, caused by the third rebel invasion of Maryland. Notwithstanding the ill success which attended the former two attempts to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, the necessities or the opportunities of the rebels have induced a third trial. If Grant cuts off communication below Richmond, the rebels in that quarter must draw subsistence from the nearest available source; and where could they so well hope to secure supplies as in the Northern States, the way to which was left open by Hunter being compelled, after the raid into Southwestern Virginia, to retreat Northwest, and Sheridan, attacked at West Point, forced to retreat to the James River. The rebels watch well the movements of our forces, and how Washington and Baltimore are defended. They expected that the 4th of July would find all the available forces which Grant could muster assembled before Richmond for a grand attack. Trusting to their defences, they sent a heavy force north to plunder Maryland, alarm Baltimore and Washington, and cause Grant to desist from the attack upon Richmond, through the necessity of detaching half his army to defend the loyal States against the threatened danger. How far they have succeeded we do not yet know, but Grant is not the man to abandon his well matured plans through any temporary division, unless he is well assured that he may sooner accomplish his end by meeting and destroying the rebels who have boldly abandoned their intrenchments and sought a new field of operations. The rebel force is said to be 20,000 or 30,000 strong. Lee must feel tolerably sure of Richmond's safety to be able to send so large a part of his army on this errand. So far, it has continued its advance without much opposition having met Wallace at the Monocacy and beaten him

The Raid in Maryland.

OUR LOSS 1000 IN KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Baltimore, July 10, Evening.—The troops engaged in the fight at Monocacy Bridge yesterday, formed in line of battle on the left of the Railroad, and on this side of the river, two Ohio regiments being thrown out as skirmishers on the right.

The latter were attacked at 7½ A. M., by cavalry, from the Hagerstown pike, when they fell back across the river in good order and with slight loss, fighting all the way.

After crossing, they succeeded in checking the advance of the enemy, and held him there a long time.

About 10 A. M., a desperate attack was made, by dismounted cavalry, which was repulsed, and notwithstanding they repeatedly tried to dislodge our men from the position, they could not succeed.

Their loss here was very heavy, our men having the advantage of rifles, while they only had carbines.

After fighting till 3 P. M., a heavy body of the enemy, four regiments, were discovered to be moving on our left flank, having crossed the river some miles distant, and, in consequence our troops had to abandon their position and fall back, the enemy following about three miles, but without inflicting much damage. Our loss in the action is said to be about 1000 killed, wounded and captured

Gen. Tyler was in command of some of the 100 days men, and how he got captured is not known. The enemy levied a tax in Middleton, of $20,000, and the women are represented as having been insulted, their clothes, etc., stolen, and sometimes other outrages committed

They are believed to be Ewell's corps, and are now reported to be marching on Washington.

They set fire to the depot at Frederick, and a barn close by

The battery engaged on our side having unfavorable ground to manoeuvre on, was not so effective as it otherwise would have been.

SUPPOSED ARRIVAL OF HILL'S CORPS TO REINFORCE [illegible]

Harrisburg, July 10th, 11 P. M.—Reliable dispatches received estimate the strength of the enemy at 40,000, most of which force is now in Maryland.

The advance of Gen. Hunter's force has arrived at and occupies Martinsburg.

It is reported that Gen. A. P. Hill is in command of the rebel forces, and that his old corps crossed into Maryland at Edward's Ferry. To-day the Northern Central Railroad was cut by the enemy at Texas, between Parktown and Baltimore.

The late call for troops by the Governor is meeting with much success, and squads and companies are now arriving by every train.

Tuesday Morning

The Rebel Invasion.—The invasion grows bolder and wider spread in its mischief. The rebel cavalry are scouring the Northeast of Maryland, trying to destroy the Northern Central railroad and to injure the Baltimore and Philadelphia railroad and to interrupt telegraph communication between Baltimore and Philadelphia. They have succeeded in injuring the Northern Central, and have inflicted some injury upon the Baltimore and Philadelphia at Magnolia Station, where General Franklin, a passenger on the train, is reported to have been made a prisoner. They have also interrupted communication by telegraph between here and Baltimore, by cutting the wires. They have, or some of the secession neighbors of Governor Bradford, destroyed his residence. The object of all these movements is to prevent troops from the North reaching Baltimore or Washington City, while, perhaps, the main body of the rebels make an assault on one or the other of these cities. Just at this juncture we also hear of the destruction of the Camden and Amboy Co's. steamer at New York, possibly another act in this drama performed by sympathizing friends, to delay troops, and which, it is supposed, will give Lee possession of Washington, or compel Grant to leave Richmond. The way to Washington and Baltimore is, however, not closed by this destruction, it is only impeded. The railroad line is intact this side of the Susquehanna, which cannot be easily crossed. Troops sent to the situation this side can be carried by steamboat to Baltimore or Annapolis for the defence of either city.

Married.

On the 14th instant, Mr James Fraser, of Camden, New Jersey, to Miss Eliza Adams, of Philadelphia. The Rev. Elisha Weaver officiated upon the occasion.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that it is so to those she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

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Brethren and Sisters:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in their labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects to a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the tie which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables, and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such places as Phil-ip-pi, and Thes-sa-lon-i-ca, or such personages as El-i-am, Meph-i-bosh-eth, and Tro-phi-mus. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions. It finds its way into our meeting-houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing to the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community,—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man, and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c. B. A. GOULD,
G. B. EMERSON,
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands —

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words. but in *first* books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in the many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage to your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c. EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy.

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

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☞ TERMS MODERATE

AMY WILLIAMS,
july 2 3mos Cape May, June 28th

PARTING WORDS

Ah, dearest! I have wept such tears
As they who love not, ne'er can weep;
For in my soul, a thousand fears
Their lone, unceasing vigil keep.

They are not fears of change in thee,
Nor in my own heart, fully given;
For Earth ne'er knew a constancy
More like the angels know in heaven.

Nor are they fears of pain, or woe,
(Which I *with thee*, could smile upon,)
But of the death, my life shall know—
"The death in life," when thou art gone.

Yet, it may be, in future years,
When we are parted, beyond reach,
And eyes have wept their farewell tears
Above the buried hopes of each,

That we may say "'twas for the best,"
And look with trustful eyes above,
Where we may meet, and be at rest,
Secure in heaven's undying love.

And time may lull our hearts to rest,
With hopes of joy beyond the tomb.
So let it be! God knoweth best,
And bringeth sunshine out of gloom.

A. E. U.

SONG OF THE CROAKER.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

An old frog lived in a dismal swamp,
In a dismal kind of way;
And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.
Croak, croak, croak,
When darkness filled the air,
And croak, croak, croak,
When the skies were bright and fair.

Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
"And the foeman's power is broke;"
But he only turned a greener hue,
And answered with a croak.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the clouds are dark and dun,
And croak, croak, croak,
In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of Right
Are driving the forces of Wrong;"
But he gives his head an ominous shake
And croaks out "*Nous verrons!*"
Croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life
By always dreading the worst,
Is to make of the Earth a dungeon damp,
And the happiest life accurst.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the noontide sun rides high,
And croak, croak, croak,
Lest the night come by-and-by.

Farewell to the dismal frog,
Let him croak as loud as he may,
He cannot blot the sun from heaven,
Nor hinder the march of day,
Though he croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

—*Daily Press.*

The Family.

GRANDMA.

Fanny and I occupied the same seat of a railroad car which was flying towards the city of Salem, whither we were going. We had been silent for fully five minutes—an age to garrulous ones, such as we are. A broad-shouldered man sat directly before us, whose motionless form and bowed head, suggested that the book in which he was reading was a powerful magnet. I espied its title, "The Biography of Madame Recamier," and communicating the discovery in a puffing whisper to my friend, she thus received it:

"Umph! he might be better employed. The life of a Parisian Belle, and a married woman at that, whose highest talent lay in her conversational powers, and whose loftiest aim seemed to be, to contract Platonic friendships with men devoted to the world, should not offer much entertainment to a sensible American man. * * * I wonder what kind of a Grandmother she would have made."

I laughed heartily, for to me, the idea of draping the brilliant Frenchwoman in such, revered but matter of fact associations, seemed as incongruous as putting a harness over the golden wings of an August butterfly. Fanny eyed me for a moment quite seriously, then added:

"You needn't laugh; it is a post the majority of women have to fill, if they live long enough; in my estimation, a deeply responsible one too, and I think"—here her own lips parted in a half mischievous smile—"young mothers should be educated to have it in view, as the very climax of their matronly dignity."

"It is a long look ahead to the most of us," I ventured by way of a reply," but what is your *beau ideal* of a Grandma?"

"You'll see her in Salem."

"Is she an old lady?"

"Yes and no."

"A satisfactory laconic, truly—Is she a *ma chere mere*, as tall as a grenadier, who stalks around the house in high leather boots, and gives orders to her household through a fireman's trumpet? or a magnificent elderly lady, dressed up all the time in unrumpled silks, wearing a small *solitaire* upon one of her withered digitals, and——"

"Such nonsense—wait and see."

I did wait, and by the time our train had entered the Salem depot, and we had received a not-to-be-mistaken welcome from the lips of Mrs. Carson and her two daughters, who awaited us, all else, save the pleasure anticipated in such society as theirs, had faded from my desires.

We enter a stranger's house, much as we open the leaves of a new book, uncertain of its contents, yet often allowing its preface to bias our opinion of its merits. Upon stepping within the hall door of Mrs. Carson's residence, a little old woman advanced to meet us, who, upon taking my hand, introduced herself to me, simply, as "Susan's mother."

No more vivid impression of her was photographed upon my memory, than during the first minute in which we stood face to face, and I hurriedly scanned her.

She was not more than five feet high, and would have been thought fragile looking but for a certain indescribable compactness of figure or dress, which gave me an idea of health and vigor, but whether of mind or body, I could not then tell. Her costume (an almost unerring index of character) was a loose robe of soft brown merino, confined to her waist by an elastic belt, dainty little white ruffles half hid her hands, a square collar encircled her throat, and her own iron gray hair, done up in a heavy coil, and lying on the back of her head was its only ornament.

Her face was so seamed and wrinkled, that I distinguished no distinct feature, save her clear blue eyes; all else was blended into an expression of great benignity. She was seventy years old, yet there was a certain *springiness* in her noiseless, gliding step, as she preceded us to our chamber, and by the time I had laid aside my wrappings, I had read in "Grandma" a preface to that house, of whose contents, I felt, I should not soon weary.

I am not weaving a story—though the shuttle of my fancy could fly through no brighter-hued threads, than filled the loom of those few days of visit—only trying to portray a few marked traits, as bit by bit they were developed, in what seems to me an unusual character. Mrs. Carson's family consisted of her husband and herself, Gertrude and Nora, their children; the former a girl of sixteen, the latter a sunny-tempered romp, whose entire *physique* seemed permeated by the uninterrupted happiness of her ten years' life; Mrs. Singleton, or "Grandma," and Oscar, a magnificent St Bernard dog, whose black curly coat, fiery red jaws, and huge, benevolent-looking head, were only equalled in beauty by his great sagacity and *affectionateness*. To each of these, "Grandma" was indispensable as counsellor, confidant and controller, yet never have I seen such perfection of art as she seemed to have attained, guiding the whole family mechanism, yet almost as invisible in the exercise of her power, as is the main-spring of a watch.

The morning succeeding our arrival, we entered the breakfast-room in obedience to the bell's call. With the exception of our escort, Mrs. Carson, the family had assembled and broke our social fast gloriously with their cheerful "good morning."

Not having been initiated into their domestic routine, I hardly understood the look of gravity which "Grandma's" face wore, and which fell like a heavy portcullis between her and the merry sally with which I was following up my salutations, but it was explained when handing us chairs, Mrs. Carson read us "Christ's sermon on the Mount," and then, all kneeling, "Grandma" presented our united Thanksgiving to our gracious Father.

A tragedian might have envied the touching pathos which made the very tones of her voice eloquent, as she asked, with childlike simplicity, for every needed blessing, and when she prayed, "Oh, let thy tender mercies forever rest upon the dear strangers, whom thy kind providence has sent among us," my heart swelled with the almost assurance, that a benediction might indeed be ours, when sought with the faith of one who seemed to live so very close to Jesus.

A few hours later, I stood upon an upper balcony, and screened from notice, witnessed another "scene" of the day's drama, in which Nora, two other girls, a wee boy, all boots, pants, and self-importance, Grandma and Oscar were the *dramatis personæ*. Said Nora most appealingly:

"Grandma! what shall we play this morning? It's too hot to jump rope; we can't dress dolly, for all her clothes are dirty; John wont play at throwing 'Jacks,' and we're so tired doing nothing."

Grandma looked down, oh! so lovingly, into the troubled depths of those brown eyes, and said:

"You know the strip of woods, just back of the College Park?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the smooth, short green grass it's got for a carpet?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the big umbrella trees to keep the sun off?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the birds, that never cry like our Nora, when they have to take a music lesson?"

"Now, Grandma."

"And the bright, clear, shallow stream, for little folks to paddle their feet in on hot days!"

"Oh, yes, Grandma; what then?"

"Why, suppose you all run off there and spend the morning."

"Good! good!—here, girls—"

"Stop a minute, wouldn't it be nice to have a little pic-nic? Where's your school basket? Now get a clean napkin—we'll have some *thin* slices of buttered bread—no meat this hot day, but a whole one of Ann's nice cheese cakes, and eight big peaches. Here's a knife, don't lose it, nor cut off your thumbs by way of variety. What a royal lunch! I *know* Queen Victoria never had just such a one; now pack off, little gipsies. Take Oscar along, and before you begin eating, play that he is a big black bear, and chase him until he can't wag his tail for laughing. It will give him an appetite too, and save you the trouble of carrying home the crumbs."

By this time the children had caught "Grandma's" enthusiasm, (so contagious is earnestness,) and disguising their thanks for her thoughtfulness in most expressive kisses, I saw them file out the alley gate, joyous as bees, while Oscar brought up the rear, waving his superb tail as majestically as once waved Murat's plume.

At dinner, of the same day, I noticed a cloud on the hitherto cheerful face of Mr. Carson. I had found him to be a thoroughly practical man; absorbed in mercantile affairs and their countless belongings; not very talkative, but so devoted and indulgent as a husband and father, that I had acquired an interest in him sufficiently strong, to feel disturbed at his gloomy expression.

"My son," said Grandma, (she always addressed him thus, though only his mother in-law,) "you look like "Sir Knight of the rueful countenance;" won't you exchange a smile for this smoking piece of little Jack Horner's favorite pie?" handing him, as she spoke, a generous piece of plum pudding.

"Not to-day, Grandma, for I am in a desperate hurry, and cannot wait for it to cool. Can you come to my counting-room a few minutes, I want a talk with you?"

"Why, certainly! No fresh trouble, I hope. Susan dear, do not wait on me. Ladies, excuse me," and they were off, leaving us, for a minute, plying our dessert spoons in silence. It was broken by Mrs Carson, saying:

"Philip is much perplexed of late, by some new business arrangements into which he has just entered, and he has so much confidence in mother's judgment, that I believe he thinks her a better financier than himself; at least he rarely takes an important step without first consulting her, and she has somehow managed to make herself understand his affairs so well, that she is the most important one of the firm."

I recalled the incident of the morning, and the thorough appreciation of Nora's wants which Grandma had evinced; then wondered—not at her sympathy—she personified it—but at the gigantic strides it was able to make up the ladder of human wants.

When night came on, and for the children's entertainment, we made "fun" like so many romping school-girls, Grandma laughed until glad tears ran down her cheeks, then scolded herself for being, as she said "such an old simpleton," yet, when our games were interrupted by the entrance of two clergymen, it was Grandma, who, with almost matchless dignity, yet sweetness, thus tacitly honored their lofty calling, and conversed so intelligently upon themes connected with their pastoral duties, that I felt, "before me, indeed, sits a mother in Israel."

The last evening of our three days' stay, I followed her voice, as it bade me "come and see the glorious sunset." I found her in an attic chamber, which looked westward upon one of the loveliest valleys through which the Susquehanna flows. Her quaint little figure was bathed in the golden radiance—and had caught an added charm! No, that were a hackneyed falsehood; but the holy fervor kindled in her soul, shone out as clearly through her old, furrowed face, as I have seen sunshine, undimmed, streaming in through patched and broken glass. That soul was discolored by no earth stains, yet reflected every earthly beauty. For full three score years and ten, those feet had toiled along life's pilgrimage, yet, still unwearied, she trod on her long path to heaven, nor ceased to gather and cherish, the wayside, fading flowers of earth, because there awaited her, those of eternal bloom and beauty. In fact, therein lay the charm of Grandma's character. Her heart was always young, and responsive to every true emotion, as perfect melody answers to a master's touch. In her, I saw a portraiture of the highest dignity of womanhood, and agreed with Fanny that a model of a superlatively fine matron could be no better *grand*-mother than "Grandma" Singleton.

N A M E.

Harrisburg, July 5th, 1864

NOTABILITIES OF EDINBURGH IN 1839.

Hazel-eyed little Jeffrey was still alive, verging on his seventieth year, and to be seen either in his Judges' place in the Parliament House, where he had a sharp way of interrupting the barristers and keeping them to the point, or else going to his town house in Murray Place, or (as on the second time of my seeing him) walking into town from his country mansion of Craigcrook, by the quiet, narrow road leading past Ravelston. Dr. Chalmers—of almost perfected national fame, even while Scott was alive, the types being so different—was in his sixtieth year, living at No. 7 Inverleith row. Sweeping through George street, on his way to Blackwood's shop, with his long yellow hair streaming from underneath his wide rimmed hat, might be seen the magnificent figure of Christopher North, suggesting reminiscences of a wildly-irregular sort of literature which Edinburgh had been giving to the world for the last twenty years, to supplement both the fictions of Scott and the persevering criticism of the *Whig Review*; or, going through Great King street, late at night, and passing one particular house there, you might know that within that house there was sitting at that moment, among his books a man of powerful head and frame, in the mature prime of fifty, who, when you and the rest of the city were asleep, would still be sitting there with his library-lamp burning, outwatching the Bear with thrice-great Hermes, and unsphering the soul of Aristotle. This was that Sir William Hamilton of whom there had been long so select a fame, and of whom the world was to hear more and more. Of these four, then, you were sure to have daily accounts, as of the city's ascertained chiefs. But in the community, of some 150,000 souls or thereabouts, amid which these four moved—a community exactly of that size in which, consistently with the freest individual development, there may be the pleasantest sociability, and every one may know every one else worth knowing—there was a mixture of various elements, which afforded to all tastes a choice of other and still other notabilities.

LITTLE JIM.

The light within his hazel eyes
Was faded, wan and dim,
As though the joyous hours of life
Had seldom shone for him;
And none had ever thought, or cared
For little beggar Jim.

And yet, his years were very few;
"Just six," I heard him say,
As I smoothed back his sun-burnt hair
And wiped his tears away.
But ah! that *look*, with which he said—
"Just six years old to-day."

He was no child to win the glance
Of proud contempt, or scorn;
His features small, were formed more fair
Than many nobler born;
And in his dauntless little breast
A heavy heart was worn.

Bareheaded, in the burning sun
He roamed the crowded street.
I vowed to claim him for my own
Next time we chanced to meet.
But ah! no more the burning sun,
Nor crowded street for him
Kind Heaven has claimed the friendless one.—
The little beggar Jim.

A. E. O.

I DON'T WANT TO.

"Come, Laura, I want you to help shell these beans."

The little girl to whom this request, or rather command was addressed, was sitting by a table near her Uncle Richard, who was employed in giving her a very informal lesson in drawing. Laura was much interested in this lesson, and quite unwilling to leave it.

"I don't want to, mother," she said; "can't you wait a little while?"

"No, you must come now or they will not be done in time."

Laura would have remonstrated farther, had not her uncle gently drawn the paper from under her hand, thus giving her a quiet reminder of her duty. She rose and followed her mother out of the room, but with a very ungracious manner.

Uncle Richard was spending a few weeks with Laura Weaver's parents. Laura was his pet and plaything, and many of his leisure hours were spent in her society. She was very fond of her uncle, and liked to be with him very much. On her uncle's part, however, there was one drawback in the pleasure of this intercourse. When Laura became interested in a pursuit or amusement proposed by him, she was very unwilling to leave it to perform any service which might be required of her. Her almost invariable answer on such occasions was, "I don't want to." Her uncle had several times gently reminded her of her duty, but with little effect. Not only were the beans shelled very unwillingly that morning, but several services were performed that day in a similar manner.

The next morning, before Uncle Richard left his room, he resolved that day to give Laura a lesson. Soon after breakfast she came to him.

"Uncle Richard," she said, "please lend me your knife to sharpen my pencil."

"I don't want to," said Uncle Richard.

Laura was much surprised, for her uncle was uniformly very accommodating and ready to grant any reasonable request. The circumstance, however, was soon forgotten, and not long after Laura came again to her uncle.

"O uncle," she said, "I have a new flower in my bed. It is such a beauty. Do come with me and see it."

"I don't want to," was the reply.

"I do wonder what is the matter with Uncle Richard this morning," said Laura to herself, as she retired, much chagrined.

Soon after Laura put on her sun-bonnet, and went out for a ramble in search of flowers. She would have liked very much to ask her uncle to accompany her, but having received two rebuffs that morning, she concluded not to say anything about it.

As she was returning home, however, she was joined by him very unexpectedly. They walked on together until they approached a high stone wall. Laura ran on before her uncle to show how nimbly she could climb it. She laid her bunch of flowers on the top of the wall while she got over. As she took them up again she chanced to drop the one she valued most, and it fell on the other side.

"I need not climb over for it," she thought, "Uncle Richard will get it for me when he comes up."

But Laura was mistaken.

"I don't want to," said Uncle Richard, when she asked him to pick up the flower for her.

Laura was thoroughly vexed when she saw her uncle spring over the wall, and walk on very unconsciously. She was firmly resolved that she would ask no favor of him again that day, and for some hours she kept her resolution. It was, however, at last broken. It happened in this way. Towards night she met her uncle in a little path leading down to the river.

"Where are you going, Uncle?" she asked.

"I am going out to the boat."

Now a sail with her uncle in the little boat was Laura's special delight, and her resolution was at once broken.

"O Uncle," she said, "do let me go with you."

"I don't want to," said her uncle.

This was too much for Laura, who turned quickly from her uncle. When she reached a spot which she thought favorable for that purpose, she sat down and gave herself up to tears. The place she had chosen was a plot of green grass in one corner of the garden. Here her father soon found her.

"What is the matter, Laura?" he asked.

Laura told her father that her uncle would not let her go with him in the boat, and added that he had refused everything that she had asked of him that day.

"What is the difficulty?" said her father. "Have you done anything to displease your uncle?"

"No, sir," said Laura; "I have done nothing to displease him that I know of."

Mr. Weaver was puzzled, and he was also determined to find out what it meant.

"What is the trouble, Richard?" he inquired, when an hour later, his brother returned. "I thought you and Laura were great friends, but according to her account the wind has changed to-day. Why did you not take her with you in the boat?"

"I didn't want to," said Mr. Richard, imitating as nearly as possible Laura's tone and manner.

Light broke in upon the mind of Mr. Weaver.

"Ah, I understand it," he said, smiling. "You have been so much of late with a certain little friend of yours that you have learned some of her ways. I would advise you, Laura, to set your uncle a better example."

Laura was half puzzled, half conscious. The idea of a grown man, like her uncle, following the example of a little girl like herself, seemed to her a very droll one.

The next morning when Mr. Richard strolled into the garden, he found Laura there, trying to get a bunch of grapes which grew just beyond her reach.

"O Uncle Richard," she said, "won't you please to——."

Here she paused, suddenly recollecting some of the incidents of the previous day.

"Won't I please do what?" inquired Uncle Richard, in a tone which was certainly encouraging.

"Mother says I may have a bunch of grapes. I was going to ask you to pick me that bunch up there, but——"

Here again Laura hesitated, turning very red.

"But I was so disobliging and disagreeable yesterday that, on second thoughts, you concluded not to ask me."

Laura did not reply but she grew redder still.

"You used that little sentence so often that I thought I would try it, just for one day, to see how I liked it. The truth is, I did not like it at all. It made me so disagreeable, and others so unhappy, that I did not intend to use it any more."

"Neither do I intend to use it any more," said Laura. "I know what you were about yesterday, Uncle Richard. You meant to give me a lesson."

"It was a good lesson, was it not?"

"I suppose so."

"A good lesson well learned is a good thing. But we won't say any more about that now. I am ready to do all in my power to oblige you to-day, so I will begin by picking the bunch of grapes."

Laura did not say "I don't want to," once that day. But this was not true of all succeeding days. Bad habits are not easily broken off, and Laura found it so. The words she had used so often would sometimes escape from her lips before she thought; but if they were uttered in Uncle Richard's presence she was always reminded of her mistake by a certain roguish twinkle of his dark gray eyes, and then she would resolve to be more careful in the future. This resolution she tried hard to keep, and the lesson given by her uncle that day was not in vain.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," is the Golden Rule to regulate our intercourse with each other. If Laura had obeyed this rule, she would not have needed the lesson given her that day by her Uncle Richard.—*Evangelist.*

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SLAG IN IRON FURNACES.

At the Mantsel iron mines, the slag has accumulated in mountains. People are constantly at work at plans for extracting something of value from the waste slag. The slag is now run into moulds of about a cubic foot each, and distributed to the workmen. Each man takes his share of the blocks in an iron wheelbarrow and wheels them home, when they still contain heat enough to cook the meal for the family. After they are cooled, these rectangular blocks are an excellent material for building walls.

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There is a great waste in our woollen manufactories of a valuable substance—that is, the oil of the wool. When wool has been thoroughly cleaned, it is found to have lost thirty, forty, or, in some cases, as high as sixty per cent. of its weight, and the most of this is oil—an excellent oil for some purposes, and especially for soap. There is an establishment in England that takes wool to clean for the oil—making no other charge for the work.

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Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bruises, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the Rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs.
Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost.
ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions.
SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DRMOND

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite result. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved.
Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 16, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints.
Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him.
Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 3, 1861

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed.
Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 10, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully.
Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

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WISHART'S TAR CORDIAL.

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PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
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WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.
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MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND
HAVE BEEN CURED
HAVE BEEN CURED
HAVE BEEN CURED
OF CONSUMPTION,
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OF CONSUMPTION,
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OF CONSUMPTION,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would heal the lungs—but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the **Pine Tree Tar** to heal the lungs;—therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect. But how to combine its medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and has been put in bottles, patented by the United States Government. We say to the afflicted that Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will produce the INVIGORATION OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, THE STRENGTHENING OF THE DEBILITATED SYSTEM, THE PURIFICATION AND ENRICHMENT OF THE BLOOD, which must expel from the system the corruption which Scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alterative (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving the pain, subduing inflammation and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this twofold power, the healing and strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with nature's constant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

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FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is a great and effectual remedy for

BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.
BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.

Thousands have been cured of the above disease when all hope of ever receiving relief was gone.

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There is not a medicine discovered that has so much power to dissolve the thick mucus that stops up the wind passages of the lungs as the Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which subdues the fever and inflammation that destroy the power and vitality of the lungs and consign the patient to the grave. We say to all whose lungs are affected, use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial with great confidence, as it has restored thousands of cases to health that were hopelessly given up to die.

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are speedily cured by the use of Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It does its work at once, and the patient is cured before other medicines would have had time to have any beneficial effect.

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DR J. W. CREEK will be in attendance at his Office, N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets, Baltimore, Md., for consultation with patients laboring under the various diseases, as Affections of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Scrofula, together with those symptoms of Disease usually called Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Debility, Rheumatism, Head-Ache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Impurities of the Blood, or any other chronic or long standing complaint on reasonable terms. Directions are adhered to them. Can be cured invariably, give an unbiassed opinion as to the probability of a cure.

CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefit they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he then in an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change, decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

MRS. JANE JOHNSON & MRS. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No 518 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

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Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phenix Union, No. 9, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Watt's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10, D. of T.; from Tabernacle Union, No. 10, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fassett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. B. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rosears, G. P. F. Sister Anderson
" " E. Boozer, " " J. F. Black,
" " M. N. Duboy, " " E. A. Clark,
" " C. Newman; " " White,
" " B. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,

GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

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Second Door Below Bethel Church.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1864. Vol. IV.—No. 30.—New Series. Whole No. 186.

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BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward,

No 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed to Rev. Elisha Weaver, Box No. 2070, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No 619 Pine st.

All articles or matter for the *Christian Recorder*, must be directed E. Weaver, Box No. 2070, Philadelphia.

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Two Dollars and twenty-five cents a year, payable in advance; or Two fifty, if not paid in advance.

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NO Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER,

Baltimore Conference,	REV.	B. T. TANNER.
Philadelphia	" "	A. L. STANFORD.
New York	" "	L. PATTERSON.
New England	" "	W. W. GRIMES.
Ohio	" "	SAMUEL WATTS.
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Missouri	" "	M. M. CLARK
California	" "	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Tread softly there, recline thy head,
'Tis where the muse hath lain to rest—
Earth lies to earth, she finds a bed.
For one whose spirit's with the blest.

List! hear ye not the melting strain,
That rose from 'neath that narrow mound?
Ah! 'tis the voice of him that's lain
To rest. The notes, how sad their sound!

How silently the daisy lifts
Its flow'ry head about that tomb:
How soft and calm the snow-flake rifts;
How softly, now, the flowrets bloom!

Yes, gently tread; a son of song
Lies sleeping by that singing stream;
His spirit's fled to join the throng
That chant above, redeem! redeem!

RAYMOND.

Philada., July 12th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, IN VERSE.

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come; Thy perfect will
In earth, as Heaven, let all fulfil:
Give this day's bread, that we may live:
Forgive our sins as we forgive:
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand.
Now and forever unto Thee
The kingdom, power, and glory be. Amen.

ANONYMOUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAPE MAY CORRESPONDENCE.

NO II.

MR. EDITOR:—Having said something in my last communication, respecting the progress of the good people of this place, I may be permitted to say something respecting the general aspect of things. Let me say first, that although a terrible war afflicts the country, the people of this part of Jersey are more cool and deliberate than any community I have seen; and although the draft has been in progress, and almost every able-bodied man has been drafted, they seem to take it as a matter of course, and regard it as a duty to the government, paramount to everything else.

It is said that there is a few secession sympathisers, but they dare not here utter treasonable sentiments. We have some very amusing stories here, manufactured in Philadelphia respecting the visit of the rebel steamer Florida off this place. The most noted one is, that she threw shells on the Island, killing two women and causing a general stampede among the boarders.

These stories are made up out of the whole cloth, for although some of the crews of burned vessels landed here, I have yet to see an excited person, or hear an apprehensive expression. This state of things may be caused by indifference, but whether or not, this is the place and community in these troublesome times, if a man wants his brains to cool and his nerves to tranquilise.

Increase.

The transient population begins to pour in rapidly, and the prospect is that we shall have a goodly number notwithstanding the rebel raid into Maryland.

Religious.

We have churches of four denominations on the Island: Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Roman Catholic. The resident inhabitants are, as a general thing, devout Church-going Christians, and observe the Sabbath as a day of sacred rest.

One man said to me, whose business required him at the rail-road depot on every Sabbath, that if he could not get his living in six days, he would go without. No Sabbath-breaking for him. Little does he think that by the introduction of that very railroad, the increased number of visitors and residents with diverse morals, will shape the foundation of that moral sentiment, and the moral sentiment of this peaceful and Sabbath-loving community; if they will not yield to the temptations from deep and abiding convictions, it will arrest their children, and bear them off in its downward current. Such is the fate of man. If he will not go to evils, evils will come to him. One feels sorrowful when he sees the peaceful villager who has few wants and few crimes, disturbed and corrupted by the ruthless world without; but such is our destiny.

Visitors.

There are two classes who frequent, this as well as all other places of summer resort: the money seeker and pleasure-seeker. The one is indispensable to the other. Each of them is devoutly intent on the object of his or her coming, and but few of the fleeting days or hours are given to the contemplation and worship of God, or the consideration of his temple. True, these people at times may be seen sauntering to the temple, but rather with the desire to while away an idle hour than to engage really in the worship of God.

The A. M. E. Church here, seems peculiarly beset with this kind of spirit and class of worshippers. Whether it be the result of a heavy draft on sinews and muscle from the constant and daily labor performed, or natural indifference, I know not; but one thing is certain, these people show very little respect for their church. As a general thing, there are exceptions.

If, in ordinary times, you find one hundred seated inside of the church, you will find from one hundred and fifty to two hundred on the side-walks and in the yard, laughing and talking, and some even smoking. Every good breath of air wafting the smoke of a nauseous segar almost into the pulpit. All these things deserve the gentle rebuke of the church. I desire to worship in no such mixed assembly, nor will I.

Meetings.

Rev. J. Woodlin held the Quarterly Meeting of the Circuit, for Brother J. Jay, on Sunday, the 10th inst., at the church on the Island.

Rev. Woodlin preached in the afternoon, in his usual warm and impressive manner. But beyond a protest from a Quaker lady, that in speaking of the rebels and the rebellion, he would assign to the former some more favorable place than the bottomless pit (i. e. pray for them,) nothing of importance transpired.

Brother Jay preached at night, but I judge the field was barren of fruit.

Listless congregations and bad preaching are two very annoying things; the further you keep them from one the better.

Yours respectfully,

SEASIDE.

July 18th.

PRESENTATION TO GOV ANDREW.

Our worthy friend and brother, Rev. L. A. Grimes, of Boston, sends us the following doings of a meeting held in Boston, Massachusetts, which was a presentation to the Hon. Governor Andrew; and, as it was crowded out last week, it appears in this week's paper.

Mr. Simpson, a young man, who executed the painting, is a first-class painter, and deserves a great deal of credit. We are glad to find that Boston has first-class painters among the colored people, as well as Philadelphia. We can see no reason why every white citizen does not use his vote and influence to have these obnoxious laws erased from the statute-books of every State. Colored people appreciate (and have proved the same) every public man who has acted fair and honest to all the citizens of the United States. To act otherwise is recreant to the cause which they represent. Much honour to the old Bay State! We have clipped the following from the Liberator:

PRESENTATION TO GOVERNOR ANDREW.

A large audience having assembled at the Twelfth Baptist Church on Monday evening, June 20th, 1864, the Chairman, William Wells Brown, announced, that an event was about to transpire, partaking somewhat of a historic character, in which, he ventured to predict, all present would take exceeding interest.

At this point, Rev. Leonard A. Grimes appeared, escorting his Excellency Governor Andrew down the aisle, which was the signal for an outburst of applause, continuing until after he was seated in the pulpit. William C. Nell then arose, and spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—By the perhaps too partial favor of some friends interested in a portion of this evening's exercises, the signal honor has been conferred upon your humble servant of submitting a message to our illustrious guest, Governor Andrew.

May it please your Excellency, the mission allotted me on this occasion has suggested my culling a few extracts from the tablet of memory, possessed in common by the colored citizens of Boston and vicinity.

During the winter of 1846, (as some of us remember,) you delivered a lecture before our Adelphic Union Library Association, to supply a vacancy occasioned by the imperative absence of Hon. Charles Sumner. Your labor of love that evening, in dispensing to us the dew-drops of knowledge, was but one among many preceding evidences of your heart felt interest in the improvement of those who then could not, as is our happy privilege now to boast, bask in the sunlight of literary advantages.

We remember your brilliant career as a Massachusetts Legislator, characterised, as it was, by heroic and eloquent service for the removal of Judge Loring—protesting against the word *white* on the Statute Book, and against the Dred Scott decision—having already been most zealous in promoting the equal school rights of colored children in Boston.

We remember the boundless joy of our hearts, when our own beloved Massachusetts (God bless her!) honored herself, as we believe beyond all precedent, in calling John Andrew to the gubernatorial chair.

We remember the profound sagacity and foresight which marked your administration during the early history of this Slaveholders' Rebellion, augmented by that sense of justice which recognises man as man, irrespective of accidental differences; and that it was your bugle blast which first summoned colored American soldiers into the field.

We remember that auspicious day, the 18th of May, 1864, when flags were presented to the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth; and your speech was such an eloquent expression of hope, confidence and encouragement, that it animated all hearts, and so inspired the soldiers, that, during that memorable and historic scene of daring and gallant service at Fort Wagner, the most potent rallying cry for one last, best effort was: "*Boys, remember God and Governor Andrew!*"

We remember your persevering exertions to secure from the Government full pay to the colored volunteers, for which solicitude in their behalf, they and their families will ever bless you.

We remember the notable example, and one far-reaching in influence, of your prominent participation in a public dinner of welcome in this city to two colored citizens of Louisiana—Messrs Roudanez and Bertonneau.

We remember, that, whether as a citizen, a professional man, a Legislator, a philanthropist, or a Christian magistrate, yours has ever been the heart to conceive, the head to organise, and the hand to execute the ways and means for the public recognition of the colored man as an equal before the law.

These pleasing reminiscences, sir, have contributed to a desire of tendering some public token of our feelings, in which purpose we have been happily seconded by our two young friends and respected fellow-citizens, Messrs Jacob R. Andrews and William H Simpson, whose united mechanical skill and artistic genius have culminated in producing this portrait of your Excellency, which we ask you to accept; not, by any means, as an equivalent for, but simply an acknowledgment of your valuable services in humanity's cause, and as a medium for the grateful homage of our hearts.

In this connection we may be permitted to make the statement, that we confess to indulging a feeling of pride, (a legitimate one, however, as we think the associations will warrant,) in the fact that this gilt frame and the portrait are the work of those hands which impart just that *color* to the idea which we believe will commend our presentation none the less to your Excellency.

In conclusion, we would invoke continued prosperity upon the old Bay State, and that your Excellency may live to behold the day, when, as the result of labors conjointly with the tried and true of Freedom's army on this wide domain of earth, from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea, there shall not be found a tyrant nor a slave.

Loud applause greeted this speech at several points, and at its conclusion; and, when the Governor rose to reply, shouts of joyous approval made the welkin ring.

His Excellency confessed himself surprised at the presentation, having supposed that the meeting to which he had been invited was similar to others which he had addressed in that place. He thanked them sincerely for their kind recollection of him, and what they had pleased to enumerate of his honest interest and efforts in the good cause they all loved; disclaiming the merit, however, which had been so generously awarded.

He proceeded to speak of the cause at large, and the rebellion and the war in their relation to the annihilation of slavery and the elevation of the colored man; during which, he introduced many facts illustrative of the bravery and devotion of colored soldiers, and offered many valuable suggestions to colored men and women as to their responsibilities in the country's present emergency, with a view to their growth of character and position in the community.

The Governor's speech was timely, eloquent and impressive; and the applause which it elicited, and the earnest attention of the audience, were proof of its hearty acceptance.

The portrait was now inspected by a large proportion of the audience, who expressed much commendation of the design and workmanship.

After a vote of thanks to the ladies, whose services had so greatly aided the purposes of the meeting, a Committee was appointed to transfer the portrait to the residence of his Excellency; when the large and enthusiastic audience adjourned.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER OF THE 54th MASS REGT.

Black Island, South Carolina,
Co. H, 54th Regt. Mass Vols. Inf.
July 7th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—What a great change there has taken place since I penned my last letter to you, from this little post of duty, written on the 1st of this month. There was another expedition left this vicinity for James Island, on which occasion the gallant 54th must have a hand in the matter, as in almost every other movement of any interest transpiring within the Department's limits.

On the second day nothing of importance was done. Everything was as still as death. The 3d comes upon us, and as the bright rosy beams break gently forth, comes the sharp and rolling reverberation of the deadly "Enfields," mingled with the loud and deep-toned booming of cannon. Once more has the 54th got her foot upon that soil which was the instigation of many of the brave members of her regiment to sink to the earth, never to rise again until the last trump of God shall sound on the dawning of the resurrection morn to call each and every one to give a true and just account of the deeds done here below in the body.

For the first time since we have been in the field, we have been allowed the pleasure of the company of our sister regiment, the 55th, who has many features noticeable in the 54th, for both regiments have stood side by side and fought, never yielding an inch of ground to the stubborn foemen.

Sir, in view of such a noble and generous display of patriotism and courage, it is a disgrace to the name of this great and glorious Union, that these brave fellows should be compelled to fight and toil without receiving their stipulated remuneration. Why is it? Is the laborer not worthy of his hire? Never was such ingratitude heard of before or since the world commenced. Here we are, toiling and sweating beneath the burning rays of the sun, for nothing. We receive nothing but our hard tack and salt pork, and a constant attendance of the blues. All that we get in return for our services are such hackneyed expressions as these: "Why, boys, you are good fighters; don't want any better; white men could not do better, should they try; your bravery cannot be excelled by any troops in the field."

Day after day we await the arrival of each mail in anxious expectancy, to see whether Congress has taken any steps to pay us off, for you know that men cannot live without something to nourish them at times. We should particularly like to have such things as little eatables for our dessert.

We still hold the Island. To-day, even as I write, the booming of the distant cannon can be plainly heard.

Dear sir, before this letter shall have reached you, I may be called away to appear before the great Tribunal of my God. Should I fall in this fearful conflict, I trust that I may, by the assistance and grace of God, be enabled to shake hands with you and all dear friends together in my Father's kingdom, where partings and sorrows are unknown.

Yours in Christ,

JOHN H. W. N. COLLINS,

Orderly Sergeant Co. H, 54 Regt. Mass. Vols.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM VICKSBURG.

Vicksburg, June 21st, 1864.

MR. WEAVER—Dear Sir: I have been requested to make inquiries concerning a certain individual by the name of John Ridges. Be it known that this person quitted Vicksburg last fall, but returned back again for the purpose of seeking his wife, who had been accidentally separated from him at Jackson, Miss. Notwithstanding all the earnest and industrious search that he could possibly make, the object of his mission proved a failure. He could not find her. Now, odd as it may seem, it so happened that the lady was in Vicksburg at the same time, on a similar errand—the wife hunting for her husband, and the husband hunting for his wife! But, both having been misinformed as to the probable whereabouts of each other; as a matter of course, both of them were disappointed in their search.

Now, Mr. Editor, your will confer a great favor by giving this notice publicity through your columns, and it is also most earnestly desired that every minister connected with our Church shall read the same from the pulpit. If such a person can be found, it is very desirable that he should know that his wife is still residing at Vicksburg, where she can be found at the A. M. E. church, in that place. If he desires to write, he can direct his letter to the care of Joseph Moore, Vicksburg.

She lives in the full confidence of once more beholding her truant husband in this world—but if it should be decreed otherwise, she finds consolation in the strong and abiding hope of meeting him in a far better and happier sphere—a land of promise stretching far away beyond the glad waters of the Jordan, where sorrow cannot come, and where friends that were sundered are joined together to sing praises around the throne of God in heaven, never again to be parted. She knows her husband to be a praying man, and she is a praying woman.

Mr. Editor, you will please publish this, and thereby very much oblige

Yours most respectfully,

MRS. ELIZA RIDGES,

Wife of John Ridges.

(Per C. H. Fishback.)

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

We give place this week to a very important and rather lengthy document on the emancipation of slaves in Brazil. Three cheers for the dawning of freedom that has at length burst in meridian splendor over that long benighted empire! May her example not be lost. We feel assured that the article in question will be read with both pleasure and profit by our numerous readers, and we therefore present it entire, without any curtailment. There can but one feeling arise—profound gratitude to God.

ADDRESS.

To His Majesty Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil:

May it please the Emperor,

The Committee of the "British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society" most respectfully solicit permission to address the Emperor on the subject of the extinction of the slave trade, and of slavery in Brazil—a subject, in importance, second to none which can occupy the attention of a monarch desiring the welfare of his subjects, amongst whom these two evils exist.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was instituted to promote the abolition of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world, by means exclusively moral, religious and pacific. It holds, as a fundamental principle, that so long as slavery exists, the traffic in slaves will not be suppressed. It regards slaveholding as "a sin and a crime before God," and, therefore, asserts that slavery is a thing to be abolished without compromise of any kind. Adopting these principles as a basis, the Committee have felt it to be their duty to appeal from time to time to the friends of humanity in all countries where slavery exists, urging them to promote its extinction, and more especially to address those who are charged with the solemn responsibilities of government, and who have the power of assuming the initiative.

For many years the Committee observed with deep regret the continuance of the African slave trade to Brazil, and made earnest representations to the British Government to use its utmost efforts to obtain from that of Brazil the abolition of this wicked traffic. The Committee, however, were not parties to the passing of the Act of 1845, known as the Aberdeen Act, not only because its application involved a recourse to armed force, but also because they had reason to believe that many influential persons in Brazil were actively endeavoring to promote the utter extinction of the foreign slave trade, in accordance with the dictates of humanity, and with the obligations to which the nation stood pledged. The Committee have frequently protested against that Act, and suggested its repeal. They rejoice in the reiterated assurance that for some years past no negroes have been landed in Brazil from Africa—and they consider that the extinction of this branch of the slave trade, which is affirmed by the British officials in their annual reports to their superiors at home, should be accepted as evidence of the sincere desire of the Emperor's government to carry out its treaty obligations. In their reports, in their various publications, and on every suitable occasion, the Committee have given prominence to these proofs of good faith on the part of Brazil, and have placed her conduct in contrast with that of Spain, whose shameful violation of her engagements is admitted to be a scandal to the civilised world. They now deem it to be their duty to record, in a more formal manner, their high appreciation of the later efforts of the Emperor's government to put down the African slave trade by the enforcement of laws specially enacted against slave-trading, and their satisfaction at the result.

The Committee have taken a deep interest in the attempts which have been made of recent years to prohibit the inter-provincial slave trade by sea, and the abolition of slave marts throughout the Brazilian empire. They venture to express the sincere hope that these efforts may be soon crowned with success, and that the Emperor will himself deign to promote them. So long as the demand for slaves continues in any province, it is vain to expect the abolition of the sale and barter of them. Awaiting legislative action, however, in this direction by the British Government, it may be a fit subject of investigation how far it is possible to mitigate the dreadful misery that must result from the separation and dispersion of families, and the rupture of all those ties which bind to life even a slave.

In touching upon the larger question of the emancipation of the slaves, the Committee are fully cognizant of the difficulties which beset it, and of the magnitude of the interests involved. Far be it from the Committee to presume to determine the exact way in which so important a measure as the liberation of upwards of 3,000,000 of slaves is to be accomplished. Nevertheless, they would venture to submit that the first step towards a practical solution would be to direct attention to the whole subject. Since Great Britain emancipated the slaves in her colonies, the principle upon which she acted has been adopted and carried into effect by Denmark, by France, by Portugal, and more recently by Holland. In each instance, excepting that of Portugal, emancipation was made immediate, upon the principle of compensation to the slaveholders. In the case of Portugal, the abolition of slavery was made prospective within a period of twenty years, dating from 1854. The last and most remarkable application of the principles of the Society advocates may be cited in the emancipation of the serfs in Russia—to the number of 23,000,000—a social revolution which has been accomplished without violence, which is producing the most beneficial results throughout that vast empire, and is calculated, in the future, greatly to develop its material resources, and consolidate its moral strength and influence. The same principles have taken root and fructified on the continent of North America. Here a fratricidal contest has arisen on the sole issue of Freedom or Slavery. Notwithstanding the interested attempts which have been made to attribute this sanguinary revolution to other causes, it is now established, without possibility of disproof, that it originated in Slavery alone—a warning which wise rulers will value, and, foreseeing the evil, will guard against a similar calamity. Looking back, therefore, upon the past, and seeing how marvellously the spirit of freedom has been developed within the last quarter of a century, as manifested in the emancipation of the slaves in the countries mentioned; contemplating the struggle between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union, as certain to result in the liberation of the slaves in the latter: it appears to the Committee that the time is not far distant when circumstances will bring the question of emancipation most forcibly under the attention of the Brazilian Government, as is already the case with Spain, in relation to the slaves in Cuba.

The work of emancipating from the most degraded condition in which human beings can be placed more than three millions of his fellow-creatures, is one most worthy of a monarch's laudable ambition. Territorial conquest, the material development of a country's resources, the acquisition of power and political influence among the nations, are mere idle dreams as compared with the imperishable glory to be derived from the enfranchisement of an entire people from the degradation, debasement and suffering incidental to the condition of slavery, while dwelling in the midst of another possessing all the rights of manhood, and enjoying all the privileges of citizens. The greater the difficulties in the achievement of so noble a work, the greater the glory to be derived from it. The Committee would earnestly hope that the Emperor may be moved to address himself seriously to a consideration of this vast subject, that he will be touched by the sufferings of so many of his people, and that he may be guided by Almighty wisdom in promoting the fulfilment of the grand consummation indicated in the sacred Scriptures, "to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke."

On behalf of the Committee.

(Signed) ROBERT ALSOP, Chairman.
L. A. CHAMEROVZOW, Sec'y.
27 New Broad Street, E C
London, 4th March, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE 4th REGIMENT U. S. C. T.

Jacksonville, Fla., June 29th, 1864

BRO WEAVER:—Your paper is received here the same as bread is received by the hungry man. There is not a line in it but what is well read by the soldiers; and our white troops also read the *Christian Recorder* with great interest.

It is truly surprising to see how fast the colored people down in this part of the sunny south are improving. They have day-school by the week, and everything is kept in good order. The children learn fast, and will some day make ornaments in society.

An exhibition was given yesterday, the 28th, by the preceptress, and some pieces were spoken by the children. The doors were open at 1½ P. M., and the church where the children were assembled was crowded to excess.

The exercises were opened by Miss Hanks, which was followed by singing. Addresses were then delivered by different officers, encouraging them to be diligent, and study hard so as to become good and useful men and women.

At 5 o'clock they had dinner. A long table was set in the centre of the church, and every one had access to the good things that were upon it.

After dinner the children sang the following songs:

"John Brown's Marching on," &c.
"When this cruel war is over."
"We shall meet again."

It was late in the evening when the exercises closed, but I am satisfied that every one who was there was well pleased. I, for one, felt as happy as if I were attending a festival at Bethel Church.

I must say it would be well for some of our Northern Sunday School children to take example, for the behaviour of the children in church is good. You will see no laughing or talking there.

May the time soon come when darkness shall be blotted out from the face of the earth.

I must now bring my letter to a close. You shall hear from me again.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WM. B. D. JOHNSON,

Clerk Co. A, 3d Regt. U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

Morris Island, South Carolina, June 8, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—What do you think of this? We rally to the defence of our imperilled country; we freely offer our lives in its defence. The Government acknowledges the value of our services, and yet they permit our brave men to be treated in a shameful manner. When I enlisted at Boston, Mass., Feb. 21st, 1863, I enlisted on the same terms as other soldiers—clothing, rations, and pay. But all their promises are false and untrue. We have been serving nearly sixteen months, faithfully and truely, the Government of the United States, yet not received one cent of pay. No! they come with woe-stricken face and say they can pay us but $10 a month, and $3 deducted for clothing, which leaves us but $7 a month. Just let them think of Fort Wagner, James' Island, and Olustee, Florida! The men of the 54th have suffered terribly, and still they have the cheek to wrest these brave men of color out of their rights. When the 54th left Boston for the South, they left many white men at home. Therefore, if we are good enough to fill up white men's places and fight, we should be treated then, in all respects, the same as the white man. We have families as well as the white men. The State of Massachusetts has given our people nothing. We, that came out of other States to fill up her regiment, the 54th, for the sake of the service, for the sake of the country, for the sake of justice, and the rights of our gallant regiment, we call upon the authorities of Mass., in behalf of this noble regiment; and, if not, we should like to have an honorable discharge. This regiment has, for many a day, mourned the loss of their gallant Colonel Shaw. The contrabands are better off to-day than the men of the 54th. If there are any slaves, the men of the 54th are as much slaves as any. But the day will soon come when God Almighty will drop the weight on their own shoulders that they are pressing on the black man.

Your humble servant,

H. I. W.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM NATCHEZ.

Natchez, May 28, 1864.

BRO. WEAVER:—Pardon my boldness in penning you a few lines; but this is a voice speaking out of the darkness, and crying: "Men and brethren, come down and help us!" Truly, we are in need. We have no regular pastor, as yet, in charge of our church. Brother Tyler organised our church last March, and then he started for General Conference, and since then we have not heard from him. We were afraid that something had happened to him, but I see that he was at General Conference.

Since the occupation of our town by the Union forces, we have had some good times. Some of the commanders have been regular copperheads in their principles; but the one who has command now is the best man we have had yet. His name is Colonel Farrar. He is Colonel of the Fifth Regiment Colored Troops. From present appearances, we will now have justice done us; but, sir, we thank God for what He has already done and is still doing for our race, in delivering them from slavery.

Our church is in a tolerably good state of spiritual health; but the church at Baton Rouge is in a deplorable condition. They wish to be organised and received into our connection. There is a minister, belonging to one of the regiments at Baton Rouge, who has been preaching to them; but they say he is a regular copperhead, and they want to get rid of him. One-half of the church belongs to them.

Yours, fraternally, A TRUE FRIEND.

[The above article was, by some means, mislaid.—ED]

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM TERRE HAUTE.

MR EDITOR:—Mrs Struther left Terre Haute with me, on the 11th inst., for Wilberforce. We reached that place on the 12th, at about two o'clock, P. M., and found the Trustees of that Institution convened for the purpose of transacting their annual business. The attendance was small.

We did what we could on Tuesday, and, failing to get through on that day, we adjourned, to meet at ten o'clock on Thursday, to give ourselves a chance to attend the commencement on Wednesday, 13th, and, I rejoice to say, Mr. Editor, the commencement was a complete success. I have attended exercises of the kind a number of times in the very best Western Colleges, but I have never witnessed a more complete success, everything considered. I think that Prof Mitchell and Bishop Payne deserve great credit for their perseverance and skill. Everything seemed to go off well.

I was very much disappointed in not finding Bishop Payne at home. I was very anxious to see him, indeed, but had to leave Wilberforce without that privilege. I may say, though, that we had the privilege of seeing the Rev. A. W. Wayman, one of our new Bishops, for the first time since his election. We also saw his wife, who accompanied him to the West. They both looked splendidly. If Rev. Wayman fills his office as Bishop in accordance with his appearance and good looks, I think he will make a fine thing of it. I can say the same of his excellent lady, that, if she makes her husband as good a wife as her looks indicate, then the Bishop is safe in the choice of a wife.

But let us say something more about Wilberforce. It is one of the most splendid situations for a College I ever saw. It is most charming. Nature has certainly done her part most nobly in making this place every way suitable for a College. If there ever was a people who had an opportunity of making themselves a happy people in any one earthly respect, they are our people; for here are most splendid College arrangements, from the least to the greatest thing in the way of preparation; and it is for our whole people until they make it the largest Institution in these United States, and still it will be theirs.

Now, let our young men and young women come in until these preparations, which come to us in this College, as above mentioned, both by nature and by man, are all taken up. Just let this course be pursued, and we will have a College here, that will be second to none in a little while.

T. STRUTHER.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir: Having a few leisure moments to myself, I thought I could not employ my time better than in writing to you.

Everything is quiet. The weather is hot, and when men are called upon to march twenty and thirty miles a day, they feel the effects of the heat very much.

Every day there are deserters from the rebel lines coming in, and if you should see them you would say, with me, that the walls of rebellion are fast rotting away, and Jeff must find a new *hiding place*. The people are of a yellow complexion and very sickly, and deaths among the inhabitants of Jacksonville occur daily.

The Paymaster has been down this way again, and with him come $7 for every man who felt inclined to take it. I have often asked the question: why we do not receive our $13 per month; some say you will get it, some say we won't; but I trust the time is not far distant, when every man will be paid according to his hire.

All the men, with the exception of a few, will stand the storm well.

Our regiment is a great deal smaller than when we left the city, and I think we do well when we muster 500 men.

I hope the young men of Philadelphia, Lancaster Co., and West Chester, will, when a call is made for recruits, rush, willing to hold up and protect the stars and stripes.

The 7th regiment U. S. C. T., left Jacksonville, Fla., this morning, taking with them ten days' rations. I hope they will be successful, and make those God-forsaken traitors know that the stars and stripes shall not be trampled upon.

Young men, of Philadelphia, you can be of great help to the poor soldiers by depriving yourselves of some of the unnecessary pleasures, and instead of gambling, drinking, and going to theatres, give the 25 or 50 cents to Elisha Weaver, and it will help supply us with the Christian Recorder. If you could but look into our hospital when the chaplain is giving out the Recorder, and hear some poor comrade in arms ask eagerly, Give me one, you would not hesitate one moment longer to give 25 cents to aid in supplying the many colored regiments now in the field.

A word now to the ladies. We thank you for the interest that you have taken in our behalf, and may the God of Jacob bless you; and when done-doing good here in the low grounds of sorrow, may you go where you shall reap your just deserts for all that you have done!

I was called upon the other day to visit the hospital, and I could not help thinking, when I entered the door, whose turn shall it be next to be laid prostrate on the bed of affliction, with no kind mother or sister to speak words of comfort. But we have one consolation, and that is, we know that we have friends who think of us, and pray that God will bring us safe home. I must now close. You shall hear from me, soon.

Yours with respect,

WM B. JOHNSON,

Clerk of Co. A, 3d Regt. U. S. C. T.

Jacksonville, Fla., June 28th, 1864.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

We are in the habit of looking at our Book Concern as created for the purpose of supplying Methodists with good religious books. Its scope should, however, be more than denominational. It must contribute its part to the religious culture of the entire nation. It is the wish of every intelligent Methodist that the publications of his church should constitute a part of the general reading of the American people. The same causes that give popularity to Methodist preaching would also give currency to Methodist literature, if it were fresh, living, and suited to the wants of the country. Yet in the variety and adaptation of publications to the American mind, our great publishing establishment is outstripped by publishers, some of whom stand as the representatives—though not in an official capacity—of other Protestant churches.

Scribner, of this city, publishes sixty-five important religious and theological works, among which are six commentaries, five works on church history, and one history of Christian doctrine. Sheldon & Company, of New York, a Baptist house, issue eighty theological publications, and among these are such grand works as Millman's Latin Christianity, Olshausen's Commentary, Neander on Philippians, and Hagenbach's History of Doctrine. Carter & Brothers, a Presbyterian house, devoted exclusively to religious literature, have on their catalogue upwards of three hundred valuable works. Among these are such commentaries as Bonar on Leviticus and on the Psalms, Bridges on the Proverbs and on Ecclesiastes, Brown on the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews, Doddridge's Family Expositor, Eadie on Ephesians, Haldane on the Romans, Henry on the Old and New Testaments, a work as large as even Clarke or Benson; Hodge on Romans, Ephesians, and First and Second Corinthians; Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, Lillie on Thessalonians, Luther on Galatians, Magee on Ephesians, Sampson on the Hebrews, and that valuable standard work, Poole's Annotations. We act upon the supposition that Clark and Benson are, or ought to be, enough for any preacher. The Presbyterian publishers act upon the supposition that the more of such works of reference—provided they are of the right kind—the preachers can have, the better, and theirs is the sounder policy. Harper & Brothers publish Barnes's Notes on the New Testament, perhaps the most popular commentary in America. Thousands of volumes have been issued. These facts show that in variety and adaptation of religious books to the wants of the general public, the Methodist Book Concern is distanced by other houses of New York city, some of which are not specially devoted to the spread of Biblical literature.—*Methodist.*

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.

A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it *candies*, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodide of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle causes the syrupy honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallises, whilst that in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.—"*Chronicle of Optics,*" *in the Quarterly Journal of Science.*

ANIMAL FOOD IN SUMMER.

The high price of animal food has caused many persons to consume less of it, and others to give up eating it altogether. As a measure of private economy, this is more effectual than combinations to put down the market price of food below a certain standard, when the currency, which measures prices, is constantly fluctuating, and its depreciation is the cause of enhanced prices. It would also be advisable as an economical measure to employ the cheaper and more nutritious vegetables which at this season are more wholesome. As regards the consumption of meats, the season is happily favorable to the exercise of abstinence from such food. An eminent New York physician says that from May to September he habitually restricts his family and all his patients to two ounces each of animal food per day, urging them to use vegetables freely during the summer. Having for twenty years kept a record of the matter, he estimates the mortality in the meat-eating families as about four times as great as in those households which have faithfully followed his advice.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE SOUTH.

A leaf from the South has blown into the office of the Pittsburgh *Banner*, in the shape of a dingy half-sheet, printed at Columbus, S. C., on the 21th of April last, and headed *The Southern Presbyterian.* Among the various items from this Southern paper we give only the following: "The Presbytery of East Alabama expresses its approval of a proposed union between the Southern Presbyterian Church (O. S.) and the United Synod (or New School." And this: "On the other hand the South Carolina Presbytery vehemently protests against the proposed union. They affirm that the glorious vindication of the doctrines of grace made by our Church in 1837 was a separation from undoubted heretics. The parties now proposed to be introduced into union with us continued in fellowship with those heretics until driven out by their legislation against the political institutions of our country. This Presbytery cannot understand how it is possible for the united Synod to have held at one and the same time to the theology of Barnes, Beman and Beecher, and to the theology of our Old School Standards. They insist upon a formal and distinct repudiation by them of every one of the New School errors, before the union be consummated."

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 23, 1864.

THE LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

The corner-stone of the First A. M. E. Church of Toledo, Ohio, will be laid on the first day of August, 1864. Bishops Quinn and Campbell, assisted by Revs. J. A. Warren, C. Burch, and others, including all denominations in the city, will participate in the ceremonies.

H. J. YOUNG,
Stated Pastor.
July 16—2t

NOTICE.

The Sabbath-school connected with the Snow Hill Church anticipate holding their Annual Celebration in the grove near the church, on Thursday, August 25th, 1864. Several eminent speakers are expected on the occasion. We hope to see many of our friends on that day.

THOMAS W. HENRY, Pastor.
AARON BYARD, Sup't.

NOTICE.

The Missouri Annual Conference meets next month. The Indiana Conference, we believe, meets in the city of Indianapolis on the 11th of August, and the Missouri Conference is appointed to meet in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, God willing.

Brother Carter tells us that there will be no difficulty in the way of its meeting there. We have spoken of it before, but, from the tone of his letter, Brother Carter does not appear to be aware of the fact. We hope he will not fail to read this.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meeting at Bethel church on next Sabbath, 24th inst.

Appointments.
Morning, 10 o'clock, Rev. Wm. W. Wieder.
Afternoon, 3 o'clock, Rev. A. L. Stanford.
Evening, 8 o'clock, Rev. John Hazlett.
REV. WILLIAM MOORE,
Pastor in Charge.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Lima, Pa.	
Esther Ann Elsey,	$1 25
Toledo, Ohio.	
Rev. H. J. Young,	2 25
William Merritt,	2 25
Kinderhook, N. Y.	
Rev. W. M. Johnson, for Minutes,	40
Medford, N. J.	
Samuel Still,	1 25
Jacksonville, Fla.	
Thomas B. Frister,	50
West Chester, Pa.	
Mary A. Butler, to send Recorder to Soldiers,	1 25
Woodbury, N. J.	
Lucy Ann Tudas,	1 15
Kennett's Square P. O., Pa.	
Rev. James B. Wilson,	1 25
Newport, R. I.	
Per Rev. E. T. Williams:	
Dorcas E. Waldron,	1 25
E. T. Williams,	1 10

GENERAL CONFERENCE MINUTES.

Some two or three weeks ago we notified the brethren that the Minutes were all disposed of. Never before did they go so rapidly. We have now a few copies on hand to supply those who failed to get one, and to accommodate Elders and Deacons who were members of the General Conference.

DISCIPLINES.

We have been as expeditious as possible in preparing the matter for press, and a tedious job we found it. Have patience, brethren. They will be ready for distribution by the 1st of Aug. When they are sent to the brethren we shall expect them to be sold immediately, and the proceeds forwarded to us, unless some kind brother will lend us $1000 for two years. We would pay the highest rate of interest, and, besides, the investment would be a safe and profitable one. Or we will negotiate for $500. Now, brethren, can some of you not accommodate us with either of these amounts?

TAKE NOTICE.

All persons visiting the beautiful little country-town of Burlington, New Jersey, should drop in at the well-known establishment of Mr. Amos Potter, situated in Main street, above Broad, the second house above City Hotel, where they can be accommodated with dinners for any given number, sumptuous ice-creams, of every flavor, cakes, and other refreshments of every possible description.

Mr. Potter is a kind host, and understands well the art of catering for the comfort of the inner man. Give him a call.

Burlington, New Jersey.

TOO LATE.

Several very good pieces came to hand this week, but too late for the present issue—one from West Jersey, one from Bro. Jones, and several others. They will all appear in our next number.

WORKING FOR THE PAPER.

We see that Rev. John Tibbs, of Zanesville, Ohio, like a faithful shepherd, has been working hard to get subscribers for the organ of our Church, and bona fide subscribers, too. This is what every itinerant minister and others ought to do, if they desire to keep up a church paper through which they can speak. Printing material has advanced to such a price that this course is necessary.

Rev. Henry Davis, of Princeton, is doing a noble share in this work. He has raised his standard up to twenty-five copies or more. Now let all our brethren imitate their example, and, long before January, 1865, we will have over ten thousand real cash subscribers enrolled on our list.

JUST OUT.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference Minutes are now ready, and the brethren are recommended to sell them for 15 cts. per copy.

E. WEAVER,
A. L. STANFORD,
Committee.

All persons in the city or elsewhere can find them for sale by applying at the Book Store.—ED.

BISHOP PAYNE.

We hear that Bishop Payne is laying very sick in New York. We should be glad to hear more about him

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In our last week's Recorder, the letter from Brooklyn speaks of a National Convention, we suppose. Well, we are in favor of it, provided the object is one great and grand purpose, namely: to form a Union League throughout the entire country among the colored people. If this is the object, and it can be accomplished by way of uniting us together, it will be one of the best efforts ever gotten up amongst us; but, if this be not the object, we say, that it will be time and money lost—a tax on the people for no good. Let us hear from the proposers of the Convention. If the object be of a similar character to that to which we have alluded, we shall encourage it; but if not, we are here to oppose it, unless the most tangible reasons can be advanced otherwise. However, we await an answer

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA.

We are rejoiced to know that there is an upward tendency of our people—morally, mentally, and industriously.

Over four years ago, when we were sent to this city to take the charge of our paper and book concern, we thought that a great portion of our people were more addicted to the most degraded habits than any class in the city.

In many of our little streets and alleys, they were to be found "dirty, greasy, and ragged." It looks more like a state of heathenism than a people in an enlightened country.

We felt somewhat cast down on account of it. We were ashamed to be caught on the street where any of them were. But we were at a great loss to know the cause of such debauched, low, and heathen-like conduct. At length we concluded to take a survey through many of those little streets and alleys, where many of our people are living, and to our great astonishment, the cause, or the great mystery, was solved

Our readers are now anxious to hear what the great mystery is. We found the IRISH, the DUTCH, and the AMERICAN people all living in a similar condition; and many of them, indeed, we are sorry to say, a great deal worse clad and with features horribly blasted, with all their advantages and facilities, and possessing the rights of citizens. These IRISH—the most of whom are the principal cause of the degraded condition of our people—have every third, fourth or fifth house a rum hole, into which our people are decoyed They are politely invited into the net, which they unconsciously go into, and like the spider in building his web, he invites the fly into his den, and no sooner does the fly enter his parlor then the spider seizes him, and thus in his power he is soon devoured.

In these Irish rum holes, our people, male and female, resort, and spend all their time, and what little they have accumulated, in drinking and playing cards.

We don't wish, however, to leave the impression that the IRISH are the sole cause of our people being so debauched, &c., but the Dutch and American people have also a hand in it, who live in a similar way and among them. Many of these keep little rum-holes or shops too.

We do most emphatically say that the immoral habits of that class of our people who are so degraded in the city of Brotherly Love, are principally caused by those who have the advantage of the laws of the State in which they live.

Our people are therefore not so much to blame as those who have the rights and privileges of freemen. With all their boasted rights and privileges, they do a great deal worse than those who have none at all.

We are very glad to say that, within the past eighteen months, we find a great improvement in the morals of our scattered and down-trodden people, in the city of Brotherly Love, among those whose habits or morals have been so corrupted. The war, we may say, has had something to do with it, for many of the men have been drafted and others have volunteered, and thus got their bounty, and given it to their wives and children, many of whom you would hardly know if you were to meet them on the street, they are so much changed and a great deal better clad.—To receive so much money at one time, was probably as much as some had received in actual cash in all their lifetime. They seem to enjoy it to some extent, and make a better appearance than their IRISH neighbors, who are citizens and have the rights of freemen.

Many of the boys of our people in the streets and alleys get blackening and brushes, and follow the business of blacking colored soldiers' boots, and many of us let them black our boots, by which business they make from one to three and four dollars per day; and when the Sabbath comes, they brush themselves and go to church, where they look somewhat tidy. Hence, the change in morality within the last eighteen months has been considerable.

Mentally.—We have also noticed an upward tendency mentally. They seem to think more of themselves than heretofore. Many of them now go to school, and many of them who never had any appetite for reading any thing, which looked in a moral or intellectual direction, now read the "*Christian Recorder*," and thus seek to get it to read, so that they may be thoroughly versed in knowledge and understanding. They now love it. Three years ago, and even two years ago, they would scorn anything of the kind.

Nearly all who have husbands, brothers and relations in the war, now seek for information of them in the *Recorder*. They read this paper on the Sabbath, and thereby gain a considerable amount of good wisdom and knowledge in this way Hence, many of them are forming gradually a mind for reading and thinking. They are thus gaining amid all their vicissitudes industrious habits.

Many of them now seek for work, their minds having been stirred up by UNCLE SAM. They have come to the conclusion to be industrious instead of lounging about in *Irish* and other doggeries, day and night. Their pride prompts them to keep up their newly-made appearances. They are willing to work, and work by the week or month.

It would be well for the Philadelphia *Colonization Evening Telegraph* to read this article, notwithstanding his mocking editorial, headed "*HERE AND THERE*," of July 13th, extra, called the 5th edition, in regard to the colored people of this city, and we think that he will retreat, and repent in "sack-cloth and ashes;" for it shows very clearly that he has a very limited knowledge of the colored race in general, and more so of his own, for he only looks at one side of the question; that is, he can only see the handful, or a few who do wrong among the colored people, and can never see those who do right. Of course he cannot see any wrong among his own people. He is *blinded by the god of this world!*

QUARTERLY MEETING IN MACEDONIA A. M. E. CHURCH, CAMDEN, N. J.

We had the pleasure on last Sabbath, for the first time, of meeting with our young brother, Theophilus Steward. We preached for him in the *morning*, and we had the largest and finest audience that has been seen in that church for many a day.

In the afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing Brother Winder preach a very good sermon Brother Winder is a young man for whom we entertain the highest regard, but we would earnestly recommend him, while yet he is young, to study and acquaint himself more thoroughly with Biblical lore.

As regards Brother Steward, we never heard him preach, but yet we have formed a very high opinion of his abilities He is working both for the Church and the connexion He has already raised more money for the time he has been there than probably any other before him. He is also working for the paper and book concern. He supplies his congregation with books, gets the cash, and makes speedy returns. He has also raised the standard of his number of subscribers to the Recorder in his little charge up to sixty copies or more per week, and, what is more creditable, gets the cash and pays as he goes. It is an easy matter to put your name down as a subscriber, but paying for it and planking down the ready cash is indeed quite another thing entirely.

And now, in conclusion, why cannot all of our ministers do like Bro. Steward? Are we doomed to harp upon this subject forever?

TRANSFERRED TO THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

The Rev. Wm. D. W. Schureman, formerly of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, to labor in the great and extensive work of good awaiting him there.

He carries with him the best wishes of all the members and brethren of the Philadelphia Conference. He has been a faithful laborer in this district for many years, and his absence will be felt keenly by his associate brethren. Ever a true and tried Christian, a friend in the hour of need, and the minister of comfort and peace at the couch of the dying, whose gentle hand, softly as a mother's touch, swept back the death-damp from the brow of the departing one, we can only bid Brother Schureman a sad and regretful farewell.

REV T. M. D. WARD.

We have received a very interesting letter from the above named gentleman, who is now on his way to San Francisco, California. The letter was written on shipboard, while yet ploughing the angry billows of the mighty Atlantic Ocean, and dated on the 2d instant. Most fervently do we wish this brother God-speed and a happy and prosperous voyage to his intended place of destination.

We forwarded to Brother Ward three copies of the General Conference Report, this being all we had remaining of them. We also send him ten copies of the present issue, and shall endeavor to send him that number of copies regularly every week.

SABBATH SCHOOL PIC NIC.

The A. M. E. Sabbath School, of which the Rev. Anthony L. Stanford is the respected and esteemed pastor, and, if we mistake not, Prof. Burris the worthy and unremitting Superintendent, celebrated their usual annual excursion on Wednesday last, the 20th instant, at Girard Park, a most delightful and sequestered little spot bordering not far from the banks of the placid Schuylkill, and due west from the Girard College.

We were very sorry that we were not able to be present with the school upon this most interesting occasion, being entirely prevented by a sudden and severe attack of indisposition Nothing would have afforded us greater gratification and pleasure than to have been able to address the Sabbath School scholars on the ground; for we love very much to talk to the little folks, as well as to the big ones, and those of a maturer growth.

We earnestly hope that they had a nice time of it, and a better person than ourselves to speak on the occasion. The programme was a fine one Their Rev. pastor was among the speakers, and edified the children much.

This war does not appear to affect our little excursions of pleasure materially. The Sabbath School of which Rev. Mr. Reeves is pastor, has been out, and also the St. Thomas church, Rev. Mr. Alston, rector—both having a pleasant time indeed.

THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE TROOPS

The President of the United States has issued a proclamation, calling for five hundred thousand more troops, to aid in putting down the rebellion. He has given each man the right to enlist for one year or more; that is, they may enlist for one year, or during the war. If the quotas of the respective places are not filled by volunteering by the 5th of September, a draft will then take place.

The invasion of Maryland by the rebels came to an end almost as unexpectedly as it commenced. The conclusion is, that they have all re-crossed the Potomac, with all their stolen plunder that they could carry with them. Hence they are going to their lines. Their real numbers are but little known. There are many conjectures as to their probable numbers, but they are not positively known.

If the Government had, two or three years ago, thrown down its prejudice and taken colored, as well as white men, paid both alike, and treated both the same, we have no doubt but that there would have been a great many men alive to-day, who are now in eternity.

There is another very important thing, and that is, we have come to the conclusion, that God will not give success until the Government appoints colored officers to command the colored troops We have seen enough to be convinced of this fact from the history of the past. We as much believe that God intends to rule, as that we are now in existence; for He has declared, that He has heard the groans of His people, and has come down to deliver them Who will dare throw obstacles in His way! They could easier turn the Atlantic Ocean upside-down.

Therefore, we say to our Government, in order to succeed, do justice to all men, and especially those whom you employ to fight for the country. Colored men are being drafted and sent to the war To-day, while we write, there are two colored men, from New Jersey, who have been drafted, looking for substitutes, and say, that they would not mind going if they knew that they were to be treated like white men.

We clip the following from the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and it will be no doubt interesting to many of our readers:

CLASS-MEETING

I was born, naturally, a Presbyterian deacon; spiritually a Methodist; that is to say, my father was a Presbyterian deacon as long as I can remember, and until he died My spiritual birth took place some thirty years ago in a Methodist "Four-days' meeting," as protracted meetings were then called in the w[illegible] part of the State of New York. The exact time of this change was at an afternoon prayer-meeting held at a good Baptist brother's house—so I am of all denominations, homogeneous!

After a suitable length of time, to test the genuineness of my conversion, my father said to me, "My son, (I was a mere lad, only thirteen years of age) it is your duty to unite with some Christian Church, but I do not wish you to join the Presbyterian Church because I belong to it; search and interpret the Scriptures for yourself, and then, having formed your own opinions of its doctrinal teachings, do your duty and make a public profession of religion"

Venerated and now sainted father! thou couldst not have said anything more to the purpose, and yet thy generous and liberal soul could not have uttered words more enticing to thy way of thinking! I united with the Presbyterian Church, but about one half of my time on the Sabbath found me in a Methodist Church, listening to a Methodist sermon or enjoying a good Methodist prayer-meeting.

Class-meetings I had an antipathy against. Years passed away and I went out from the paternal roof into the world and among strangers. God led me by the angel of his providence into the family of a Methodist class-leader. But this class-leader never asked me to go to his class!

Other years passed, and I married a Methodist girl—as good as she was beautiful. After settling in our new home, we attended, for the most part, the Presbyterian Church, but did not unite with any church. We did not attend class-meetings; I had a prejudice against them.

One day (years after this) my mother-in-law being with us, she said to me, "George, come and go to class-meeting with me to-night." "I will," said I, on the spur of the moment, as if a good angel prompted it, "if Mary will go." Now, as I said before, I had always disliked class-meetings. I know not for what particular reason; in fact, if I had been asked for a reason of the unbelief that was in me, I could not have given one. I was under the impression that it was a sort of inquisitorial institution—another name for the Roman Catholic confessional—and I looked upon it as beneath the dignity of a free Christian manhood.

My wife said she would go, and that evening I went to my first class-meeting. It was in a small village, and the class met in the basement of the house of the leader. The room, though furnished plainly, was tidy and neat, and had a comfortable appearance. I took my seat among a company of some twenty five persons. The leader was a young man possessed of good abilities; an excellent singer—a qualification that is almost *sine qua non* in a class leader—an earnest, devoted Christian, and was warmly attached to his class.

The mode of conducting the exercises was new to me, but the usual one. A few verses of some familiar hymn were sung, a prayer was offered up to the Throne of Grace, after which a few opening remarks were made by the leader; then he called on each one in turn to speak and tell his or her Christian experience. A few words in reply were made to each one by the leader suitable to the case, by way of improvement and encouragement. A verse or two, appropriate in sentiment to the state of feeling expressed by some member of the class, was occasionally sung, which was a sweet relief to the otherwise somewhat monotonous exercises.

At length I was called to give my experience I arose, and reverted to the past, gave a brief statement of my wanderings in the Christian course; I then spoke of the invitation to attend the class, and my unexpected appearance among them The leader gave me a cordial welcome; spoke a few plain words adapted to my case, and when he had finished, my wife's mother sang a few beautiful verses in harmony with the occasion, joined in by the members of the class

On my return home that night my mind was full with food for reflection. The scenes I had witnessed in the class-room deeply impressed me. God's Holy Spirit strove with me anew, awakening and convicting me of the errors of my past life, and convincing me of the necessity of taking a new start in the Christian race. I slept little that night, for my mind wandered back to the time when I first gave my heart to God, and then forward through the many winding and crooked paths to the present—and what of the future? That question was now to be determined.

I arose the next morning little refreshed in body, and my mind still deeply agitated. I could scarcely dress for weeping. Yes, I wept bitter tears because of my unfaithfulness to my heavenly Father; because of my ingratitude to God, from whom I had received so much. At length I sat down to the breakfast table with my little family. I never had asked a blessing at the table. I said to my wife and children that when our friends presented us with anything it was but common politeness to thank them; and shall we not thank our heavenly Friend for daily food? and I asked a blessing for the first time at our table. After breakfast I took the Bible, opened it at random, and read Psalm xcii commencing, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. . . . to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night," etc I then knelt down and offered my first prayer at the family altar.

The recurrence of the next class-meeting found me again there I was exceedingly blessed with the conscious presence of the divine Comforter. I united with the class; was warmly received by its members, and after six months' probation was admitted to full membership in the church.

Thus I returned to my first love; to the mother that bore me; and in the language of John Wesley I can truly say: "I can never bless God enough for the institution of the class-meeting."

And thus, by the kind invitation of a good mother in Israel, I attended class-meeting for the first time, and learned to love it as the highest means of grace in furthering me in the Christian course.

TEN EYCK.

THE COLORED PEOPLE AND THE CITY RAILWAYS.

While war, with all its horrors, is raging in the South, many would suppose there should be peace and brotherly love reigning in the North. True, this is the city of what is known as "brotherly love," an element which may exist among the people who associate and mingle together. But who expects any brotherly love between a man whose skin is black, and one whose skin is of a paler hue? Does any one look for it in this city? If any such there be, he may look in vain.

We clip the following from the *Press* of last Thursday, 21st inst. Its subject is a minister of the gospel—a man of the highest repute among clerical bodies; and there is, in fact, only one thing repulsive to him to the drivers and conductors of the street cars—*he is a colored man.* We believe it is the company's fault, and not the people's.

The following is Mr. Alston's letter in the *Press:*

To the Christian Public of Philadelphia:—Within the past week my only living child having been at death's door, by our physician we were directed to take him over the Delaware river as often as convenient. On our return to the Philadelphia side, on one occasion, the child became completely prostrated. I held my ear to his mouth three several times to ascertain whether he was still alive. Such a death-like appearance came over him, I felt the necessity of reaching home as soon as possible, and, to my satisfaction, (for the time being,) I saw one of the Lombard and South Street cars approaching, which I hailed, and was in the act of entering, when the conductor arrested my progress by informing me that I could not enter—*being colored.* I referred him to the condition of my child, but all to no purpose He ordered the driver to go on, regardless of our humble plea. Spontaneously I said, "I was born and raised in the South, and have travelled over a large part of the United States, and here, I must confess, that never before have I met with a barbarity so satanical and heathenish in its character!" Had the cars been over loaded, that would have been excuse sufficient, but the fact of the case is that the only persons on the car referred to were the conductor and the driver.

In the face of these facts, we ask the Christian public of Philadelphia, can you look on in silence and see respectable colored citizens excluded from the privilege of availing themselves of the public facilities for going from one extreme of the city to the other? We ask, where is the superiority of Philadelphia over New York city? Yet, the latter has opened all of her railroad lines to the public, irrespective of caste.

Is it manly to exclude respectable colored citizens from the Lombard and South St. cars when they pay taxes for real estate owned by them on this line to the value of over $100,000! Is it humane to exclude respectable colored citizens from your street cars when so many of our brave and vigorous young men have been and are enlisting to take part in this heavenly ordained slavery extermination, many of whom have performed commendable service in our army and navy—in the former of which your humble subscriber has two brawny-armed and battle-tried brothers? Finally, we ask, is it in accordance with Christian civilization to thrust out of your public street car the dying child of an humble servant of Christ, in whose congregation there exists an active auxiliary to the Penna. branch of the Women's Sanitary Commission of the United States?

We beg you to remember the words of Him, by whom soon you and I are to be judged, when, seemingly to meet and correct cases like that under consideration, he saith, "Verily, I say unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

WM. JOHNSON ALSTON,
Rector of St. Thomas' Prot. Episc. Church,
July 19, 1864. *Philadelphia.*

For the Christian Recorder.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS

MR. EDITOR:—Developments, growing out of more than three years of civil warfare, have taught the thinking men of our race (*i. e.*, men who think and write *sense*,) that the true standard of manhood is only attainable by an unflinching devotion to the progressive movements of the age Now, Mr Editor, there is among us a class of persons known as newspaper correspondents. The duty of this class of persons is, to furnish healthy reading-matter for the minds of the people, to keep them intelligently informed of the general topics of the day, and to write sensibly, fearlessly and *truthfully* of anything or everything that may tend to their welfare, enjoyment, knowledge or elevation. No newspaper correspondent, who is true to the principles of progression and the advancement of his race, can or will allow his correspondence to be characterized by anything but a manly tone. We have been somewhat amused at the egotistical communications of a rather eccentric, but perhaps well-meaning correspondent of your paper, who *does not* reside over fifty miles from the city of magnificent distances. This gentleman does not, unfortunately for himself and the readers of the Recorder, come up to the *true* standard of a newspaper correspondent; and, while we are often amused at his oddities, we never lose sight of the extreme vulgarity of his style. Modesty, Mr. Editor, is a very desirable trait in the character of a newspaper correspondent. We, therefore, recommend him to cultivate modesty, to be less assuming and more manly in the tone of his letters, also to drop the vulgar *niggarisms* that have so long kept our race behind the age.

We suggest these things with an intentional disrespect toward the correspondent; but the fact is, Mr. Editor, we are tired of dead-heads. We, therefore, recommend, that he let "*Nigger on the brain*," and "*Excuse me, Ethiopia*," alone, as such expressions belong to a buried past, and have nothing whatever to do with the progressive movements of the age. If he shall, in the future, take the true standard of a newspaper as his guide, in furnishing reading-matter for the columns of the Recorder, we shall readily concede him to be, what he vainly imagines he *now* is, a representative man.

We are much pleased at the style of your Brooklyn Correspondent, whose letters ever evince a high standard of merit, always instructive and interesting. We feel proud of "Junius," and never peruse his communications in the presence of intelligent men with feelings of shame, but rather point him out to them as one of the representative men of our people. There are others, of whom we might say the same, but time will not permit.

You will hear from me again. Wishing to secure intelligent newspaper correspondents and an enlightened press, I remain yours, for the elevation of my race and the extermination of *dead heads*,

AFRICANUS

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Permit me through your columns to inform the friends and the public of the death of "Lewis Addom," of Champion Co., Ohio. He was a father in Israel, and one of the oldest members in this District. A man eminent for his piety and devotion to the cause of Christ.

He departed this life in the 48th year of his age. He died as only *Christians* can die—with the hope in his death of a blessed immortality.

More soon.
G. H. GRAHAM.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

An appreciating audience, however small, always does more towards encouraging a lecturer than a thousand persons who congregate for mere idle speculation. So it proved on last Wednesday evening, at Prof Johnson's lecture in Central Presbyterian Church; for, though the number of persons did not reach two hundred, yet we doubt whether the Prof. ever had an audience that drank more eagerly in the instruction which he did his best to pour out to them for about two hours.

Time and space do not grant us room to give any comment upon his success; but of one thing we are sure, that from the spirit with which the assembly joined in singing "Old John Brown," none could possibly have had the least reason to complain.

Our hearty thanks to the *Prof.* May he ever be appreciated by an intelligent and thinking community, for though not able to see it, he is surely grasping for the topmost round in the ladder of moral and scientific progress.

For the Christian Recorder.

GENERAL SAXTON.

The following letter was received from Gen Saxton, Military Governor of South Carolina, by one of our Missionaries of South Carolina. It illustrates the friendly feelings of the General We hope that Bro Lynch will never give cause to think otherwise of him He sailed for his field of labor on last Wednesday, the 12th.

MY DEAR MR. LYNCH:—I received your letter of May 27th, informing me of your proposed and probable mission to England I had already heard from the Bishop, that such a duty was contemplated for you. I regret very much that you are not to return to this Department, but think you do rightly, to undertake this new work in view of the great benefits which will arise from its successful accomplishment, when you return from Europe

I shall hope to see you again in the Southern Department, where, I think, is your field of labor, and where there is to be wrought out, in the future, a great work for humanity Some day, may South Carolina have her representatives in the Wilberforce University.

May you have a pleasant journey across the ocean, and having accomplished the objects of your visit to Old England, a safe return to America, to find the great work for freedom still going on successfully

Accept my best wishes, and believe me,
Your friend sincerely,
R. SAXTON,
as Brig. Gen., Military Governor.
June 6th, 1864.

THE RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH.

When we begin to examine the liturgy of this venerable body, we can hardly conceive how any Protestant, who has acquainted himself with it, could, in his sane moments, ever have thought of our entering into "full ecclesiastical relations" with it. We are glad, however, that the discussion of the subject has been commenced; the knowledge we shall gain thereby will be useful. It was our intention to pursue the matter at length—but were the attempt to be made to set forth in the columns of any paper all that is peculiarly objectionable in the service of the Greek Church, a larger space would be filled than could well be afforded There are matters of interest in the several offices, or orders of service, as will be seen by the titles of some of them. For example: "The order of the liturgy of the presanctified;" "the holy chrism;" "the ablution after holy baptism;" "prayers on the tonsure of the hair;" "the order of confession;" "the office of the matrimonial coronation;" "prayer on dissolving the crowns on the 8th day;" "the office of the holy oil, to be sung by seven priests, assembled in the church, or in a house;" "the prayers, hope and confession of a faithful Christian soul;" "of the office of taking the monastic habits;" "the order of taking the rhasa and hood;" "the order of the lesser habit, that is, the mandyras;" "the office of divine and holy lavipepium;" "the order of preparing the unction for the chrism on Monday, in Passion Week," etc, etc. As a translator of the service book of the Russo-Greek Church says, "In the Greek Church five leaves of leavened bread are laid upon the holy dish, and are called oblations; out of one of these loaves the seal with the letters IC. XC. NI KA —Jesus Christ overcometh—is cut; that part is called the lamb, and of that the communicants receive. The rest of that loaf, and the other four loaves, remain on the dish, but the lamb is laid upon another dish by itself."

A portion of the directions for the offertory, must suffice as a specimen of the whole service. The priest takes the first oblation (i. e., one of the five loaves) in his left hand, and the holy spear in his right, and with the spear making the sign of the cross thrice over the oblation, saith:

"In remembrance of our Lord, our God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ," thrice.

He then thrusts the spear into the right side of the seal, and, as he cuts it, saith:

"He was led as a lamb to the slaughter."

Then in the left side:

"And as a blameless lamb before his slayers is dumb, he openeth not his mouth."

Then into the upper part of the seal:

"In his humiliation his judgment was taken away."

Then in the lower part:

"And who shall declare his generation?"

The deacon, looking devoutly at the mystery, saith at every incision:

"Let us pray unto the Lord," holding up his orarion in his hand.

After which he saith:

"Lift up, sir"

The priest then, thrusting the long spear obliquely into the oblation, lifts up the holy bread, saying:

"For his life was taken away from the earth."

He then lays the seal downwards in the holy dish; the deacon saith:

"Slay, sir."

The priest then cuts it crosswise, saying:

"The Lamb of God," etc.

Then the priest, turning the seal over, upon the side that hath the cross upon it, and thrusting the spear into the right side, the deacon saith:

"Stab, sir priest"

One of the soldiers with a spear, &c.

. . . . The priest then takes the second oblation in his hand, saying:

"In honor and remembrance of our most blessed and glorious Lady, the Mother of God, and ever-Virgin Mary: through her intercession, O Lord, receive this sacrifice on thy altar in Heaven."

Then, taking a portion, he lays it on the right hand side of the holy bread, near the middle, saying:

"Upon thy right hand did stand the queen," etc.

These portions are either small triangular pieces, cut out of the loaves, or crumbs scraped off with the spear. Christ's portion is the square called the lamb, taken out of the first loaf or oblation. The Virgin's is a triangular piece, taken out of the second oblation. From the third oblation are taken nine such pieces, in honor of prophets, apostles, martyrs, etc. These are arranged in a square, to imitate the nine orders of angels, etc. . . . .

The manner of marshalling these crumbs of bread is, it must be allowed, an old piece of holy pageantry, as Dr Covell calls it. It was intended to express thereby the communion of saints, and the connexion which all the members of Christ's body, whether living or dead, have with him, their head, and with each other

But it is hardly necessary that we should go on with quotations like those we have given Perhaps, in "other papers in course of preparation" by "the Russo-Greek Committee," we may be favored with choice extracts, such as will serve to enlighten our ignorance relative to the doctrines, discipline and worship of the Russo-Greek Church.—*Christian Times.*

FALSE SPIRITUALISM.

On this point the *German Reformed Messenger* has these remarks:

The children of Israel are commanded to slay the paschal lambs, and sprinkle their blood upon the door-posts, and await the passing over of the destroying angel. Is there any accompanying warning that they should not rely on the outward act? Was not their faith bound to it, and could they safely lose sight of it for a moment? The Israelites were commanded to look to the devoted brazen serpent, that they might be healed. Was there an accompanying warning against a reliance upon this looking to the brazen serpent?

In the New Testament, where we are no longer confronted with types and symbols, but with the very realities of the heavenly world itself, do we not find the same challenge for obedient faith: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Is there an accompanying warning against reliance upon the grace of baptism? Are faith and the sacrament and Christ sundered? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Does this mean that he is endangering his salvation who relies upon baptism as really planting him into Christ who is ever present to this end in the sphere of the Holy Ghost through the sacraments? "Take, eat, this is my body." Is there an accompanying warning—*note well* and *ponder carefully*, while you eat, that you *discern not* the Lord's body, lest you worship the sacrament and not Christ?

The great danger which surrounds us—which threatens us on every side with an absolute overthrow, is rather this: the failure to have faith in the presence of a risen Redeemer in the Church and her sacraments through the Holy Ghost. The great danger is that the whole mystery of a supernatural order of grace in the Church, challenging our faith and reliance on every hand will be made to vanish into a mere gnostic vision—into the thin fading spectre of spiritualism, leaving us no Christ in the flesh, but in his place a mere subjective reliance on our own reason and experience.

A SKETCH FOR MOTHERS

"Why, how your little boy has grown!" said Mrs. M—— to a lady friend upon whom she was making a call, as a little fellow of about three summers bounded into the parlor.

"Yes, he grows very fast," said the mother, with a glance of pride as she took him by the hand and led him towards the visitor, bidding him shake hands with her. "And," she added, "he is a thorough boy—the most perfect little rogue you ever saw; there's not a cupboard, drawer, nor any place that is free from his intrusions. Yesterday I left the kitchen for a few minutes, and when I returned I found him deep in the mysteries of my pickling and preserving; he had emptied one jar on the floor, and mixed a can of dried plums with a stew-pan of tomatoes upon which I had just poured the vinegar;" and she laughed heartily as the vision of the busy little urchin floated before her.

Little Earnest had, meanwhile, been an eager listener—at one moment laughing as he caught the idea that his mischief was funny and amusing, the next his large eyes dilating with wonder, and his little brain taxed beyond its strength to discover why he had received a severe punishment for an action with which his mother seemed so pleased.

The conversation soon turned upon other subjects, and Earnest found himself at liberty to roam off in search of employment. When the lady had taken her leave, Mrs. G—— went in quest of her little boy, and found him in the store room with a bag of salt in his hand, which he was busily sprinkling over some plates of dried currants that had been set there ready for packing in cans. He looked up as his mother entered, and commenced to laugh, expecting that she would be as much amused as she had been in the parlor when telling of his exploits. But when, with angry face, she caught the bag out of his hand, and gave him several smart slaps on the shoulders, he went sobbing from the room, again to busy his little brain over the strange conduct of his mother. Why did she punish him so, when he had only been doing things which seemed to afford her great amusement when she told of them!

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Adams to her sister, "how do you manage to teach your children *everything?* Mine go to the same school, and are in the same classes, but they seem so far behind them when they are playing together. Now I believe we learned a half-dozen things from Merle and Willie when they were at our house last Saturday. She showed me how to kill the moths in my carpet, by laying a wet cloth over it and then passing a hot iron over it softly. The steam is sure death to them. Then Will got our bucket out of the well by using the steelyards and clothes line. We were at our wits' end because the rope had broken, and we had not a drop of water to get dinner with. How do they know all these things, I should like to find out?"

"They read the papers, Annie!" said the mother, laughing. "That is the only branch they take up, different from your children Then I taught them to make a scrap-book together, in which they save all the useful, interesting little items that would otherwise be lost and forgotten. I dare say you will find that 'remedy for moths' in it among the receipts, and I remember Willie's telling me of some boy he read of, who got the bucket out of the well in that manner. You know I have often urged you to take a family paper, if only for your children's sake. The political one you have can of course not be very interesting or profitable to them. A good religious newspaper, which the children are taught to read every week, is like a gold mine in your garden. You cannot estimate its worth in money. They will gather new and valuable ideas from it by hundreds; they will learn lessons that will be useful to themselves and others all their lives; they will be more intelligent men and women when they grow up, and be far better fitted to take care of themselves in the world. The reading men and women get a living a great deal easier than others. Then, too, the religious knowledge they gain, may be, as it often has been, the means of leading their souls to Jesus By all means, Annie, take a religious newspaper this year, for your family, if you wear your Winter bonnet all Summer to pay for it. It is an easy matter to save out two dollars from your household expenses, when you have such an important end to gain"

Will not every mother take to heart this lesson, and encourage her children to read with care the family paper, and instruct them how to preserve in a readable shape the useful items they may find in it? And remember, you do a life-long kindness to every family which you can by any means induce to take your family newspaper

THE LATE GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The following interesting reminiscences of Gen. George P. Morris, are given by the New York correspondent of the Boston *Post;*

"For his song, 'Origin of Yankee Doodle,' Gen Morris originally received twenty-five dollars, but such has been its success in reaching the national heart, that when its author wished to incorporate it into his book of collected poems, the publisher of the song demanded fifteen hundred dollars for the permission. Atwell of old, one of our shrewdest music publishers, offered one thousand dollars for 'My Mother's Bible,' after it had been two years before the public, under the imprint of a rival house Fifty, one hundred, and even five hundred dollars have been paid to Morris for single compositions, and for years almost any of his songs have been considered cheap at any price. Of 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' millions of copies have been sold, and this song in its time has been prominent on the programmes, or hidden as a tit-bit in the *repertoire* of every vocalist of note. Malibran, Russell, Braham, Sinclair, Phillips, Horn, Pearman, Dempster, and Anna Bishop, have made Morris' songs features in their musical entertainments, both here and in Europe. 'My Mother's Bible,' 'We were Boys Together,' 'Boatman, Haste,' 'Near the Lake,' 'Cottager's Welcome,' 'Songs of Home,' and a catalogue of two hundred others, all popular, are universal. Balfe set some twenty five of these songs to appropriate symphonies Sir John Stephenson, Sir Henry Bishop, and many others, have also arranged sweet melodies which, with words, have become almost as universal as the language of love. And, *apropos* of this last thought, how many fond but bashful lovers, by the aid of Morris' songs, given bold and blissful utterance to their hearts' throbbings?

"Morris, too, was the first song-writer who transferred negro melodies from the plantation to the parlor, and thus popularized this now famous minstrels 'Long time ago,' and 'Through the Streets of New York City,' were the earliest and most successful fruits of these attempts at musical transformation. He was, moreover, something besides a song writer As a dramatist he was successful enough to get thirty-five hundred dollars, in 1827, for his 'Brier Cliff,' and for the libretto of an opera, 'The Maid of Saxony,' he was paid twenty five hundred dollars in 1842. His collected [illegible] tales circulated to the extent of twenty-[illegible]thousand copies, and his collected poems have also had large and profitable currency. He once told me that he had received ten thousand dollars from the sales of the poems, which is abundant evidence of their popularity."

POPE'S WORKS.

The long-promised edition of the "Works of Alexander Pope, with a new Life, Introduction and Notes," by the Rev Whitwell Elwin, late editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is announced by Murray, of London, as nearly ready. It will include the materials collected by the late Mr. Croker, and all the notes of the previous editors, which are illustrative of the text. The correspondence will comprise about 700 letters, which have never hitherto been collected, and of these, nearly 500 are entirely new, and printed for the first time. To the prose works will be added the anecdotes of Pope, and the records of his conversation, which have been preserved by Spence and others. The poetical works will contain the unpublished satire on the Duke of Marlborough, and many new lines and various readings derived from the original manuscripts which were presented by Pope to his friend Richardson.

PRAYER HELPS WORK.

Luther was emphatically a man of prayer, yet what a full, intensely active, wondrously efficient, all-conquering life was his! Prayer, he said, was the Christian's business. "Yes," says one of the characters in the Schonberg-Cotta Family, "it is the leisure he makes for prayer which gives him leisure for all besides. It is the hours passed with the life-giving Word which makes sermons and correspondence, and teaching of all kinds, to him, simply the outpouring of a full heart."

AN OLD AND ADMIRABLE BOOK ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A writer in the *Christian Examiner* remarks with great truth: "The plainest Christian virtues, such as charity, sobriety, frugality, and peace, have more to do with promoting the true prosperity of a family or town, than any species of politicians or theories of socialists. Where these virtues fail, the fertility of Eden would become a curse. Where these exist, the ungenial soil, whose native products are little more than granite and ice, becomes an Eden in peace and plenty. People like the Parisians, have not yet learned that there is in the Bible a secret of political economy, far more efficient than can be found in any of the roseate speculations of their theorists."

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

All men need sometimes to be alone and be quiet. It is good for one to open his eyes and heart to the influences of the natural world. In the solitude of nature, man's voice is silent only that Divine voices may be heard. Here, if it be sometimes difficult to do good actions, it is also difficult not to think good thoughts. What we think of, is determined very much by what obtrudes itself upon the senses. On the wharf, or the exchange, with the sights and sounds of business on every side, one's thoughts turn naturally into the channels in which flow the thoughts of all around him. In the country, what one hears and sees, suggests entirely different meditations. The universal harmony stills the fretted passions. All the objects which the eye rests on, speak of infinite wisdom and providential care. The atmosphere which he breathes, is as healthy for the soul as it is for the body. He goeth out "at eventide to meditate;" and, heaven and earth transfigured as their true glories are revealed, he returns feeling that he has been standing in the temple of the Most High.

REMINISCENCES OF AN AGED SERVANT OF GOD.

I must have rest, and in order to this I must retire from the scene of labor. My youthful days were spent in labor; my manhood in hard and incessant toil; and now my old age is consuming fast away in travail and care; and where care is unavoidably crowded by anxiety, the taper of life must soon sink in its socket.

An active mind will ever say, "Better wear out, than rust out;" but there is a difference between wear out, and grind out: the one implies regular thought, continual labor; the other, extra employment and violent exercise. When I look back upon my threescore and ten years, I must say I find little wearing; all has been grinding with me: strong attrition has acted upon every part, and my candle has been lighted at both ends. Under the blessing of God, I have been the former of my own fortune. I have never been importunate for wealth or sorrow: I have not been troublesome to any: I have not eaten my bread for nought; nor have I eaten my morsel alone. Often have the necessities of others fallen upon me, and strangely has God supported me under them.

The Lord knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall, I trust, come forth as gold: only speak thou the word, and thy servant shall live! — ADAM CLARKE.

THE QUEEN.

Mr. Disraeli's motion, in the Commons, nominally censures the Ministry. It is to "express to her Majesty the great regret of the House that while the course pursued by her Majesty's Government has failed to maintain their avowed policy of upholding the integrity and independence of Denmark, it has lowered the just influence of this country in the councils of Europe, and thereby diminished the securities of peace."

In reality, this is a vote of censure on Queen VICTORIA *herself*, for the ministerial policy is believed to have been dictated by her. If the vote be carried, the British Monarchy will receive the heaviest blow given to it since the deposition of JAMES STUART in 1688. Queen VICTORIA may accept the lesson. If she persist, she may find herself, ere long, a pensioned exile in her beloved Germany.

A SENSIBLE MAGISTRATE.

A Liverpool magistrate having had occasion to give an opinion as to a matrimonial difficulty which came up before him, concluded his remarks with the following opinion: "It is always a bad arrangement for married people, whether high or low, rich or poor, to have a wife's sister, or a brother, or other relative, living in the same house with them."

BOVINE ART.

A case was lately tried in London which may interest artists. One of the fraternity was engaged by Mr. J. K. Lord, a showman, to paint a series of pictures to illustrate an exhibition to be called "The Canoe, the Rifle, and the Axe." The pictures were not painted within the time agreed, and thence the lawsuit. In the course of the examination the following amusing letter, referring to the "sensation picture" of the series, was read:

"ST GEORGE'S VILLAS, Friday evening.

"MY DEAR MR LEITCH: I am going to ask you to coax Mr. Mason to change the cow now into a most rabid, ferocious, terrible bull. I have been thinking it over since I was with you, and feel convinced the bull, and nothing but the bull, will be effectual for sensation purposes; glaring eyes, dilated nostrils, knees bent, a regular hair-stand-on-end kind of a beast. There is a domestic mildness about the bovine female that savors of dairy more than desert. Do then oblige me, and make her into a Bos Taurus. Pray excuse great haste; and believe me,

Yours truly, JOHN K. LORD."

BUNYAN CARTED AWAY.

We find in the British *Standard* an urgent appeal from a correspondent to save the dust of John Bunyan from being disturbed and carted off. It seems that officials of the Church of England have their eye upon Bunhill-Fields, the burial place of Bunyan, and contemplate letting the ground for building purposes. Beginning with a touch of sarcasm, he gives a mock notice:

"TO DUST CONTRACTORS.—As there is here a vast accumulation of precious dust, there will be needed a large number of dust carts, to cart it away. Apply, stating lowest terms for each (as it is a money affair altogether,) to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners."

And then proceeds:

Yes, the dust of John Bunyan, the glorious dreamer—who never yet dreamed of this—is to be carted away: the dust of John Hardcastle is to be carted away; the dust of Matthew Wilks and John Hyatt, of blessed memory, is to be carted away—the dust of thousands of the saints of God is to be carted away—and what dust-yard shall receive them? Here they were committed "Dust to dust," to await the resurrection of the just at the last day. Simple fools were those weeping friends who thus deposited them, to suppose their bodies would wait for so genuine an event; for "where is the promise of its coming? do not all things continue as they were?" No, these bodies shall be raised in dishonour and contempt,—reversing the promise of Dan xii 2—in the year of grace, 1867, when the estate will pass from the Corporation of London to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

And for what is all this? For the increase of the wealth of the richest Church Establishment in the world.

Protestant Dissenters of London, arouse ye: let not the honored dust of your ministers, your ancestors, your fellow-citizens, be thus cast out as a vile thing. Agitate the matter, petition the Legislature, call on your representatives to procure an act to prohibit this wanton outrage—and to declare this place sacred against all invasion.

X. Y. Z.

HERNE'S OAK.

So late as last summer, Herne's Oak, understood to be the tree referred to by Shakespeare in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, was still one of the chief objects of interest in Windsor Park. It had ceased to put out leaves for more than half a century, and its sapless trunk was hollowed out, by gradual decay, to a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground. On a quiet evening, in August last, the crumbling support gave way, and the heavy upper branches fell with a crash to the ground. Her Majesty gave direction that all the solid timber they contained should be preserved; and of it various articles have since been made as relics of the venerable tree. Among the most interesting of the objects formed of the wood, are two busts of Shakespeare, recently carved by Mr Perry, of 5 North Audley street; one for the Queen, and the other for the Prince of Wales.

A PROJECT, based on scientific engineering principles, has been recently submitted to the Papal Government, for searching the Tiber for statues and other objects of art. The government took it into consideration, but here declined granting any concessions, on the ground that any disturbance of the Tiber would endanger the health of the city.

Our Country.

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

A Noble Letter.—The following letter from the Hon John Patton, formerly member of Congress from Pennsylvania, explains itself. Curwensville, where Mr. Patton resides is a town of about four hundred inhabitants. It has sent to the treasury of the Christian Commission within a year over *three thousand dollars*.

CURWENSVILLE, PA., July 5th, 1864.

GEO. H. STUART, Esq., President Christian Commission:

My Dear Sir:—I received the Annual Report of the Christian Commission for 1863, and, in looking over it, I find much to encourage those who have been contributors to do more. I believe there is more done for the soldier's wants, temporal as well as spiritual, by the Christian Commission than by any other agency now at work, in proportion to its means

I was at Gettysburg early after the battle last year, and came away satisfied of the great good being done by the Commission, and I have felt it my duty since that time to make my contributions for the relief of our suffering soldiers through it, as the most direct and certain way to reach them. I do hope, in this hour of our nation's sorest trial, the Christian public will see the importance of sustaining you in your work of love and mercy. I have no doubt but that thousands of lives have been saved, and very many, who have passed away, saved eternally through the efforts of the Christian Commission.

I enclose a draft for *one thousand dollars* as a contribution; and may God bless you and your colaborers in your good work.

Very truly yours, JOHN PATTON.

Ladies' Christian Commissions in California.—Intelligence from San Francisco, recently received, states that the movement of organizing Ladies' Christian Commissions, began in the Eastern cities and States, has extended already to California. An organization has been effected in San Francisco by some of the leading ladies of that city. The membership-fee for ladies is five dollars, while that for gentlemen is ten dollars. Over one thousand dollars have already been raised, though the organization has been but recently formed. It is hoped that very soon ten thousand dollars will be realized from this single movement.

Washington.

The District Militia Mustered Out—A Rebel Statement of the Strength of the Invaders.—Washington, July 15th.—By direction of the President, the order calling for the services of the militia and volunteers of the District of Columbia, has been rescinded, and they are accordingly mustered out.

The *National Intelligencer* understands that a Major or Captain Spencer, of the insurgent forces recently demonstrating against Washington, embraced the opportunity, before they decamped, of addressing to one of our citizens, who is a relative of Spencer, a letter in which he states that the Confederates crossed the Potomac with 8,000 men for the purpose of obtaining horses, cattle, and other supplies, and having accomplished their purpose they were on the march back to Virginia.

Only a small portion of these forces appeared in front of Washington, while their comrades were collecting the booty for transportation across the Potomac.

The Rebel Invasion of Maryland—The Number of the Rebels—Their Probable Whereabouts.—Washington, July 15.—Speculation continues to be made as to the probable number of rebels recently menacing this city, but there is no data by which to determine the question.

From conversations with farmers of Montgomery county to-night, it appears that the fields for several miles were filled with the enemy, and that those who made the demonstration on our immediate front were only the advance of their army. The intention was evidently to invade Washington, but the continuous arrival of troops in formidable numbers satisfied them that their design was not easily to be accomplished. There is no doubt they were previously encouraged to the adventure by many sympathizing friends—those who took pains to point out Union men as especial victims of plunder. These secession loving farmers were engaged as agents to the robbery of their patriotic neighbors, who severely suffered by the treachery.

On their retreat through the upper portion of Montgomery county, the rebels made a clean sweep of horses and cattle, and many of them went so far as to steal the clothing of women and children and other personal effects, together with the contents of stores. It was not positively known to-night whether all the rebels have crossed the Potomac, the reports being very conflicting.

It is ascertained, however, that many of them have re-entered Virginia, and are travelling with plunder over various roads leading through Loudon county and in the direction of Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps. A large force of our troops are in pursuit.

It is reported that Breckinridge and his staff were in Leesburg, on Wednesday, superintending the movements of the enemy. Many of the stragglers have been picked up by our troops.

Gen Sherman's Army.

Our Forces Across the Chattahoochee—Johnston's Direction of Retreat Uncertain.—Chattanooga, July 10.—The work goes bravely on. Unofficial advices have reached this city that a large proportion of Sherman's forces have successfully crossed the Chattahoochee, and that at least two thousand of Hardee's corps have been gobbled by the great flanker. Indeed rumors rate the figures at not less than five thousand; but as we never deal in exaggerations, we place them at two thousand.

Johnston is still "drawing" Sherman. He will soon have him in Atlanta. Johnston is great on the "draw;" but judging from the books at P. M. General's Office, he is losing a great many "chips."

It is with sincere regret that we learn that Colonel Frank Sherman, chief of Gen. Howard's staff, is a prisoner. Col. Sherman is from Chicago, and is as well and favorably known as any man in the Northwest.

Chattanooga, July 11.—The rebels burned the railroad bridge, and also the common road bridge across the Chattahoochee river, yesterday morning.

Gen. Sherman has crossed the river above and below the bridges, and effected a secure lodgment on the south bank.

The rebels have abandoned their strong fortifications on Chattahoochee Heights, commanding the bridge, being again effectually flanked. It is uncertain in what direction they have gone.

Our communications are in favorable condition. No rebel cavalry are near the road in force.

Smallness of the force which assailed Washington.—Silver Spring does not indicate occupation by over 100 men. For six miles beyond Silver Spring only the fields next to the road on either side and these exclusively pastures or open woods, indicate occupation. In none of them is there a sign of artillery. In all of them the tokens of occupation are of the thinnest and lightest kind. The consumption of rails for fuel surely measures an exceedingly small force. The full untouched haystacks, the undisturbed oat and wheat fields ripe for the harvest, the untouched corn-fields most of the ears partly tasseled out, and some of them fit to roast, indicate unquestionably a small cavalry force and an infantry force so small as to be easily and fully fed. The tokens of butchered cattle, all killed in the corners of fields next the road, and all easily and certainly to be counted also indicate a small force. The proof is incontrovertible that the body of men who beleaguered Washington was utterly insignificant, save in their audacity and courage.

Rebel Speculations upon the Military Situation in the West and at Richmond.—It is usual to find the rebel papers taking the view that both Sherman and Grant are falling into a trap, and that both will be finally defeated. The Georgia Constitutionalist is of a different opinion. This journal asks if it is wise to delude the people of the South with the idea that these two campaigns are but stupid blunders on the part of Sherman and Grant. The Yankees, it says, have a way of marching into a trap and staying there, and that is precisely what is being done at Richmond and Atlanta. It says:

"The magnificent army of Sherman has, without loss and without battle, forced back one of our best armies, under a favorite General, and if he only had intended a raid, the destruction of the vast agricultural interest of the granary of our State is a loss which we are ill prepared to endure, and totally unprepared to retrieve. The evil is, first, the withdrawal from market of the essential food; second, the increase of population caused by refugees which makes an increased demand on the producing capacity of the State; third, the increased prices which tend to depreciate currency, which cannot bear another one-third repudiation. That if it be more than a raid, and Sherman holds his front by fortifications, and his rear he guards, it is an actual loss of empire."

The second danger, it says, is the siege of Richmond.

"Some of our cotemporaries, and the most of our correspondents, laugh at this; and yet Grant has it in his power to besiege the capital, or force an attack on himself, or force an evacuation of Richmond. Not that he has his choice of these three things but can force that choice upon us.

"In Grant's moving upon the south of Richmond and threatening James river near the city, Gen. Lee has choice of two evils. If he keep ahead of Grant and holds the Petersburg line inviolate, then Yankey necessarily gets between him and Richmond, and walks into the city at his leisure. If Lee keeps between Richmond and Grant, the latter of course gets between him and the Southern States' communication, and cuts off the only source of supply now left, as the valley of Virginia is in the hands of the enemy. If Lee wants to have Petersburg and Richmond both, he will have to attack Grant in one of his crawfish movements, and will have to attack the positions and intrenchments which the grand spade-and-pick army never exists without.

"In our judgment the plan of the campaign is at last developed. Western Virginia, the Valley and its resources is, by the movement on Staunton and Lexington to be rendered unavailable for provisions. Grant is to throw his army into fortifications across the railroads from Richmond South, and so cut off our army supplies. Thus the starvation of a siege will be as effectually secured as if an army could be found large enough to surround the legions of Lee, as Grant did Gen Pemberton; provided, of course, that the Danville road shares the fate that the Weldon road probably will.

"If Gen. Lee chooses to stop the game by a fight, he has to put his finger on the slippery Grant and stop his flanking movements; and having found him and stopped him for a fight, will have to charge the hills Grant will occupy and the trenches Grant will dig. If President Davis concludes to swap capitals, and giving Grant Richmond, starts off ahead of him for Washington, we will have the army to subsist in the desert waste between the two capitals; have to make time on foot that will beat the transports on the Potomac and Chesapeake; have the fortifications of Washington to storm, and a siege to stand there should we get inside.

"We lose Richmond if we hold the Weldon and Danville railroads; we lose the railroad if we save Richmond, or we attack Grant in his mighty trenches if we try to save both. It is true that Gen. Beauregard could still keep south of Grant, and prevent raids into Carolina; but could not keep him from stopping the road south unless he has enough men to attack Grant in reserve, and place him between two fires. We hope Grant thinks he has."

The Necessity still Existing.—There is great danger now that the rebel invasion is over, that the people, released from their anxiety, will fall back into their former indifference or apathy, only to be aroused again by another scene of danger. Spasmodic efforts like these are but little use in putting an end to rebellion. What is needed is steady, persistent effort, exertion equal to the difficulty to be removed.

No Rebels Near York.—York, July 15—The Baltimore rumors about rebel raiders being in this country are not true. We know of none near us.

The Atlanta *Confederacy* **has the following:**—

"We shall not attempt to lull to a fancied security our readers by the declaration that Atlanta is not in immediate danger and peril. Its capture, however, cannot be considered a foregone conclusion. If General Johnston cannot make a successful battle, or hold the enemy in check along the Chattahoochee, he cannot anywhere below it, and the only temporary check would in that event be the capture of Atlanta, purposely thrown at the feet of the rapacious invader to stay his appetite for conquest. We have no doubt that the Federal Government would be satisfied with the capture of Atlanta, and would garrison and fortify it as a base for future operations."

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILA. MARKETS.

The violent fluctuations in gold has had a tendency to check business, and the produce markets have been unsettled and dull, and prices are drooping.

COAL is in good demand at the advance. Cargo sales of Schuylkill are making free on board at Port Richmond at $10@10.50 ℔ ton. Most holders now refuse these rates.

COTTON.—There is very little doing in the way of sales, and prices are rather lower; 150 bales of middlings sold at $1 65@1.70, closing at $1.65@1.68 ℔ lb, cash.

COFFEE.—Holders continue firm in their views, but the demand is limited; small sales are making at 48@50c ℔ lb for Rio and Laguayra.

FLOUR.—Holders of Flour are not so firm in their views, and were anxious to sell at lower prices. About 10,000 bbls sold, mostly extra family, at $11 12.50, for low grade and choice, including extra, at $10@11 ℔ bbl. The retailers and bakers are buying moderately at from $9.@10 for superfine, $10@11 for extra, $11@12.50 for extra family and $13 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

Rye Flour is scarce, with small sales to notice at $8.50 ℔ bbl.

Corn Meal is scarce and firmly held.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in steady demand, with sales of about 30,000 bus. at 250@275c ℔ bu. for fair to choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, closing dull at 260c, and white 270@280 ℔ bu. as to quality.

Rye is scarce and in demand with small sales at 175c ℔ bus.

Corn is in fair demand, with sales of 24,000 bus of prime yellow at 178c ℔ bu.

Oats are rather dull, with sales of 35,000 bus. at 95@100c ℔ bu; the latter for heavy Pennsylvania.

The following are the receipts of Flour and Grain at this port during the past week:

Flour,	11,400 bbls.
Wheat,	40,500 bus
Corn,	14,900 do.
Oats,	17,600 do.

GUANO is firm; small sales of Peruvian are making at $100 ℔ ton.

HAY is better, and selling at $28@30 ℔ ton.

HOPS are in limited demand, small sales of first sort Eastern and Western are making at 25@30c ℔ lb.

LUMBER.—There is no change to notice. White Pine Boards are selling at $31@42, and Yellow Pine Sap do at $27@29 ℔ M feet. Hemlock Scanting is selling at $18@19.

METALS.—Pig Iron is firmly held with sales of anthracite to notice at $65@70 ℔ ton for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is selling in a small way at $75@80 ℔ ton. Manufactured Iron is in demand and selling at full prices.

Lead is scarce and quoted 16@16½c per lb.

Copper is rather dull; small sales of yellow metal are reported at 44c per lb for sheets.

OILS.—Lard Oil is firm with sales of No 1 Winter at $1.60@1.65 and Spring and Summer at $1.50 cash.

Fish Oils are in good demand at full prices.

Linseed Oil has advanced, and sells at $1 75@1 80 ℔ gallon; sold oil is selling at $13@14 ℔ basket.

Petroleum is less active, and prices are rather lower; about 2300 bbls sold at 51@55c for crude and 90c for refined in bond, and $1.@100c ℔ gallon for free, as to quality.

COAL OIL.—The following are the receipts of crude and refined at this port during the past week:—

Crude,	1,510 bbls.
Refined,	2,952 bbls.

SALT.—The market continues firm, but we hear of no arrivals or sales.

SUGAR.—Holders are very firm in their views, and prices are well maintained but the demand is limited, about 600 hhds of Cuba sold at from 20½@23c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed continues scarce, and in demand, with small sales at $9@9 50 ℔ 64 lbs.

Timothy has advanced, with sales of 1,500 bushs at $4@4 25 ℔ bus.

Flaxseed sells on arrival at $3 50 ℔ bus.

WOOL.—The demand is good at the late advance, but the receipts are very light; about 150,000 lbs medium fleece sold at 100@110c ℔ lb, cash.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The market still continues dull. Jobbers are doing very little, in fact less than usual even at this season of the year. Manufacturers still keep at work, though they make but few sales at the present advanced rates. The tendency of prices is steadily upward. The order trade still continues fair, but few orders however, come in from the country. Dealers are not unwilling to purchase as their stocks are mostly light. A few transactions among dealers may be noticed, goods changing hands in anticipation of future high prices. The business for fall is moderate, though perhaps it makes up the greater portion of the actual business done. Prices appear a little lighter in some cases, the disturbed condition of public affairs causing a want of confidence. On the whole the market is depressed, and though prices are higher, it can scarcely be satisfactory to the seller on account of the uncertainty which hangs over the future.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

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Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
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Mouslin de laines,
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A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling. Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers' and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
NO. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞ An early call solicited. — mar1-6m

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren than has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS F. GREEN.
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By order of the Association:

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A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—cleansing, softening, invigorating, beautifying, and preventing [illegible] Baldness.

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One of the most useful articles ever offered for [illegible] the hair, removing dandruff, preventing [illegible] baldness, [illegible] removing grease spots, and curing chapped hands, [illegible] &c. — Sep 19

HAIR BOUGHT.

Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

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Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. — 1y

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Attorney, Counsellor, and Solicitor,
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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 28, 1862

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is the assistance to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables, and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This mode of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such words as Phil-ip-pi and Thes-sa-lo-ni-ca, or such personages as El-i-am, Meph-i-bosh-eth, and Tro-phi-mus. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the doctrines of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions, it finds its way into our school houses, and even intrudes itself into many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil [illegible] and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well-known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the word which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man, and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON.
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Mason St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in first books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage to your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read and accepted. A true copy.

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AMY WILLIAMS,
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OUR BABY.

A SONG FOR BELLE.

In the cradle, here by me,
  Something fair reposes,
Whiter than the lilies be,
  Sweeter than the roses.

On the pillow soft is laid
  Something young and tender,
Stainless brow and shining head,
  Fingers white and slender.

Lids like snow-flakes, dropped above
  Eyes like summer blossom,
Lips a rosebud, made for love,
  Dimpled cheek and bosom.

Fairest flowers from forest dell,
  Dearer for their fleetness,
Waxen bud and lily bell
  Best befit his sweetness.

Much we wonder, when he sleeps,
  What his eyes are seeing,
Knowing well that angels keep
  Watch about his being.

For a moment round his eyes
  Radiant smiles are beaming,
Then he starts with grieving cries;
  Is the baby dreaming?

Gentle Shepherd! who dost hold
  In Thy tender keeping
All the lambs within Thy fold,
  Waking or in sleeping.

We are weak who fold the child
  In our fond caressing;
Grant, to crown our undefiled,
  Thy divinest blessing. [*Independent.*

The Family.

LEFT TO HIMSELF.

"My darling boy!"

"My blessed mamma!"

It was a pretty little pair of lips that were lifted up for a kiss, and the child's arms clasped the mother's neck very tightly. Mrs. Hall held the little one to her bosom for a long time. Her fingers played with the curls upon his white forehead, but she did not seem to be thinking of them. She was trying to thread the labyrinths of her boy's future life. "What would he be to her when the years should rest heavily upon her shoulders? Would he be her strength and her pride? Would he possess wealth and fame? Would he be—" Ah, it was hardly a questioning either of these things; it was a castle-building in the confidence of his success in life. It was a quiet, dreamy, rambling among things hoped for for her boy. There was no quickening sense of maternal responsibility prompting to self-examination, to inquiries of duty, to silent prayers. She was a young mother. Three-year-old Bertie was her only child, and he had been to her yet but a toy to amuse her and a pet to love. She did love him passionately, and he returned her affection. If she entertained any particular opinions with regard to the moral training of a child, if she had any plans as respected that of her own son, they were not apparent. Evidently she imagined that he would grow up well, of course. She saw nothing in his immediate surroundings to prevent it. His father was a quiet business man, of good morals, and occupied a respectable position in society. She herself was, not only in her own opinion, but in that of her neighbors, a kind-hearted woman, a good housekeeper, an affectionate wife, and she meant to be a good mother. Why should not the babe given to her keeping become the virtuous and noble man?

While Mrs. Hall sat fondling her little boy, and thinking of his future woven in with her own, a round, bright face looked in at the doorway, and a pleasant voice asked,

"May I come in, Lucy?"

It was Mary Law, her neighbor across the way, a bustling little woman, with whom she was on quite familiar terms.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mrs. Hall; "do come in and sit with me awhile. I was rather tired, and have been holding my little boy and resting—you know that is the way we mothers rest."

"I can't stay but a minute, Lucy," said Mrs. Law, dropping upon the lounge, as if she, too, were weary enough. "Mrs. Warren told me you had a new recipe for making currant wine, and as our currants are just ripe now, and I have a little more leisure time than usual, I think I may as well make up my wine as at another time; and if you have any better way than mine, I should like to learn it."

"Why I don't know that I have, Mary. You generally have as good ways of doing things as any one, I believe; but you are welcome to all the information I have, I am sure. Here is my recipe," said she, taking down from a cupboard a scrap-book, the foundation of which was an old ledger, and drawing from it a bit of folded paper. "I meant to have pasted it in my book before now. See here, Bertie," she added, "run and tell Susan to bring up that small bottle of currant wine from the cellar. I want you to taste mine, Mary. Perhaps you will prefer your old method."

The wine was brought, tasted, and approved. "It is good," said Mrs. Law, emphatically.

"Mamma, mamma, me taste," said little Bertie. Mamma poured a teaspoonful into the glass and allowed the child to drink it.

"Me some more, mamma."

"Oh, no, Bertie has had enough."

"More, *more!*" he demanded imperatively.

"No, Bertie, I wouldn't have any more wine now. Go to the kitchen and ask Susan to give you a piece of sugar; that's a good boy."

"Bertie don't want sugar; Bertie wants wine! Bertie *will have* wine!"

"Do you suppose it will hurt him, Mary?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Why, no," replied her neighbor, "perhaps it will do him good, he's so delicate; not as well as usual this summer, is he?"

"Hardly. I am afraid sometimes that I shall lose him," said she, as she poured out another portion of the valued liquor, and put it to the lips of her child. The dog Pet put his nose in at the door just then. "Wine's good," said little Bertie, darting towards him and seizing him roughly by the ears; "wine's good, Pet. Papa likes wine, mamma likes wine, and Bertie likes wine; let's go find some for Pet."

So Bertie and the dog sauntered along through the hall and out at the front door, while Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Law resumed conversation for a few moments, and then the latter went home.

The child and dog found their way around the house to the door of the cellar-kitchen. It happened that Susan had been making soap, and had set a kettle of lye just outside the door. Bertie espied this dark-looking liquid, and exclaimed, "Here's wine for doggy. Pet, Pet, come here." The dog bounded to his side. Bertie took up an old iron spoon that lay near, dipped a spoonful of the lye, and put it into the dog's open mouth. The dog cried out with pain, and ran away.

"Pet don't like wine," said the child, talking to himself. "Bertie likes wine—spoon isn't clean enough for Bertie to drink out of; here's Bertie's cup."

A sudden scream brought Susan, frightened, to the door. She at once comprehended the matter, and, snatching up the child, ran with him, still screaming and kicking, to his mother.

"An' if ye plase, ma'am, the baby's drunk the lye," she managed to say. She was trembling like a poplar.

"The lye!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, greatly excited. "You good-for-nothing creature, what in the world was the lye where he could get it for? Quick! why don't you bring me the vinegar?" said she, passionately, as the girl stood half-stunned by fright. "Poor, darling little birdie; is mamma's baby hurt?" added the mother, soothingly, as she laid the child upon the lounge and examined his mouth. "Steep some flaxseed quickly, and bring it to me," she said as she received the vinegar at the hands of Susan.

The little mouth looked badly. Outside, the lips were brown with the lye; within, the cuticle seemed half removed, while the tongue was a patch-work of white and dark-red. Yet it did not seem that the injury was extensive—the child had evidently swallowed but little if any of the poison.

"Bertie, have some good vinegar," now said the mother, putting the cup to his lips; "vinegar make ma's little boy feel better."

Bertie tasted, trustingly, but screamed again with pain.

"A little more, darling," said the mother, "good vinegar."

"Isn't dood. Mamma tell Bertie lie," replied the child; "vinder's bad, awfu' bad."

"Just a little more, lovie—one swallow, and then mamma will put up the cup."

"No, won't," said the little fellow, resolutely.

"Well, Bertie needn't; Susy will bring some flax-seed tea pretty soon, that won't hurt baby so."

The tea came, but baby's lips were firmly closed. He had been deceived once.

"Flax-seed bad—awfu' bad!" said he, in reply to his mother's coaxing.

"O, no; flax-seed is not bad, darling—flax-seed good, vinegar bad!" But the child would not be persuaded to take it, and the mother yielded. Happily, it was hardly necessary, the poisoning was so slight. Bertie was fretful for a day or two from his sore mouth, and the accident was only remembered as a warning against carelessness with lye.

"You have a beautiful boy, Lucy," remarked Mrs. Bennett, a sister of Mrs. Hall, who had come to spend a few weeks in the family, a year after the occurrence mentioned above.

"Yes, Emma, and he's a loving little fellow, too; but he's so wilful I can hardly manage him. "After all, she added, apologetically," "I would give very little for a child without spirit—I suppose it will come out well enough in the end. I shall have a time getting him to bed to-night, he does so dislike to retire when we have company. I do not blame the little darling much, however; he has been allowed to sit up two or three times when we have had music and refreshments—he does enjoy it so much.—He loves wine, particularly. You would have laughed the other day; we had wine for dinner, and he drank a toast—his own, you know—so naturally; I wish I could think what his toast was!"

Mrs. Bennett smiled a sad smile as she gazed at the child at her knee, who had seemed to be drinking in every word his mother was saying.

"Come, sonny," said Mrs. Hall, ten or fifteen minutes later; "Bertie wants to go to bed, doesn't he?—It's time."

"No, mamma, I isn't ready," he replied, starting across the room, and looking around as if to find something to do.

"Mamma wants you to go now. Come," said she, rising and reaching her hand toward the child.

"No," said he, running out of the room, and trying to conceal himself under the table in the dining-room.

"Isn't it cunning? See the little rogue now, Emma," said the weak mother, smiling. "What shall I do?"

"Put him to bed, Lucy," replied the sister, rather soberly; "you must govern your child."

"But he isn't old enough yet, Emma; you wouldn't think of really undertaking earnestly to govern him yet?"

"I should."

"Come out, Bertie," said the mother, bending and putting her hand under the table.

"Bertie was silent, but shrank away from her, and covered his hands with his apron.

"Come."

There was no movement towards obedience. Mrs. Hall seized him by the arm, and he began to struggle and scream. She dragged him forth, but he writhed himself into freedom, threw himself upon the carpet, and continued to scream.

"Aint you ashamed, naughty boy, to let Aunt Emma see you do so? Susan!" called she at the head of the kitchen stairs.

Susan's freckled face in a moment peered through the doorway.

"Take Bertie off to bed—I am not strong enough."

The girl's strong arms soon encircled the child, and bore him from the field of conflict.

"Is that Edward Hall's son?"

"It is."

"Possible! Such a beautiful child as he was! He looks like a regular loafer. Smoking! how little we know to what our children may come!"

"Were you near to him, his breath would indicate to you his familiarity with a worse poison even than tobacco."

"Does he drink?"

"He does, and freely."

"Poor Mrs Hall! I pity a woman who has such a son. How she *must* feel to see the child she has cherished with all a mother's love, intoxicated! How terrible to have so fine a boy spoiled! Such a man as he might have made! The Halls are respectable people; how strange that he should have come to this! I cannot understand it. Things work oddly in this world sometimes. You remember Betty Vinton's ragged, homely little Willie? He's in college now, and the first in his class—the senior. I learn he is thinking of the ministry. And here is Bertie Hall, whom we all thought so lovely in his early childhood, ruined in his youth!"

"Mrs Worthy," said the gentleman with whom the lady was conversing, "you mothers occupy, I believe, the most responsible position in society. Mrs. Hall loved her son, no doubt; but she has failed in maternal duty. I look upon her ruined son as a sad illustration of the Scripture truths that 'wine is a mocker,' and that a 'child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.'"—*N. Y. Independent.*

M. P. A. C.

BIG LOUIS AND PETER MOUNTAIN.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

If Mr. Jones was disappointed in regard to "the beauties of savage life," he did not own it. "These," said he, "are the St. François Indians, and probably are a very poor specimen of what men are in their wild, free, native condition. I must see other specimens." So he got the old Indian, who seemed to be a kind of patriarch over them, to take his bark canoe and go deeper, far deeper into the wilderness. They put the tent and things in the canoe, and set off into the great forest. They went from lake to lake, sometimes through narrow channels, and sometimes carrying all their things, including the canoe, from one sheet of water to another. At two places this "carry," as the Indian called it, without a road or even a path or mark on the trees, was not less than six or seven miles long. They passed over the ridge of land where, by the Webster and Ashburton treaty, the boundary between the British possessions and ours, a path was cut thirty feet wide and three hundred miles long. It had a cast iron pillar set up at the end of every mile. This brought them over from the waters which run west and empty into the St. Lawrence, to those which run east and poured into the ocean through the Penobscot river.

Far, very far into the woods, after many days' travel, they came to a large, beautiful lake, and on it was one small Indian hut, the home of "Big Louis." Big Louis was a Lorette Indian, six feet six inches tall, beautifully proportioned, and of noble look. His squaw and one little pappoose (child) were with him. "Now," thought Mr. Jones, "I shall find a good specimen of savage life. This family live all alone, and with nothing to tempt or corrupt them. I feel that I shall be delighted." On going up to the hut the family came out to meet him. He looked in the hut and saw that there was neither window, nor floor, nor chair, nor table, nor a single article of furniture, except an iron kettle or a spider. They had neither bread nor flour, butter nor milk, nothing but some old, dried moose-meat. They had nothing in the shape of a book, knew nothing about the world or the geography of the world. They could talk about nothing on which poor Jones could talk. They were half naked, thin and scrawny, and disgustingly filthy. Two short, broken pipes seemed to contain all they knew of enjoyment. After a stay of an hour, while the old guide mended his paddle, and which hour seemed an age, Jones was glad to leave, and by this time began to doubt about the "beauties of savage life."

On, on they pushed, sometimes paddling the canoe on the river and through lakes, and sometimes carrying it around falls and rocks where they could not pass, till at last they struck the northwestern branch of the Penobscot, perhaps nearly three hundred miles from its mouth. And here, on the banks of the river, they found another Indian wigwam. It was about the size of a common room, made of white birch bark. It was so open that the winds and rains could go in almost anywhere. Here lived Peter Mountain, a Rocky Mountain Indian, all alone with his dog. If possible, he was poorer and more destitute than Big Louis. He had but two garments in the world, viz., pants and a red-flannel shirt, both very nearly worn out and very dingy. O how glad he was to see a human face! He proposed to go with them, and cut paths, and carry luggage, and work hard, if they would only give him something to eat! And with what a relish he ate the crackers and the food of civilized men! For three weeks Jones was in the forest with these Indians, eating after their cooking, and having no other society. At length they came out at Moose-head Lake in Maine, and came to a sort of hotel. It seemed like a palace; and the food! why, it seemed as if all the French cooks in Paris could never equal that! And to get off the dirty clothes of the woods, and to shave, and become a civilized man again, seemed to be a luxury too great to bear!

My poor friend came home much wiser than he went. Whenever he offers prayer, he never fails to thank God "for the blessings of civilized life," and whenever he hears any one praising the wild life of the Indian, he shakes his head and says, "I know a thing or two about that." And whenever he hears the question asked whether we ought to send the gospel to the heathen, he shouts aloud, "Yes, yes, to be sure; if it were for nothing but to civilize them, and to make them comfortable for this world, it would be reason enough why we should go and preach the gospel to every creature under heaven.—*S. S. Times.*

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother sheep say;
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,
      With his eye so bright,
      And his wool so white,
O! he is my darling, my heart's delight.
      The robin he
      That sings in the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one,
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three.
I heard her whispering soft—said she,
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
      The bird on the tree,
      And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
      But I love my kittens there
      Under the rocking chair.
I love my kittens with all my might;
I love them at morning, and noon, and night;
Which is the prettiest, I cannot tell—
      Which of the three—
      For the life of me—
I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
      stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched, and she bristled
      away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you
      please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as
      these."
The cat loves her kitten, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For lambs, nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cats should go down on
      their knees.
      No! no! not though
      The kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings! my sweet little things!
Come nestle now cosily under my wings,
      So the hen said,
      And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

If a traveller in Egypt were to bow before the Sphynx, and receive a nod in return, he could scarcely be more surprised than I was to-day, upon seeing a little, dried-up thing—the remains of what had once bloomed and faded "'mid beleaguering sands"—spring into life and beauty before my very eyes. All the Abbott Collection contains nothing more rare or curious. Old, perhaps, as Cheops, and apparently as sound asleep, it is startled at the touch of water, and, stretching forth its tiny petals, wakes into life as brightly as a new-born flower.

No one could believe upon looking at this little ball, hanging on its fragile stem, and resembling both in color and shape a shrunken poppy-head, or some of the acorn tribe, what magical results could arise from merely wetting its surface—yet so it is.

Sleeping, but not dead, the flower is aroused by being for an instant immersed in water, and then supported in an upright position. Soon the upper fibres begin to stir. Slowly, yet visibly, they unfold, until, with petals thrown back in equidistant order, it assumes the appearance of a beautifully radiated, starry flower, not unlike some of the Asters in form. Resting a moment, it suddenly, as though inspired by some new impulse, throws its very heart to the daylight, curving back its petals farther still, and disclosing beauties undreamed of even in the loveliness of its first awakening.

To say that, in general effect, its appearance resembles the passion flower, is to give but a poor description, and yet one searches in vain for a more fitting comparison. Leaving entirely the strong contrasts in color of the latter, it yet wears a halo of its own, unlike any other in the whole range of floral effects.

When viewed through a powerful lens, the heart of the flower, which, to the naked eye, lies flooded in a warm, colorless light, assumes the most exquisite iridescent hues, far more beautiful than the defined tints of the passion-flower, Melting to the eye in its juiciness and delicacy, yet firm in its pure outline and rounded finish, it bears the same relation to that chosen type of the great suffering, that peace bears to passion, or that promise bears to prayer.

Soon the aspect of the flower changes. As though over the well-spring of its eternal life hung some ruthless power forcing it back into darkness, before an hour has passed, we can see that its newly-found vigor is fading away. The pulsing light at its heart grows fainter and fainter—slowly the petals raise themselves, to droop wearily side by side upon its bosom—and finally, its beauty vanished, its strength exhausted, it hangs heavy and brown upon its stem, waiting for the touch that alone can waken it again.

This rare botanical wonder, blooming one moment before admiring eyes, and next lying dried and shrivelled in a tomb-like box, is not without its legendary interest, though the odor of its oriental history has, by this time, been nearly blown away by that sharp simoom of investigation, which has already whirled so many pretty fables and theories into oblivion.

The story of the flower, as given in 1856, by the late Dr. Deck, the naturalist, is as follows:

While travelling on a professional tour in Upper Egypt, eight years before, engaged in exploring for some lost emerald and copper mines, he chanced to render medical service to an Arab attached to his party. In gratitude, the child of the desert formally presented to him this now-called "Resurrection Flower," at the same time enjoining upon him never to part with it. Like the fabled gift of the Egyptian, it was supposed to have "magic in the web of it." The doctor was solemnly assured by the Arab, and others of his race, that it had been taken ten years before from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a high priestess, and was deemed a great rarity: that it would never decay if properly cared for; that its possession through life would tend to revive hope in adversity, and, if buried with its owner, would ensure for him hereafter all the enjoyments of the Seventh Heaven of Mahomet. When presented, this flower was one of two hanging upon the same stem. Dr. Deck carefully preserved one; the twin specimen he presented to Baron Humboldt, who acknowledged it to be the greatest floral wonder he had yet seen, and the only one of its kind he had met with in the course of his extensive travels.

For years the doctor carried his treasure with him every where, prizing it for its intrinsic qualities, and invariably awakening the deepest interest whenever he chanced to display its wondrous powers. During the remainder of his life he caused the flower to open more than a thousand times, without producing any diminution of its extraordinary property, or of any injury to it whatever. It is proper to state that, though closely examined by some of the most eminent naturalists, both at home and abroad, no positive position in the botanical kingdom was ever assigned to it—indeed to this day it remains a waif in the floral world, none having determined under what classification it belongs.

I need not say that the doctor, while gratefully accepting the gift of his Arab friend, quietly rejected the accompanying superstitions. Subsequent trials and proofs positive confirmed his doubts of its hope-inspiring power, while his inclination and good old prejudices tempted him to forego the delights of the Seventh Heaven by bequeathing his treasure to his friend and pupil, Dr. C. J. Eames, of New York, than whom none could regard it with a truer appreciation, or recognise its exquisite perfection with a feeling nearer akin to veneration.

It has now been in the possession of Dr. Eames for several years, and has, in the mean time, been unfolded many hundred times, still without any deterioration of its mysterious power. It opens as fairly and freshly to-day, as when under Egyptian skies, more than sixteen years ago, its delicate fibres, heavy with the dust of ages, quivered into a new life before the astonished eyes of Dr. Deck.

Well-named, as, in some respects, it seems to be, this marvel of the botanical world has already given rise to not a few discussions among the scientific and curious, some earnestly proclaiming its right to the title of "Resurrection Flower," and others denying that it is a flower at all. Indeed, in its unfolded state, its resemblance to a flattened poppy-head, and other seed vessels, offers strong argument in favor of the latter opinion. In alluding to it one uses the term "flower" with decided mental reservation—beautiful flower, as it seems to be when opened—and speaks of its "petals" with deprecating glance at imaginary hosts of irate botanists. Some, it is true, still insist that it is a *bona fide* flower; but Dr. Deck himself inclined to the belief that it was the pericarp or seed vessel of some desert shrub, rare indeed, as few or none like it have appeared in centuries, yet not without its analogies in the vegetable world.

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 16, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which affected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MOSHER

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 8, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 16, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, but only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of [illegible], and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be affected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. Yet perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, in the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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THE DAUGHTERS OF HOGE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No 6, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 15, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 10, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Benson; Grand Associate, Sister Harris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fossett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. ROBERTS, G. P. P. Sister ANDERSON
" " E. BOWNE, " J. V. BLACK,
" " M. H BUSBY, " E. A. CLARK,
" " G. EDWARDS, " WHITE,
" " A. DAVIS. " S. HALL.

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NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,

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THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscriptions, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or the paper, must be directed to Rev. Elisha Weaver, Box No. 3673, Philadelphia; and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

All articles or matter for the *Christian Recorder*, must be directed E. Weaver, Box No. 3673, Philadelphia.

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Single copies five cents.

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All Advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

POETRY AND POETS.

Gentle as the summer breeze
Glides softly on the running streams;
Then, like the lightning through the trees,
Its lurid glare in rapture gleams.

Valleys, and hills, and running rills,
Have poems stored within their breast:
The empty mind with music fills,
The rambling thought is hushed to rest.

Flits calmly as the zephyr's breath,
Then, like the thunder's sound o'erhead;
Still'd like the quiet sleep of death,
Her song is hushed—her voice hath fled!

The meadows green, the bleating sheep,
The tall tree-top that bangs above,
The ocean blue, the briny deep,
The thoughts that frame sweet words of love;

Each tells to me of poetry:
She dwells in all earth's precious goods.
The merry birds chime glad and free
Poetic notes in leafy woods.

There's poetry in leafy groves,
In limpid streams and landscapes wild;
There's poetry in words of love
That Jesus spoke, so meek and mild

In lands of dreams, where thoughts traverse,
When slumber weighs our eyelids down,
The soul its prison-home deserts,
And revels in poetic ground.

There's poetry in heighten'd spires
That point to where resides a God;
There's poetry in ancient sires,
Whose home is 'neath the sacred sod.

The wheel of time doth hasten on.
There's poetry in time that's fled;
There's poetry in saddened song,
That sounds the requiem of the dead.

Judge all who will of poets' song,
I wish no other path to tread.
How many the great pathway throng
Of Homer—moses' fountain head!

Oh, that my thoughts could drink the stream
That Homer drank in days of yore—
A spark of MILTON in me gleam,
And feed my soul from heaven's store.

Let POPE and SHAKSPEARE in me build
Sublime and noble thoughts, to trace
The great poetic flame in-still'd
By HOMER to the human race.

For the Christian Recorder

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AN ACROSTIC.

A people with a ruler such as we have found in thee,
Bent with trials though they be, can still hope to be free;
Rebels may rant, and foreign foes may with them sympathise,
Aristocrats vainly oppose, for surely slavery dies.
Heavenly guidance you shall have while treason's storm you stem;
Angels, hovering near your side, will guard you at the helm;
'Mid storms, the noble ship of state at last, when safely moored—
Loyal hands bear home the flag, with all its stars restored
In freedom's halls may slavery have no advocate,
No more to legalize the crime shall freemen legislate;
Contention in our land shall cease, God's word resume its mission;
Order and peace supremely reign triumphant o'er oppression.
Liberty, the choicest gift a nation can bestow,
No longer sectional, will then its beauties clearly show.

WEST JERSEY.

Camden, July 20, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION—A REPLY TO THE REV. R. H. CAIN.

MR. EDITOR:—In the last number of your excellent journal, I find a letter from my eloquent and distinguished friend, the Rev. R. H. Cain, of Brooklyn, N. Y., containing the following sentences: "We hear of a great Convention being called by the savans of Washington and elsewhere, to meet in New York city on the 4th of October, 1864." "There are only three States and one District represented in this call. Not a Western man in all the vast regions beyond the Alleghenies has his name appended to the call, while representative men are invited to send in their names. * * There should have been, at least, communication opened with them by these distinguished brethren."

I must acknowledge, that the language above quoted filled me with astonishment, especially when I reflected, that it came from one whose learning and judgment is equalled only by his broad and universal philanthropy. I also deeply regretted the publication of my friend's words, because I am certain that they will have an unhappy effect on some minds—a consequence which I am certain he did not deserve. Already we have enough of party spirit and sectional divisions. These have been the curse of our race, and have formed the rock upon which our dearest interests have been wrecked. With us there should be no East, West, North nor South. The truth is, that we have scarcely a home, and certainly but a few rights anywhere in this our native land. What more could be done, than to ask our brethren, who favor the measure, to send in their names? It would take at least one year to open a correspondence with the leading men throughout the country. Who will undertake it? Will brother Cain lay his shoulder to the wheel? To my knowledge, two years have passed away while we have been getting the views of brethren. *The talking dispensation has passed.* We want action now, and we must act or die.

Mere etiquette must be laid aside in these times, for we need men who will go down and lap the water, if it be necessary. If brother Cain favors the Convention, let him put down his name on the call—a name which is as a hundred-pound parrot gun in the Church. If any other gentleman favors it, let him send in his name. If brother Cain will elaborate his idea of securing homesteads for ourselves, and come forward with it, he will do great good.

The reasons for not uniting all over the United States before we issued the call were these: It would consume too much time, too much labor, too much money, and would fail, after all, to accomplish the work which is so much needed. Virginia has sent in the names of some of her sons. Maryland sent in eighteen names more than ten days ago, and among them, I am informed, was that of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Wayman, who is a "swamp angel" on the ramparts of Zion.

HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

Washington, D. C., July 20, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

MR EDITOR:—Thinking that it would not be uninteresting to the readers of the Recorder to know what movements are making in this place for the elevation of our people, I cheerfully take this opportunity to drop you a few lines.

For several years, the colored population of this village has been quite small; but I rejoice that it has been considerably increased by several families of intelligent and industrious freedmen, who have recently settled among us. Before the breaking out of the war, we had a flourishing association, known as the "Vashon Literary Society." Our meetings were held weekly, and the exercises consisted of declamations, debates, essays, &c. Many of the young men made commendable progress, and, in proportion as their abilities were developed, they, of course, were convinced of their manhood, and, consequently, inspired with a deeper love of liberty. The result may be seen in the fact, that, when Ohio called for colored troops, the able-bodied members of our Society, with but few exceptions, immediately joined the Army of Freedom.

Our Public School for Colored Pupils is in a comparatively prosperous condition, the attendance this year being much larger than of any previous year within my recollection, and I am of opinion, that the moral and intellectual *status* of our youth will bear a favorable comparison with that of any other school in the State. It is but just to say here, that this increased interest in education is owing, in a great measure, to the zealous labors of our late pastor, Rev. Daniel Cooper, who, unlike many of our clergymen, is ardently interested in the elevation of our people. Our school closed July 1. The examination passed off pleasantly, and was very creditable to both teacher and pupils. Without any intention of disparaging the other pupils, candor compels me to mention the following young ladies as deserving the highest praise for punctuality, diligence and good behavior: Miss Julia G. Ayens, Miss Martha Nelson, Miss Nancy A. Banks, Miss Marcella Smith and Miss Sarah J. Morena.

On Tuesday, July 5th, a grand pic-nic came off at Nelson's Grove, about one mile south-east of the village. An oration was delivered by Washington Nelson, Esq Subject: Education. Short addresses were also delivered by Revs R. M. L. Hagan and C. H. Peters; also by William Dade, James Hoper and Thornton Gregory, Esq., of Cincinnati.

Of the above-named gentlemen, Mr. Hoper has recently returned from the army, having been discharged on account of physical disability. In his remarks he so vividly portrayed the sufferings and hardships incident to a soldier's life, that many of the audience were moved to tears.

The speaking being over, we all partook of dinner, prepared by sisters Jeffries, Streets and others, and which abounded in good things too numerous to mention. Every thing passed off pleasantly, and the occasion was productive of much good feeling among all who were present.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAMDEN CORRESPONDENCE.

Having attended a grand literary entertainment at Woodbury on the evening of June 30th, and as it was my intention to speak of it at the first favorable opportunity, I now take pleasure in saying that the affair was highly entertaining, and reflected great credit on the committee of ladies, through whose instrumentality it was gotten up.

The lecture, the first in the order of the exercises, was held in the church, of which the Rev. Barney has the charge. Agreeably to arrangement, the Rev. T. G. Steward, of Camden, was introduced, and proceeded, in a masterly style, to deliver his lecture, on "The Black American," which was truly a creditable effort, and was listened to with marked attention.

B. F. Brown, of Camden, was next introduced, and made a few remarks in reference to the subject above-named. The worthy pastor then announced, that the remaining exercises would be disposed of in the school-room near by, to which place the company repaired, and, after discussing the merits of the refreshment-table, they retired, leaving the committee, with a snug little bundle of green-backs, amounting to between thirty and forty dollars, for the benefit of the A. M. E. church of that place.

The following are the names of the ladies who so admirably acquitted themselves on that occasion: Miss Mary Manly, Mrs. M. Still, Miss L. Dickinson, Mrs. L. G. Tadoe, and Mrs. S. Craig.

Agreeably to notice, the friends and members of the Macedonia Church, at Camden, came forward on Sabbath, the 3d inst., and paid, on the debt of the church, sixty-one dollars. This speaks well for Macedonia, and may be regarded as unmistakable evidence that our pastor is at work. Rev. T. G. Steward is, apparently, a very young man, and some have ventured to remark, that the undertaking is too much—that he has not had sufficient experience—that he cannot succeed. "These do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God." Just so said the people of David's time, when the giant Philistine was defying the armies of the living God. They, doubtless, laughed at the shepherd boy. Nevertheless, he went forth to meet the haughty warrior, and slew him, and victory was given on Israel's side. Take courage, young man, ye who are in the ministry; "for, by our God, you can run through a troop." In the valley of humiliation you will gather strength, and in the paths of duty you will find pleasure.

Mr. Steward appears perfectly careless or unconcerned about his salary; at least, he does not propose to make that conditional; that is to say, he is working for God, who hath declared, that "the cattle upon a thousand hills are His," and will He not feed His servants? May kind Heaven send ministering angels to hover about his pathway; and may the still winds, from the regions of pure delight, fanned by their celestial wings, gently waft him onward!

The Quarterly Meeting at Macedonia on Sabbath last was the largest I have witnessed during a long time. Elders Weaver, Schureman, Rev. Winder, and a host of others were present. The church and yard, front and back, were literally packed. Rev. E. Weaver preached in the morning, Rev. W. H. Winder in the afternoon, and Rev. W. D. W. Schureman at night. During the latter sermon, three persons were deeply convicted, calling out, as did the Philippian jailer: "What shall I do to be saved?" Many others were apparently deeply concerned.

Professor Green is operating on this side of the river, having an engagement for Monday and Tuesday evenings. I attended the one held on Monday evening, and, if I may be allowed to judge from the deep, earnest rounds of applause which followed the remarks made before and after the introduction of each piece, I would say, that the audience were highly delighted.

Professor W. H. Johnson is expected here soon. He is now operating in Philadelphia. The more intelligent people of this community will always welcome such lecturers as Green and Johnson. Their lectures are highly instructive, and worthy of patronage. No apeing or mimicing ill-bred persons, no Jim Crowisms, such as characterize the lectures of, a would-be reverend. As a man who has lost all respect for the Church, and, having stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in, he seeks only self-aggrandizement; a man who steals other men's poetry, and palms it off as original. When I reflect that such men are retained in high places, I tremble for the prosperity of the Church.

We have just received intelligence of the death of Sergeant Stidum, of the Fifth Regiment of M. V. He was killed in one of the recent battles near Charleston. His widow, Mrs. E. A Stidum, is a resident of Camden, N. J. She is surrounded by a host of friends, who will deeply sympathise with her in this the hour of trial.

"Soldier, you have left the field,
But not as cowards do;
To rebels you refused to yield,
But to a mightier foe
You fell."

WEST JERSEY.

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

MR. EDITOR:—After a long silence, I seat myself to inform you of the doings of the Washington Island Literary Association. She has had, sir, since I last furnished you with a report, many glorious and interesting meetings; and, although the horrors of war have thrown a gloom of sadness all over the American continent, and the cause in which we are engaged has grown cold, and many societies of the same kind have been disbanded, we, I am proud to say, have flourished like a tree by the side of a river, and are growing stronger, and we intend to continue, unless the rebels compel us to retreat.

On Tuesday evening, July 5th, the Association had a meeting that the whole world would have been pleased with, had they attended. The meeting was held in Zion Wesley Church, and opened with singing and prayer by the chaplain, Rev. J. Nickolson, after which the President then rose and stated the object of the meeting, in a few brief and appropriate remarks, and then introduced, to the Association and audience, the Rev. Dr. Henry Hyland Garnett, of New York, who proceeded to lecture to the Association from the following subject: "The evils of the hour." He said, in the commencement of his remarks: "There is a lion in the way; there is a lion in the streets; but we do not always find them in the streets, as we find them in the wilderness."

I shall not attempt his lecture further; but, sir, suffice it to say, that it was fraught with every thing that was good and wholesome; and the lesson we derived therefrom, will never be obliterated from our memories.

He held the audience spell-bound for fifty minutes, and took his seat amid much applause, after which, on motion of ex-President Wm. A. Talliaferro, that a vote of thanks be, and is hereby tendered to the Rev. Dr. Henry Hyland Garnett, for his able, eloquent, and instructive lecture, which was carried unanimously, by a rising vote; following which a series of expressions of gratitude was tendered to the Trustees of the Church, for their kindness, in allowing us to meet once a week, gratuitously, in their Church. To sum up the whole, the meeting was a pleasant one. The blessing of God has crowned and blest all our labors, and is still with us.

We have many of the ministers of the gospel, who are members of our Association; I think, eight in number; so you see, by a proper management, we are bound to thrive.

This is all I shall report in this letter. I hope this will find you in good health.

Yours truly,
A. W. WINNFIELD.

Washington, D. C., July 20th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder

WORKING FOR THE UNION. RIGHT WRONGS NO ONE.

MR EDITOR:—I am of the opinion, that persons who publicly denounce the conduct or doings of others, should, at least, think several times before they speak once.

I find in your last two papers, an effort being made to stir up, if possible, a feeling against Wm. H. Jones, for, as is charged, publishing in circular form, the conclusions at which the Union Convention arrived.

The following will, perhaps, be of interest to you.

First, I hold that any person under the circumstances, had a perfect right to publish the proceedings in any form, and sell and use the moneys derived from the sales there.

The circumstances are these: The Convention, or its Secretary, either published, or allowed to be published, in the Philadelphia Inquirer, the basis of union between the two connexions. Our people were buying the papers by hundreds; several parties bought them at two cents, and sold at five. I found the white man, editor of the Inquirer, as well as others, making money out of the doings of the Convention, and I concluded I had the same right. I therefore took the paper, bought out of my own funds, and from that paper in which the proceedings had been published, I had circulars struck of.

Again, in the Recorder, of the 9th inst., the circular is denounced, yet the same is printed in the said paper, and the reader urged to buy the Recorder, in order to get the circular, &c. So that I am unable to see why the editor of the Inquirer, and editor of the Recorder, and a number of others, have the unquestionable right to make money out of what the Convention allowed to be published, and Wm. H. Jones has no right to do so. If the committee be forestalled, it was by the publication of their doings in the Philadelphia newspapers. When these papers made the doings of the Convention public, any man who paid his money for a newspaper, the doings of the Convention, as published, becomes his personal property, and he may sell his property or give it away, just as he chooses, without violating any law.

Yours, &c.,
WM. H. JONES

It may be necessary to remark, that the love of money was not that which prompted us to get up those circulars, as we gave almost as many away as we sold. Our main object was to furnish the people with the desired information; and we doubt whether we shall realise from the sale, the amount we have spent in getting them up. But as we are for the union—if money is needed to affect it, we will give as much as any other poor man.

WM. H. JONES.

For the Christian Recorder.

WHY THE PRESENT GREAT SOUTHERN REBELLION HAS NOT BEEN LONG SINCE CRUSHED.

MR EDITOR:—This subject has impressed my mind so heavily, for a time, that I thought I would collect my thoughts somewhat upon it, and present them to the public, and then it will be seen whether there is anybody else who thinks as we do about the matter. The subject itself is momentous.

Mr. Editor, think but a moment, of the wonderful destruction of property, the great expenditures of money, and above all, the unaccountably great loss of human life, and the shedding of human blood. We think we are not mistaken as to the cause why this, the most wicked of all rebellions, goes so long uncrushed. We believe that the reason why it is so, is because it has not yet accomplished that which God, who permitted it, intends it to accomplish; for we believe He only, suffered its inauguration; that He, by it, might sweep slavery from the face of the earth, and entirely destroy it from among men. So we believe that God has the supreme control of this whole war; thus making slavery destroy itself, just as a drunken sot destroys himself by pouring into his own stomach that liquid fire, by which vitality itself is soon and certainly destroyed, and he, himself, brought to a premature grave.

Now, we all know that it is certainly true, that a man drinking himself to death, is, in ten thousand instances, the cause of the death of many others, yet, at the same time, he more certainly destroys himself. So we conceive it to be the case with slavery: it has destroyed myriads outside of itself, so to speak, and now we believe that God intends to make it destroy itself. We arrive at this conclusion upon the strictest principles of philosophy, and that is by reasoning from cause to effect.

Hence we see, and are satisfied, that the existence of American Slavery was the sole cause of the present great Southern rebellion; not that slavery itself is to blame for this rebellion: that certainly is not the case; for, so mean a thing as slavery is, it certainly is not guilty of this rebellion, no more than it is guilty of its own existence, of which we all know, it is not.

Then, if the existence of slavery were the cause of this great rebellion, and if the crushing of the rebellion prove to be the destruction of slavery, than it is as clear as a sunbeam, that slavery becomes its own destroyer. It is just like a man who fights in defence of his own life, and gets killed in the fight by fighting unto death. Moreover, we firmly believe that it is God's design, that both white and colored men shall assist in putting down this rebellion. This would seem clear, as slavery has greatly wounded, bruised, and maimed, both the white and colored man, and such has been the extent to which both have been injured, that nothing but the shedding of blood can redress the wrongs, and compensate the injuries sustained by the injured parties. To suppose that slavery, the accursed thing, could be abolished peacefully, and laid aside innocently, after having plundered cradles, separated husbands and wives, parents and children; and after having starved to death, worked to death, whipped to death, run to death, burned to death, lied to death, kicked and cuffed to death, and grieved to death; and, worst of all, after having made prostitutes of a majority of the best women of a whole nation of people, against their will, and ten thousand other life-long injuries, which are too tedious to mention, and of these, for more than two hundred years; and then to suppose that there is no more justice in God than to wink at these things, and pass them all by, unrebuked, and unpunished to the letter, would be the greatest ignorance under the sun; and certainly no one but the most stupid jackass that ever the earth produced, could be guilty of supposing such a thing

But, whenever the general government is educated up to the point, to see its great error in withholding from the colored man his rights, which are moral and God-given, and becomes perfectly willing to act according to its convictions on the subject, and places him before this nation, as God placed him on the earth, in point of privileges indiscriminately, then, and not until then, will this rebellion be crushed. Yes, just as soon as this is done, will this rebellion go down like a great mill-stone when cast upon the unfathomable ocean. And, oh! I am perfectly astonished at the blindness of this government:—its blindness is fatal to the very life of the nation; for while the government hesitates to perform its duty, the war must and will go on; and while the war goes on, men must be slain by hundreds and thousands, and millions; and what is the effect in the case! Why, this war is likely to be kept on hand, for the reasons above mentioned, until the white men of these United States, both North and South, shall have fallen in the field, by the sword, and by disease. And what is most frightfully astonishing, is that the government seems not to be able to see it. They are trying so to arrange matters, that the colored man shall not have his rights, and it will turn out just like the passage of the fugitive slave law, which did the colored man more real good than harm. So it will be in this case;—his rights he will have in spite of all creation; for the great God of the Universe has said it, and so it must be! I would say, then, to the general government, remove the stolen golden wedge, and Uncle Abe's Army will at once prevail.

T. STROTHER.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN HUNTER.

Camp 4th U. S. C. T.,
Before Petersburg, Va.,
July 12th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Again I write from this point, that you may know that we are not disturbed by the rebel raid into Maryland and your State; and, as we are confident that there is *strength, and, we hope, loyalty* sufficient, not only to repel the invasion, but to completely annihilate the rebel band of raiders, we conclude, all things considered, it is a very good movement on the part of Jeff., as we have no doubt but that our noble Commander-in-Chief intended to allow it, and had made the necessary arrangements to turn it to a good account long before the movement was known to the outside world, or, in other words, outside of high military circles.

I see, sir, that you have quite a number of correspondents in the army, who will, I suppose, keep you posted with reference to the doings of the army, and, in particular, our division of the Eighteenth Corps; therefore, it will be useless for me to reiterate what they write, or perhaps I shall make as great blunders as they do, and thereby render myself as ridiculous in the sight of all military men as they, or some of them have themselves, in speaking of the battle in front of Petersburg and the part the various regiments took, &c.

I think it would be well for such writers to remember that their productions are read by the very men who participated in the various engagements of which they speak. The papers are sent to the men whose sayings (or said-to-be sayings and doings) are recorded, and, I assure you, that they read, with no little disgust, the *various things that they are made to say* by those who would make them the heroes of their stories, as in the case of Sergeant Hatton, First United States Colored Troops, of whom it is said he thought himself dying, and said to me: "Chaplain, I am dying for my rights," &c. This, sir, was not the case; no such expression escaped his lips; and more, he never thought himself dying, but simply remarked to me, that he had received his wound in fighting for the elevation of his race, which is very different and far more noble and brave.

Again, Mr. Editor, it would be much better for those who write on military matters, to understand something more of military language before they attempt to use it. The idea of *embrasures being thrown up* across a road reminds me of the Irishman's notion of cannon making in America, which, he said, "was to build a hole in the ground, and pour lead around it." *But chaplains must write.* There are but few who are acquainted with military terms, and yet there are many who would like to be considered wise in language of this profession, and, therefore, make use of words, the meaning of which they are perfectly ignorant Indeed, many of them cannot tell the advance skirmish line from a line of flankers, an embrasure from a parapet, nor an abattis from a redout. In view of these facts, I hope that the letter-writers from this division of the Eighteenth Corps will inform themselves of the meaning of words before they allow them to appear in public print, and we will not be made to hide our faces in shame and confusion when men of intelligence peruse our organ

Yours, for truth and right,
W. W. HUNTER
Chaplain 4th U. S. C. T

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.

Morris Island, S. C., July 8, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—It is with pleasure that I write to you a few lines to inform you concerning the Thirty-second Regiment United States Colored Troops.

We left Camp William Penn April 23d, and embarked on board the steamship Continental, for the seat of war. We went down the river to Fort Delaware, and took on board two hundred and eighty prisoners (white,) of the Union Army, which made the ship very uncomfortable, making, in all, fifteen hundred souls on board, which crowded us so, that we had not enough room to lie down. During the passage, we lost one man overboard. He was sea sick, and was leaning over the side to rest up his accounts, and lost his balance.

We arrived at Sea Brook, eight miles up the creek, west of Hilton Head. There we were ordered to encamp. We staid there one week. We had nothing to eat but oysters and five hard tacks a day, that we picked up along the shore. As usual, after we had fixed our camp so nicely, orders came for us to strike tents and march, which was promptly executed. We marched back to Hilton Head, and took the steamer Cosmopolitan, and reported at Folly Island, and marched to Morris Island, where we are still in camp, near Fort Shaw. We are encamped on the old hospital ground, where they buried all their dead. We had to dig wells in the grave-yard, and drink the water off the putrid bodies, and it is killing our men.

The health of the men, in general, is as well as can be expected. We have lost ten men since our departure, and, among the brave hearts, was that of Jesse Dexter, the Quartermaster-Sergeant, who leaves a wife and child behind to mourn his loss.

The paymaster has made us a visit, and offered us seven dollars a month, which all of the men refused, except a few in the left wing, who sneaked up at night and signed the pay-roll; but the majority of the men would sooner stay their time out and do without the seven dollars. Our officers seem very much put out, and beg the men to take it. They said, that the next day we would get all that is coming to us, and said: "Boys, we think that you had better take the money." But we told them that it was a big thing on ice, but we could not see it; and, after the officers found out that the men would not take the seven dollars, they began to treat the men like dogs. The least thing that the men would do, they were bucked and gagged, and put on knap-sack-drill, and made to stand in the hot, broiling sun for four hours at a stretch; in consequence of which, a few of the men got sunstrack.

We have drills and dress-parades and battalion-drills, which none of our officers know anything about. When they are ordered by a command, they don't know how to do it. One night we went on picket duty. Every thing went on well all through the night, and in the morning, when the pickets were taken off, the rebels began to shell and cross-fire. Our brave officers sent the men on ahead, and they staid behind, because they were afraid of the rebels' shells; and, when they came down to camp, they were under arrest for their cowardice. The officer in command told them that they had not as much heart as their men had, and that the regiment would be better drilled if they had the officers to command them, but they had not an officer in the regiment that knew his business and knew how to do his duty, and that the regiment was hardly worth the rations that they drew. And there is our drum-corps, that we brought with us from Philadelphia. They have not got their uniforms yet, and they are the worst corps on the island. They are laughed and sneered at by all the other regiments. We know that it is not the fault of the drum-major. It is the fault of the commanding officers. The General says, that, if we were to go into the field with such officers as we now have, we would all get cut to pieces, and that there is no use of taking us into action until our officers have learned a little more.

Mr Editor, it looks hard that a party of men should treat colored men in this way. There is our gentlemanly doctor. He is a very nice man, indeed. He has not got any medicine fit to give the men. If they get very sick in their quarters the doctor will order them to be brought to the hospital, where they will not be more than twenty-four hours before they are dead. That is the way the men are served. Dr. White growls and snaps at the men as if they were dogs, and he says, if the men are not fit for duty, send them to him, and he will soon get them out of the way. And he does put them out of the way, for he says, it is no harm to kill a nigger.

When the regiment first encamped here, we were treated more like soldiers; but as soon as we refused to take seven dollars a month, they commenced to treat us like dogs. Before the Paymaster came around, there was not anything like bucking and gagging; but as soon as we refused to take the pay, they commenced. They even bucked and gagged a boy because he happened to not have the seat of his pants sewed up on inspection. It was impossible for him to sew them up, as he had no money to buy a needle and thread with.

Now, Mr Editor, don't you think this is bad treatment for a Pennsylvania regiment to get? I think it is ridiculous and a shame before God and men. There was not a camp that left Camp William Penn with such a set of officers as the Thirty-second United States Colored Troops. Look at the Forty-third Regiment United States Colored Troops, which was raised after we were. They have been brigaded, and are now acting as rear guard over the baggage-train of the Army of the Potomac, whilst we are not fit for any thing but to do all of the picket duty and drudgery work on the island; and we don't get our rations as we ought to. All the rations that are condemned by the white troops are sent to our regiment. You ought to see the hard tack that we have to eat. They are mouldy and musty and full of worms, and not fit for a dog to eat, and the rice and beans and peas are musty and the salt horse (the salt beef, I mean) is so salt, that, after it is cooked, we can't eat it. Some days the men are sent on fatigue in the hot sun, and when they come home to dinner, there is nothing to eat but rotten hard tack and fat coffee, without sugar in it.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this is not killing men, I don't know what is. There is one thing that I had almost forgotten. It is concerning the sergeant-major of the regiment. He made his boasts and went around bragging to the men in camp, that he would not take seven dollars a month; and, before he would take it, he would stay out his three years and do without it, and he hoped that no man in the regiment would take it. But when the paymaster came, he changed his tune, and signed his name to the pay-roll, and took the seven dollars. The next day he looked like a man that had done some great deed. Only look at it, he holding the highest non-commissioned office that a colored man can hold. We would not think so hard of it if he had been a private. He is one of your Philadelphia sports, and bears the title of Sergeant-Major George W. Clemens.

Please insert this in the Christian Recorder, so that it will be seen. Please to rectify all mistakes, and send several copies to the Thirty-second Regiment U. S. C. T.

No more at present. B. W.
32d Reg. U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Camp near Manassas Junction,
3d ultimo, 1864.

DEAR RECORDER:—I think it is now about time that I should again be letting you and the folks know the present whereabouts of the 43d Regiment.

We are now encamped at a very pleasant place in Virginia, between Manassas Junction and Brandy Station. We have been moving considerably since I last wrote to you. We were then lying at Annapolis, Maryland. We left there on the 23d of April, on Saturday. We were delayed a considerable length of time in starting, as there was a large division. It took a long time for us all to get finally under way. Well, we marched all day on Saturday, and also on the Sabbath, (how different that Sabbath to some we have formerly spent!) and on Monday evening we arrived at Alexandria, Va. How horrible it must have been to the rebels that their "sacred soil" should have been polluted by the footsteps of colored Union soldiers! We lay at Alexandria all day on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning we commenced the march farther into the interior. On Wednesday evening we reached that historic village named Fairfax Court House. The inhabitants, what few there were, looked at us with astonishment, as if we were some great monsters risen up out of the ground. They looked bewildered, yet it seemed to be too true and apparent to them that they really beheld nearly 10,000 colored soldiers filing by, armed to the teeth, with bayonets bristling in the sun—and I tell you our boys seemed to fully appreciate the importance of marching through a secesh town. On, on we came, regiment after regiment, pouring in, as it seemed to their bewildered optics, by countless thousands—with colors flying and the bands playing; and, without intending any disparagement to other regiments, I must say that the 43d looked truly grand, with the soldierly and imposing forms of our noble and generous Colonel (HALL) and Adjutant C. BRIEN riding at the head.

The next day, being Thursday, we crossed the memorable stream known as Bull Run. It had been raining considerably, and the stream was swollen, so that the men were obliged to roll their pants up to their knees in order to cross it, which they did amidst great shouting and cheering from the men.

On the same day we passed by the famous town of Centreville, which comprises some eight or ten houses, surrounded by fortifications. This is the spot where the gallant (though unjustly abused) McDOWELL, sword in hand, vainly endeavored to check the progress of his panic-stricken and flying army at the time of the first Bull Run fight.

Next day we arrived at the place where I am now writing from. It is a very pleasant grove. We are doing guard duty here on a railroad, the older veterans having been sent to the front on the same day that we arrived to take their place. So you will now see that we have performed considerable marching for a new regiment, and one that was hardly formed. But the boys bore up with great perseverance and fortitude under the task.

We have been regularly detailed for picket duty both day and night since we came here. The boys halt a man very quick, and if he does not answer as quick, he gets a ball sent through him.

Now, Mr. Editor, I herewith enclose two dollars, and you will, if you please, send me the Recorder, and I shall endeavor to do all I can for you.

Direct to John C. Brock, Commissary Sergt., 43d Regt. U. S. C. T., fourth Div., 9th Army Corps, Washington, D. C., and they will be forwarded to me.

I am getting along remarkably well at the present time.

JOHN C. BROCK,
Commissary Sergt. 43d Regt.

For the Christian Recorder.

LINES ON VISITING MY MOTHER'S GRAVE, IN WASHINGTON CITY.*

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last
Those lips are thine, thy own sweet smile, I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else distinct they say—
Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away.
The meek intelligence of those clear eyes,
Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim,
Here, shines on me still, the same
Faithful remembrance of one so dear.
My mother! Thou art lying in the cold grave;
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy weeping son,
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun,
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah! that maternal smile; it answers—yes.
I heard the bell toll on the burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my mother's grave, I drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
But was it such? It was! Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells, all are sounds unknown.
May I but meet thee, (and my sister,) on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more.
Good-bye, mother! Good-bye, sister!

J. H. TUERTS.

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*COWPER.

For the Christian Recorder

OBITUARY.

MR. EDITOR:—Death has visited our little Zion again. Only a few weeks ago, we were called upon to mourn the loss of one of our oldest and best members. On the 17th of July, he entered again, and deprived us of another father in Israel.

Edward Handy is no more; he departed this life on the date above mentioned, at his late residence, Hudson St., New Haven, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Father Handy was a native of Maryland. Over 26 years ago, he received his connection with the Ebenezer Church, in Baltimore, and emigrated to the West Indies. After spending seven years there, he returned to this country, and settled in this city.

At the formation of the A. M. E. Church, he was one of the first to join; and from that day, until the day of his death, he remained a firm Christian, laboring for the Church of Christ.

He has filled the office of a trustee for over 18 years; has filled the office of preacher's steward for the last 12 years, during which time none of the church books present a single charge or complaint against him. He lived above reproach, and was beloved by all that knew him.

At one time this society went down; the church was lost; Brother Handy went to work with a few others, and started it again. The result of their labors is plainly seen, in the erection of our present house of worship. He loved the church; he gloried only in the cross of Christ. Thus, after fighting faithfully for over 30 years, in the holy war, he yielded up his spirit to God. After an illness of only three hours, he passed over in the triumphs of faith. The last words he said, were: "I feel like dying in the army of the Lord."

In his death, the church has lost one of its most pious and best members.

His house was always open for the reception of the poor travelling preachers.

He leaves, to mourn his loss, an affectionate wife, two children, and a host of friends, colored and white.

He was carried from the A. M. E. Bethel Church, on the 18th inst., and was followed to the grave by a large procession.

In his death, the church has sustained a loss which she cannot replace.

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below,
Go! by angel's guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

W. W. G.

New Haven, Ct., July 20th, 1864.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 30, 1864.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Trenton, N. J.	
H. Potter, for advertisement,	50
Zanesville, Ohio.	
George Brion, per Rev. J. Tibbs,	$2 25
Wesley Gassaway, " "	2 25
William Henry, " "	1 15
New Haven, Conn.	
Rev. W. W. Grimes,	1 20
Pittsburgh, Pa.	
Rev. S. Watts, for Minutes,	5 50
Burlington, N. J	
A. Potter,	50
Boston, Mass.	
Rev. Wm. Johnson,	50
Penningtonville, Pa.	
Rev. J. V. Pierce, per B. Thomas,	1 10
Parkesburgh, Pa.	
Benjamin Thomas,	1 15
Swedesboro', N. J.	
H. W. Stewart,	2 25
Norfolk, Va.	
John A. James,	2 25
Concordville, Pa.	
Samuel N. Davis,	1 25
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,	2 00
Hazlettville, Del.	
Stephen Gibbs,	2 50
Cairo, Ill.	
J. W. Stewart,	1 00
Albany, Ohio.	
Mrs. Mary Tusk,	2 25
Canonsburgh, Pa.	
A. R. Henderson, per Rev. S. T. Jones,	2 25
West Chester, Pa.	
Joseph Lewis,	1 15
Joseph B. Pierce,	1 15
Miss C. Smith,	1 15
Miss E. A. Chenicks,	1 15
Philadelphia, Pa.	
N. H. Gordon,	2 25
Centralia, Ill.	
John J. Bird,	1 75
San Francisco, Cal.	
Wm. H. Brown,	2 00
Georgetown, D. C.	
Per Rev. J. J. Herbert, John Cornell,	2 25
Rahway, N. J.	
Wm. H. Ross,	1 15

BETHEL QUARTERLY MEETING.

Last Sabbath, under the charge of Rev. Wm. Moore, Bethel Quarterly Meeting was held. General Class on Friday night previous to the Quarterly Meeting. We had a very good time. Elder Moore laid down the rule of Methodism, and desired his people all to be Methodists. All who are Methodists and true friends of the church seemed to endorse what he said. There was good preaching during the day on Sabbath.

On Monday night Love Feast was held. You, my readers, may imagine the good times on the occasion. We hope that Elder Moore will raise the standard of the Recorder much higher than it has ever been before in Bethel church.

BOOK NOTICE.

It is a source of gratification to us to bring before the minds of our readers the life and history of an old member of Bethel A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, by the name and title of, "Mrs. Hannah Carson." It is a beautiful little book, got up in a very neat style, and contains some 56 pages. We have taken pains to read it through, and we must say, that it has been written with a great deal of care and pains. There is no mistake about that, and it reflects much credit upon the young man who wrote the "Life of Mrs. Carson."

This little book has, in its Preface, a likeness of Mrs. Carson, and those who have seen her would recognise her at once in the picture.

The young man who wrote this book possesses no little acquired ability, and is probably one of the best book-keepers in the city of Philadelphia. We first became acquainted with him at a wholesale and retail book store in said city. He took, we think, a great interest in Mrs. Carson during her illness, in providing sustenance for her. His name will not be given to the public just now, but may be in the future.

The book can be had at our book store for 50 cents per copy; also at the Protestant Episcopal Book Society, 1224 Chestnut Street. Now, who will give us a call and make a purchase?

CHURCH BURNED DOWN IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Our readers will notice the appeal of Dr. Revels and the Trustees of his church for aid to rebuild. We are sorry to hear of that church having been burned down, for which we labored so hard until it was completed and dedicated to Almighty God.

REV. W. H. JONES, OF CANADA.

We give place to Rev. W. H. Jones' letter of this week. Mr. Jones endeavors to justify himself, and asserts, that, as soon as he learns that a book would be ready for sale in a few months, he (a foreigner) is at liberty to forestall the author by getting out a copy of the same from newspapers and selling them as the true, authoritative copies. Bro. Jones, you know better than that. You also, in your article, accuse us of assailing you twice, through the Recorder, on the subject, which is another mistake; but it may stand so.

LINIMENT—SURE CURE.

Mrs. Harriet Ann Lee is Agent for a Liniment, an advertisement of which may be found in another column of our paper. It is highly recommended as a sure cure for head-ache, rheumatism, &c.

ALL PERSONS WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER,

Can have it to the 1st of January, 1865, for one dollar and fifteen cents.

WEST CHESTER TWO-DAYS' MEETING LAST SABBATH.

We were out to brother Laws' Two days Meeting last Sabbath, and they had a good time. The people were there from all the adjacent towns on the circuit.

They had Love Feast in the morning, and a Love Feast it was, and will long be remembered. We preached at eleven o'clock, and consecrated and administered the elements of the Lord's Supper; after which we baptized one young lady and nine children.

At three o'clock the Rev Edward Laws, the preacher in charge, preached. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. A good feeling prevailed throughout the entire meeting.

In the evening they desired us to talk again, but we preferred hearing brother Wilson, a local preacher, as we had never heard him before. He consented. After which, we closed with an exhortation.

The people on the West Chester Circuit love to go to church. We laid the claims of the Book Concern and paper before them, and succeeded in getting several subscribers, whose names may be found in the Acknowledgments, in another column.

THE COLORED MEN IN THIS STATE HAVE BEEN LOYAL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

When we remember the position that our colored fellow-citizens took, at the outbreak of the present rebellion, in regard to the Union of the Government, which was loyal, in every sense of the word, and the treatment which they have received, we are at a loss to know what encouragement they have had to continue their loyalty. We were told that this was the white men's war, and not the black man's.

The colored men of Philadelphia, and, indeed, of the whole State, offered themselves, in large numbers, as volunteers, to assist the Government in restoring peace, and in putting down the rebellion. They were rejected upon every hand. But this was not all. Many of the negro haters were found pouncing on us and creating mobs in various portions of our country. New York, Buffalo, Cincinnati and other places have been famous for mobbing our colored people. All this we had to encounter, and yet we have stood firmly and unfalteringly to the Government, notwithstanding the war was for the white man, and not for the colored man.

After awhile the great battle at Bull Run came off. The citizens of Washington and elsewhere were panic-stricken. God suffered a few more similar defeats. Old Massachusetts, through her great and powerful hand, Governor Andrews, knowing that there was nothing in the Constitution to prohibit the enlistment of colored men, set about the work, and raised a very fine regiment, called the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. The good old Governor extended his fraternal invitation to the colored people in other States, of which many of them in the different States accepted.

It is a notorious fact, that the white soldiers, as a general thing, were opposed to the colored soldiers, and many of them would have shot a colored soldier down as soon as they would a bear or a wolf. We ask, in the name of Heaven, what encouragement had they? It is true, the colored people had Massachusetts in their favor. But it is not so in the great State of Pennsylvania. In this State it appears, that not only the laws are against us, but the negro-haters are insulting and oppressive.

At length the Government made a call for colored men, and soon most of the States were active in raising colored regiments. White men saw money in it, and thus the State was full of them, claiming to be the agents of the Government to enlist colored soldiers. Philadelphia and the entire State were awake to the interests of the country. Great promises and inducements were held out to the colored men, &c. Thus things went on. When the rebel General Lee made a raid into Pennsylvania, and completely paralyzed nearly all the loyal citizens, the colored people were the first to arrive at Harrisburg with a company of one hundred men, in defence of the State. These are facts in the premises. But they were not accepted, and returned home again. Our friends, Mr. Cato, Jr., and Mr J. C. White, Jr., of our city, were active in that direction.

Notwithstanding all this, the colored people stood firm and loyal to the Government, and when it made the call, Pennsylvania responded, notwithstanding the black, infernal laws of the State, which deprive every colored man of his God given rights. None but the true and unfaltering friend of his country would have ever stood such treatment. None but men who are truly loyal to the Government, and who do not want to put their hands deep down into the pockets of Uncle Sam, and allow the rebels to gain advantage over the Union Army, would or ever could have stood such treatment, except the Christian like colored people; but they would long since have taken revenge, either in person or property. But such is their sense of propriety and their reverence and esteem for the God of nations, who declares Himself the God of the oppressed, and assures them that He will be with them and bring them out more than conquerors.

The colored people in the State, and especially here in the City of Brotherly Love (Philadelphia,) have sent more colored regiments than any other State North, and yet her laws are more cruel, inhuman and ungodly, perhaps, than any one of the others. The colored people of Philadelphia have always responded to the call of the Governor, in some way or other.

Notwithstanding all that they have done for the City of Brotherly Love, the State and the Government, not a single effort, to our knowledge, was made last winter in the Pennsylvania Legislature to remove any of the Black Laws from the statute-book. Even Governor Curtin, with all his boasted loyalty, never as much as intimated, in his Message, the propriety of the Legislature taking some steps, since the Government had called for colored men, by which the odious laws, which stood in the way of colored people, should be repealed.

Does any one with an intelligent mind believe, for a moment, that these things all pass over unnoticed by the colored people? Not a bit of it.

The Philadelphia City Railway Companies exclude the colored people from their cars. We do not believe that their charters warrant them in excluding any body. We are afraid that the companies will be looked upon as having no souls.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING OF COLORED PERSONS IN SANSOM ST. HALL.

The call for a Mass-meeting of colored persons to take action in reference to their exclusion from the city passenger railways, met with the hearty approbation of our colored citizens, and on last Tuesday evening the Sansom St. Hall was filled with some of Philadelphia's best sons and daughters.

After an impressive prayer, by Rev. A. L. Stanford, the following officers were chosen:—President, J. C. Bowers; Vice-Presidents, James Needham, Rev'd, Elisha Weaver, A. L. Stanford, J. B. Reeve, J. P. Trusty, S. Smith, Messrs T. J. Bowers, J C Bustill, G. W. Goines, W. H. Riley, F. Turner. Secretaries, J. C. White, Jr., Chas Celly, J. W. Simpson, and John Wolf, of Harrisburg.

The President made some remarks, explanatory of the object of the call. He said all colored persons were allowed to ride in the cars in Boston, New York, New Orleans, and Pittsburgh, while Philadelphia, the city of "brotherly love," compelled her colored citizens either to walk or stand on the front platform. He related the cases of Rev. Mr. Alston, Mrs.——, the matron of the West Philadelphia Orphan's Home, and Capt. Robert Small, all of which are too well known to be repeated. Said Mr. Bowers: "So much prejudice exists in the North, that there is no wonder the Federal arms are not successful at the South. (Loud applause.) Even old women, whose sons are at Camp Wm. Penn, are obliged to ride on the front platform. (Cries of shame.) The first company that left Philadelphia to protect the Capitol, during the invasion last Summer, was a company composed of the flower of the colored youth of this city; and from the treatment received at Harrisburg: being obliged to sleep on the wet ground, one of the most promising youths of color, in this city, has since found an early grave. Pennsylvania has sent more men of color to the field than any other State, and yet her black citizens receive less justice."

After his remarks, it was resolved that the Chairman appoint two Committees of three each; one to present resolutions relative to the Car Question, and the other, on the state of the country.

The Chairman announced said Committees as follows:—

On the first, Rev. J. C. Gibbs, J. C. White, Jr., J. C. Bustill; on the second, D. D. Turner, St. Geo. R. Taylor, Jas. McCrummill.

The following resolutions were read by Rev. J. C. Gibbs:

Whereas, We, the colored citizens of this Commonwealth, are unjustly excluded from the City Passenger Railway Cars, subjecting us to great loss and inconvenience, while our property is taxed, and we are made to bear the same burdens for the city as others; and,

Whereas, We have, and now are, responding earnestly to the call of the general Government for soldiers, and our loyalty is beyond question, no class bearing more of the hardships and horrors of this war than ourselves, we regard, with cruelty, the apathy and indifference of our white citizens, in whose intelligence, morality, and love of justice, we have steadily appealed to for years, to correct this outrage upon our manhood, and common sense, having been repulsed by the Board of Presidents, and derided by our Courts of law.

A committee on the car question being appointed, they offered a preamble with the following resolutions annexed:

Resolved, That they will employ all just and lawful means to agitate the public mind, that a righteous public sentiment may exist on this subject.

Resolved, That the League formed by the colored people of this city, is hereby recommended to raise a distinct fund to agitate the subject by the press and other means consistent with the duty of orderly citizens.

Resolved, That we do now and here in this meeting assembled, appeal to Christian Churches of this city, of every denomination, to exert their influence that this wicked proscription may cease.

Resolved, That in the sight of the present national struggle, no more shameful sight can be presented to an intelligent, sensitive mind, than that of respectable females standing upon the platform of empty cars, with sons, husbands, and brothers beside them in United States uniform, ready to defend the rights and property of those railway corporations which treat them thus indignantly and demand full fare.

Resolved, That we recognise with pleasure the consistency of the Union League, of New York, in using influence and appointing counsel to defend the loyal people of color from just such outrages as we continually suffer in this city.

Resolved, That the white citizens of this country are at this moment arraigned at the bar of retributive justice for their inhumanity to the people of color, and there is no logical hope in the mind of any sane man that this trial will close until justice is done to our outraged people.

Rev. Jonathan Gibbs made a short address in support of the resolutions, which were frequently applauded.

The preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The Committee on the State of the Country reported a preamble with a long series of resolutions, which gave expression of great loyalty towards the National Government. Mr. A. Green made a stirring speech favoring the resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

The following resolutions were also adopted:

Resolved, That it is difficult to understand how any board of directors of city passenger cars, who are selected to secure the pecuniary interest of stockholders, can afford to make rules to ignore the presence of 25,000 inhabitants of the city through which they pass.

Resolved, That we will hail with pleasure any rule that peremptorily excludes from seats in the cars, all persons on account of uncleanliness of person or other repulsive habits, without regard to complexional classification.

After the reading of the resolutions, Rev. Gibbs followed in a stirring appeal, and his speech was received with marked attention and applause.

His drift was to show that law is for the protection of its citizens, irrespective of color: that this law is greatly influenced by public opinion: that when any law is grievous, it must be shaken off, and the way to do so, is to set public opinion right on every point pertaining to the same.

We quote a few of his remarks: "If public opinion were right in regard to the colored people of this community, there would be no need for a meeting of this kind: If it had been correct 80 years ago, there would be no cause for war in the land. But we do not come to beg them to correct their errors of opinion; we come to demand them to do so." (Applause.) Referring to cases of colored men being attacked by white rowdies, he said: "Any men who attack black men, are always cowards."

After a few more remarks, the speaker took his seat amid prolonged applause.

The resolutions were then received and adopted; after which a collection was taken up, the audience, in the meanwhile, singing the "old John Brown song" with much spirit.

The report of the second Committee was read. It treated of the state of the country in general, and the condition of the colored men in this country.

During the reading, the whole audience sat in perfect attention.

Prof. A. M. Green was next called for, and followed in a long and interesting speech. We give one extract:

"No rushing to the standard of the Union and Liberty, entitles the kindred of these men to the respect of the Northern people, whose interests they serve. The raising of more than seven regiments of colored troops in this immediate vicinity, to say nothing of the hundreds sent to other States before her own would tolerate "the nuisance," thus raising the number to 10,000 brave and patriotic men, of unquestionable devotion to the administration and Government, has not even removed from us the bar of disqualification, so that we can ride in the passenger railway cars of this city."

He read an extract from the editorial column of the *Press*, which bears so heavily upon the great question at issue, that we give it:

"The decision of minor questions can never end the greater difference. In the beginning of the war, slavery and rebellion were almost synonymous terms, and every blow dealt at the one fell heavily upon the other. All the anti-slavery measures of the Government were intended to weaken the rebellion, and were justified by their effect upon it. That they have had terrible effect is evident. Whole States wherein slavery seemed to be an indestructible power have been rid of it. The social system of the South has been literally revolutionized in three years. Thus, as the end of the war approaches, slavery and rebellion are terms no longer identical. It was in the slave-system and for its protection and extension that the rebellion originated. This, unquestionably, is true, but it is no less the truth that treason no longer needs this inspiration, but is self-sustaining, and finds sufficient motive for perseverance in the pride of its own achievements and the consciousness of its strength. JEFFERSON DAVIS spoke more truly than perhaps he knew, when he said that he was not fighting for slavery, but for independence. Every day adds to the evidence that it is no longer the existence of slavery that the war is to determine, but the existence of the Union. There is no longer a slave-power in America; there is a power of rebellion."

Several times during his remarks, he was most vigorously cheered.

Mr. Robt. Hamilton, editor of the *Anglo-African*, of New York, was loudly called for. He came forward and gave a report of his mission in Washington, &c.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the resolutions of the second Committee were received and adopted, when the audience adjourned, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Thus ended one of the most happy gatherings of colored people, we have seen for many days. Of its results we may speak hereafter.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

Time's Revealings—Local Movements—Education—Close of Schools—The Convention—The Duty of the Hour—Advancement—Soldiers' Wants and Demands.

MR. EDITOR:—Passing amid the whirl of events to discover what the revealings of time may be, as specially indicated by Providence, my eye ranges over the fields of human progress—scanning beyond the rolling billows of the Atlantic. A mighty struggle presents itself to my view: the crowned heads are in council assembled, striving to fix the boundaries of human progress, setting limits to the aspirations of the upheaving millions of Europe, who have been baptized in the spirit of liberty, and fired by the eloquence of Mazzini, Kossuth and Garibaldi, who have long been waiting for the happy dawn of freedom's day. Germany, old, hardy Germany, whose cradles have rocked such children as Humboldt, Liebig, Olbers and Hahnemann, has awoke to maintain her liberty against the usurpers of men's rights, and German and Dane meet in conflict. These mighty marshellings of the citizens beyond the sea is but the echo of the mighty march of liberty on this continent. Slavery is an enemy to man—hence an enemy to God.

This great movement of the masses is but the mustering host of God's army, which he has called to execute his laws and chastise his enemies.

We stand amazed at this cruel war which is sweeping over our land, but if we will comprehend the signs of the times, we will see the causes of this bloodshed. This nation has been accessory to all the crimes of the slaveholders. It has assisted in binding the fetters of the oppressed, and, while their cries have ascended to Heaven, they have stood by, and spoken no words of pity or remonstrance in behalf of the wronged slave, and now that "judgment is laid to the line, and justice to the plummet," they must pay an equivalent in their sons' blood as a ransom for all the sons of Afric's race, whose bones whiten the fields, and whose flesh enriches the soil of the South. Time will still unfold scenes more terrible than has been realized by this nation, unless they speedily let every slave go free, and then acknowledge the manhood of the race. Give them the rights which belong to them in common with all other people in this country. To this they shall yet come. The colored soldier will yet be regarded as a man and as a citizen, beyond a single doubt.

Turning from these reflections, we notice the local movements in our cities. As the first of August approaches, great preparations are being made to celebrate the events of the nineteenth century.

The churches and schools are to meet in Lefferts's Park, where Rev. Sella Martin will deliver the oration. Rev. S. T Jones, of Zion church, Wilber G. Strong, of N. J., and others, will deliver addresses.

It is expected to be one of the grandest affairs of the season. The union of the churches in this matter warrants the hope that the young people, as well as the old, who wish to spend a pleasant day in the grove, will find all there that the heart can wish for; and the lovers of eloquence will listen to such appeals as will stir their patriotism.

The education of the young still claims the attention of all classes. The majority of the schools have closed, but there are several private ones in progress. The National Convention is beginning to attract some attention. No period in the history of our race demanded more thought and careful consideration. If the noble men whose names are appended to the call will carefully consider all the interests now within their reach, and inaugurate a practical system to effect the development of the race in all that which tends to their aggrandizement; then let them mature their plans before they come to the Convention; let them and all who have an interest in this movement come with a basis of operation, and, instead of debating as to what shall be done first, let the plans be so matured that they can at once introduce them and discuss their practicability, and the best methods of carrying them into successful operation. We must have some basis to present to the great masses, because they are to be benefited by the measures which are to be adopted.

The duty of the hour is clear. We are to move out of the old routine, and take a stride forward. 'And what do we want? First, just now, as a people, we want homes more than any thing else. We want to be owners of lands, houses and stocks. I am inclined to think we *want these things more than political rights!* The proper exercise of these depend much on our interest in lands and the appliances of civilized life. Our votes, our choice of men, our appreciation of the laws, our regard for our social relations, the rearing of our children, all depend much upon the circumstances which surround us. Therefore, we want the circumstances so changed that we will FEEL that our social relations being exalted by our possessions, which is the foundation on which our civilization rests, we will then feel the high responsibilities in the performance of our political rights. We must then be a power in the commercial and agricultural affairs of our country. We must possess that which our neighbors want—that which they are willing to exchange their goods for. We must be equal to others in possessions and intelligence, so that there will be a mutual dependence and independence on both sides. Then each will respect the other. We cannot expect this in the large cities of the North, because our poverty and ignorance of commercial relations disqualify us to enter into the contest with any hope of success.

But we can go to the rural districts, with a small capital, and purchase lands of the Government, and become industrious farmers, mechanics and small tradesmen, and there gradually rise to importance and position in the community, and becoming endowed with wealth and education, thus gradually rise into respect and esteem as good citizens.

While we are preparing our children to assume those higher duties of merchants and all other appliances of a rising and flourishing people, let the Convention devise measures and form a combination which will look to making money, getting rich, being educated, settling colonies in the South and South-west, removing the masses from the cities, where they are now living in garrets and cellars, to fine arable farms, where home will be what it should be, and their children reared in industry and cleanliness, where they may feel that they are entitled to the same degree of respect and consideration as others surrounding them.

Our brave colored soldiers must not be forgotten. They must be encouraged and assisted by all the means in the power of their grateful kinsmen. The wrongs and privations which they are compelled to undergo must be held up to the gaze of the public eye. All Christendom must know that their bravery has been rewarded by the paltry and miserable pittance of seven dollars per month, while their families have been left to suffer.

General Banks' system of serfdom must be lifted and held up to the gaze and scorn of the nobler portion of mankind. The murdering of colored soldiers by those vile miscreants called officers in the United States service must be uncovered and exposed to universal execration. We must now appeal to the Government and to Abraham Lincoln to do justice to our soldiers and to our race generally. We must prepare our people for the election of a President. Thousands of votes are to be cast by black men, and they must be instructed how to proceed—how to vote and who to vote for. They must be posted. We must form Union Freedom Leagues throughout the country, and agitate these questions, so that our people shall become thoroughly conversant on all matters pertaining to Government dispositions, and with the various policies pursued by the parties in and out of power according to their relation bearing.

We shall always keep a strict eye on the policy of the President—and if he consults Kentucky or Geo N Sanders as to the detention of hundreds of thousands of our brothers in slavery, for Union and peace at any price, then shall we try and roll up a hundred thousand votes for that candidate who will give the down-trodden and oppressed sons of Africa their unconditional freedom, and who shall bequeath to all rebels and traitors to their country and their God a common heritage of death.

Yours, JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

A WHOLESOME CORRECTION.

Camden, July 23, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I sent a communication to your office for publication, dated July 3d, the substance of which was intended as a refutation of an article that appeared in your issue of the 2d inst., over the signature of "West Jersey." The said communication not appearing, I therefore pen *this* as a substitute, hoping that it may find a place in your columns.

It is not the fact that only twenty persons of color contributed to the Sanitary Fair, as stated by "West Jersey." Neither does his list of names comprise all the names of those that contributed. It may contain the names of those from whom he received donations, but his article does not confine itself to such. There was a committee of white gentlemen, who collected a goodly sum of money from the colored people; yet I am satisfied that if the proper course had been taken, a great deal more could have been done. I know not whether "West Jersey" held a sub commission or not. If he did, he did not let it be generally known. But I am inclined to think that he did. If so, it was his duty to gather the people together and lecture them upon the importance of their rallying to the standard, knowing that there were so many of our colored brethren in the army from this section of the country, and not go to a few personal friends, collect a few dollars, and then hold them up as the salt of the earth. This course, as adopted by "West Jersey," was not satisfactory to those who did equally as well as those whose names he published, though done independent of his solicitations.

It seems to me that we are sadly in want of that spirit of charity that Moses endeavored to inculcate in the minds of the children of Israel while they were yet in Egypt—"Strive not with one another, seeing that ye are brethren." We should seek to obtain that wisdom which characterized Julius Cæsar, who had learned prudence from the danger of his situation, and tacitly courted popularity, without that show of enterprise which gives alarm to a rival. Seeing, therefore, that our people are so much divided, religiously and politically, the leading men should stand like Cæsar when Pompey and Crassus contended for the command of the Roman Republic: he stood between the two and showed the reach of talent by reconciling them, and thus acquiring the friendship of both. The Roman spirit of plebeianism and patricianism seems to be ripe among us. Have we no Cæsar to stand between those rivals, who has learned prudence by the danger of our situation, and shows the reach of his talent by reconciling these troubled and contending spirits?

The present time is propitious for the exhibition of profound talent—and if we fail now to develope that capacity of mind and determined spirit that characterizes other nations that labored under similar disadvantages as those under which we now labor, we are irrevocably doomed. Than let us lay aside this ambition for a name. Let principle be our motto, and that after which we seek. Let us prove to the world that we are men, not by going to Washington eulogizing an Administration that has not thought it incumbent upon it to treat those of our race who have left comfortable homes and loving families to rally to the defence of their imperilled country, like men. These are not the kind of spirits that we want: we want a Carthaginian spirit—such a one as taught them to swear eternal hatred to the Romans, their foes—such as Hannibal possessed when he led his army of 26,000 men across the trackless Alps, met his enemy in Italy, and there defeated him at Trebia and Lake Thrasymenes; the spirit of a L'Overture or a Joseph Cinque: these are the spirits we want in our day, and not that spirit of truckling that leads men to become petitioners for the sake of a name—men who will stop their ears to the cries of an outraged people, such cries as those that come up like smoke from Elijah's altar, through the columns of your paper, weekly from the army at the South, and go to Washington to eulogize an Administration which is the author of these outrages. Let us lay aside all foolishness and weakness, and, like men, feel each other's wrongs. We have the numbers—all we want is the will to make us equal to the demand of the times. We have a number greater than that which crowded the historic gates of Athens, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon—greater than Sparta contained when she ruled over Greece with an iron hand, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields and armor on.

THOMAS L. BROWN.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM MARRAWTOWN.

DEAR RECORDER:—Having a few leisure moments, I thought I could not spend them more profitably than by penning you a few lines.

When I think of our poor soldiers, who have sacrificed all the comforts of life, and given the parting hand to loved ones, and even offered their lives, if need be, in defence of their country, without receiving equal pay with the white man, I feel sorry, indeed, for them. Just think of the Paymaster offering men, who are soldiers in every sense of the word, the pitiful sum of seven dollars per month. Shame to this boasted Republic, refusing to pay men what is just and right, for no other reason than that they are colored men. Their bravery is no longer a question of doubt. It has long since been tested in numerous instances. I cannot see what right any one had to doubt the colored men's bravery; for, if there is a man under the sun of heaven who realizes what he is bearing arms for, it is the colored man. He was not actuated by the mighty moral issues. It was something higher than that. It was this: the freedom and elevation of his down-trodden and oppressed race.

Soldiers, let me beseech you, by all the ties that bind you to your country, never to take seven dollars per month. If, after this Republic has boasted to other nations of her independence, she cannot afford to pay you but the narrow-hearted, pitiful little sum of seven dollars a month, you can well afford to fight awhile longer for nothing, although it is discouraging to think of men, who have been in the United States service for eighteen months, without receiving one cent of pay. Sometimes it appears to me, that we, as a race of people, will have to toil on through this life, and hope only in the life to come for justice. But again I am encouraged when I read of the glorious achievements of our brave soldiers. The 15th of June, 1864, will long be remembered. It is true, many a brave soldier fell, to rise no more.

Soldiers, remember, you are not fighting to restore the Government to what it was; but you are fighting to make it what it should be. Then let each and every one take courage; for I fancy I see a glorious and unclouded future for the colored race.

Yours, for the cause of freedom and the elevation of my race, LIZZIE HART.

For the Christian Recorder.

WE APPEAL TO YOU.

On the morning of the 9th of July, the African Methodist Church, in Indianapolis, was burned to the ground. It was the work of an incendiary—one, no doubt, of those who teach that negroes are fit only for slaves—that they cannot be elevated, morally or socially, and that, if they try, they shall not succeed. This house, some fifty by sixty feet in size, and well finished, had been fitted up chiefly by the repeated small contributions of colored people. It was a monument to their industry and taste. It had been insured, but the day set apart for taking up the money to renew the insurance, was devoted to taking a contribution for the relief of the freedmen. It is in ashes. Many of the former most faithful and liberal of the members of the congregation, are in the army. The congregation is yet large—larger than ever, but it is composed chiefly of women and refugees from bondage, who have not yet accumulated enough to enable them to assist greatly in putting up such a house as they need immediately. These are the facts—this our case. Under the sanctions of our Holy Religion—our common Christianity, we appeal to you for aid. You may not be of us. The Good Samaritan befriended the suffering Jew, and the Lord commended him for it. If ye would that others should help you, "do ye even so to them." "As ye have opportunity, do good to all men"—here is an opportunity. "Let them that are rich, in this world distribute, * * that they may lay hold on eternal life." We are a poor people. Our Bible teaches you that he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord. We ask you to lend as liberally as possible, remembering that he who soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully; and finally, let us ask that you do it cheerfully, for the Lord loveth the cheerful giver, and our prayer is, that while your contributions shall benefit us, they may also benefit you more, for our religion teaches us that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

W. R. REVELS, Pastor.

W. FRANKLIN,
WM WALKER,
THOS. EWBANK,
A. TURNER,
H. L. PARKS. } Trustees.

For the Christian Recorder.

HARVEST HOME.

The members and congregation of the A. M. E. Mount Zion church, New Brunswick, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Wm H. Offer, will hold a grand Harvest Home for the benefit of the new church, in Mrs. Voodyke's woods, on Wednesday, August 3d, 1864. Dinner and refreshments will be provided on the ground. They also expect to have several addresses delivered on the occasion by eminent speakers. Revs. Elder Davis, Wm Moore, James M Williams, and T. H. Cooper, are expected to be present on the occasion. There will also be a grand concert and carnival of vocal and instrumental music in the church at night. As this is a most laudable and worthy cause in which we are engaged, we hope to be favored with the presence of thousands of patronizing friends upon the occasion.

The price of tickets for the day and evening has been fixed at the remarkably low rate of 25 cents. They can be obtained from the Committee at any time. Come, every one.

WM. H. OFFER.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SAD BEREAVEMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—I feel it to be my duty to inform yourself and the numerous readers of your excellent paper of the occurrence of a most heart-rending and lamentable catastrophe in Chester lately.

The facts connected with the sad affair are substantially the following. On the 6th of July last a youth, residing in Chester, by the name of Richard Allen Turner, left his father's house in company with another lad, who prevailed on him to go with him to the creek for the purpose of taking a bath, and while there he was drowned. His body was recovered the next day by the Rev. William Murphy, and was brought home to his stricken father, whose feelings we cannot describe.

He was a teacher in the Sabbath School, and was the only son of the Rev. William H. and Hester Turner. He was about twelve years and four months old, and appeared to be looking forward to the day when he would be of great use to the generation around him—but, alas! for human hopes! "In the midst of life we are in death." But while he leaves parents and friends to mourn his death, we trust that their loss is his infinite gain.

MERITORIOUS.

Brother Norris, on the Reading Circuit, is teaching his people to learn to sing out of our Hymn-books. He has already sold two dozen on his circuit, and brought us the money for them, besides taking twelve more. Let all our ministers work in this way for the Book Concern and paper, and we will be able to meet contracts which we are necessarily compelled to make.

LECTURES.

The Rev. J. H. Turpin, the son of the Rev. N. H. Turpin, has delivered two lectures in our city, which were quite acceptable to those who heard them. Brother Turpin is quite a promising young man. He is studying at the Allegheny Theological Institute. We wish him great success in his literary enterprise. The Presbyterian Church has got ahead of our Methodist Episcopal Church in this country. They admit colored people on a par into many of their Theological Institutes. Why is this?

CONFERENCE.

The Conference for the local preachers (colored) in the Methodist Episcopal Church met, on last Tuesday morning, in the John Wesley, Shippen Street, Philadelphia, at nine o'clock, Bishop James presiding. There was a considerable sprinkling of the brethren there, although but little was done. The Bishop took their names and residences, &c., and at twelve o'clock they adjourned, to meet to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. They will organize to-morrow, we presume.

HARVEST HOME.

Rev. William Offer is to have a great time. We hope that the good Lord may bless brother Offer. See his advertisement in another column.

THE OVER-HEATED HEARERS.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

A midsummer Sabbath day. The sun pours down his rays with bake-oven heat on the church-going public. In the city, the bricks are so warm as to give promise of toasting alive the vexatious worms which hang and drop from the trees; in the country, vegetation is so parched that it seems only to invite the presence of some mischievous boy with a light, to make it all go off like so much gunpowder. Many people who generally go to church are afraid to brave the dangers of such heat. Of those who do venture out, some of the men remark that it is "outrageously hot," while the ladies declare, some, that they are "roasted to death;" others, that they are "scorched," or "melted."

Arrived in church, the worshippers find that the shelter which the building affords from the fiery rays of the sun, involves the shutting out of what little breeze is stirring outside. This can be remedied, however, by mechanical appliances. A breeze must be raised. Each individual in the congregation sets himself at work with ardent industry, to see who can agitate the atmosphere most violently. Fans of all sizes and patterns are put in motion. The little ornamented satin fan wiggles nervously before the heated face of the fair daughter of the sanctuary, while the majestic old palm leaf is moved with stately dignity, to cool the countenance of the weighty matron. The man of business works his fan with an air of hurried importance; the young man studies the most graceful ways of balancing his between finger and thumb; the little child executes lively movements with his, now fanning himself earnestly, now trying to kill a fly with the breezy machine, now poking the fan-handle into the eye of some beloved relation. If all the fanning were consolidated, there would be enough of it to blow the organ bellows. Let us not try to stop it. It is useful and instructive; useful, because the people who put forth all this effort believe that it makes them cooler; instructive, because much of human character may be learned by noticing the manner in which different human beings raise a breeze.

Both preacher and hearer are at a disadvantage when the weather is so warm. The hearer expects the preacher to rouse, interest, and instruct him; the preacher expects the hearer to be roused, interested, and instructed. Both are apt to be disappointed. The heat of the weather during the week may have wilted down all the preacher's nervous energy, and the sermon may be so inferior one; or, perhaps, an old sermon is preached. If so, it is next to impossible to preach it with the vim which characterized it on that crisp November Sabbath several years ago, when it was first delivered. Some of the people may say it is a poor sermon; other may say that they will not come in warm weather if the minister does not preach better; others, while the preaching is going on, seem to say, "O, how hot I am!" and others look as if they would thank the minister if he would now stop, and let them go home. Personal discomfort comes home to each mind more naturally than the gospel message which is spoken from the pulpit. And yet good is done. The word of grace may find a lodgment in some heart, as surely in summer heat as in the frosts of winter.

One sermon a day is as much as the majority of over-heated hearers can stand. The morning service may be well attended, while the afternoon is quite thin, and the evening almost deserted.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

"Hope not for perfect happiness," said Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy. "There is no such thing on earth; and though there were, it would not be found at court. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill humor with patient mildness. Be obliging, without putting great value on your favors. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves, and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their rights be well founded. It is enough if they are established. Pray God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour."

Beauty is a captivating but fading flower which often leads its youthful possessor into many dangers, many distresses. Happy is it for those who are distinguished for their outward charms, that they are sheltered under the parental roof. Happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumspection. Few in the early period of life are insensible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adoration. Beware of the flatterer. Be not deceived by fair speeches. Be assured, the man that wishes to render you vain of your outward charms has a mean opinion of your sense and mental qualifications. Remember, too, that a young girl, vain of her beauty, and whose chief study and employment is the decoration of her person, is a most contemptible character; and that the more you are distinguished for the charms of your face and the graces of your form, the more you are exposed to danger. The rose is torn from its parent stem in the pride of beauty; the jessamine is scarcely permitted to blossom before it is plucked; and no sooner are their beauties faded, than the merciless hand which was eager to obtain them throws them away in contempt; whilst the primrose, the violet, the lily of the valley, and the snow-drop, less exposed to observation, escape unhurt and uninjured by the spoiler's hand.

Learn, fair daughter of beauty, from the lily, to court the friendly shade; and, from the primrose, be convinced that your best security may be found in retirement. If you wish to be admired, be seldom seen; and if you are desirous of having a sincere lover in your train, let virtue, modesty and sweetness be the only lures you make use of to insnare.

You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart which was at first captive to your beauties, and, when time has robbed you of the graces and innocent cheerfulness of youth, secure a sincere and tender friend to console you in the hours of affliction, and watch over you when deprived of those charms that first made him solicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, though your virtues be concealed in a homely form. If you have acquired the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauties of the face. And ye who are decorated with outward graces, be not vain for such fading externals, but tremble lest they should tempt the designing to lead you into error.

Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care;
Ladies are happiest, moderately fair.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth, to make your mind a fit companion for the most lovely. Personal charms may please for a moment, but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding can never tire. We are soon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in a masterly style; and she who has only beauty to recommend her has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colors are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are particularly observed; and the loss of beauty will not be regretted by the man it first made your captive.

See, lovely fair, you blushing rose;
All hail the beauty as it flows:
Vain of her charms, she courts the sun,
And soon her gaudy race is run.
Observe in yonder pensive dale,
The white robed lily of the vale,
Pure emblem of the spotless maid,
Adorned with flowers that cannot fade,
Virtue, bright ornament of youth,
Sincerity, unblushing truth,
Through all life's seasons these will please,
In all life's storms secure heart's ease.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Hospital 5th Army Corps 3d Div.,
in the field near Petersburg, Va.,
July 24th, 1864.

DEAR DOCTOR:—"All quiet in front of Petersburg," is becoming a stereotyped phrase. Whilst you have been roused to the call of arms by an invasion, for two or three days it has been oppressively quiet here. What does it mean? Are there no rebels behind those frowning works? Have they all gone to undertake the capture of Washington? At long intervals there is a gun fired, to rouse the enemy. They make no reply to these messengers. The work of our troops does not cease a moment, but is rather quickened by the danger of Washington and Baltimore. The erection of forts, the extending of lines, the sapping and mining goes on, as if there were no danger or excitement elsewhere.

The generals and authorities here are not deceived by the invasion and actions of the rebels elsewhere. Some active operations in this quarter will be resumed. Would not be surprised if at any hour an engagement would be brought on.

For a few days past, General Smith, of the 18th Corps, has been running what is styled the "*Petersburg Express.*" It is a reliable line and does not fail to report. It is run neither by horse-power nor steam, but consists of a 32-pound Parrot shell, sent from a battery on Spring Hill, near the general's headquarters. From this hill there is a splendid view of the city, and cannot be more than a mile distant. The battery consists of three very heavy guns, each one of which is named by the boys. The one bearing on the town, "Express," those on the forts, "Flora Temple" and "Teaser." A few evenings ago, we saw the guns open. It was quite interesting to sit within ten or fifteen yards of the guns, and hear the balls whizzing on their errands of death, and knowing that they were powers used to crush treason and rebellion. It is not quite so agreeable, on the other hand, to see the flash of rebel guns beyond the Appomattox. There is a flash! In a moment we are in a place of security. We listen. When will it strike? There is no report of the gun and no a hissing to warn us of danger. The gunners laugh at our timidity. The flash resulted from the explosion of a shell thrown into the rebel fort by one of our guns farther down on the right. General Smith is now repaying the rebels for what they did a little more than a year ago, at Carlisle. Most of your readers, and especially those resident there, are familiar with the history of Stuart shelling Carlisle. Petersburg now has its turn. Sooner or later, justice will make things even. The wheel turns slowly, but surely.

Life at the front is very interesting, though extremely sad. It is sad on account of being compelled to witness so many scenes of awful suffering and woe. It is interesting, however, for the many instances of tender and strong paternal feelings developed, and the examples of tried faith and trust in Jesus. During the week just past, there has been more shelling and cannonading than for some time before. One by one wounded men are brought in from the extreme front. One afternoon, not long since, as we happened to go into the Fourth Division, a young man of noble mien, of the 7th Indiana, was brought in mortally wounded. He knew he must soon die. I sat down upon his bank, and at his request penned the mournful intelligence to his dear mother. "Tell mother," said he, "I died for my country. Tell them all to meet me in heaven." He had a photograph of his mother and one of each of his sisters. He took them, looked at each one long and earnestly, kissed them one by one, very tenderly, and handed them to me to send to the loved ones far distant. It was truly an affecting scene, and tears glistened in the eyes of all present. He gave directions to which of the family each little article of his personal effects should be given, as his dying gift, the token of his love. He bore up nobly and patiently. As he lay there upon his rude couch, suffering the most intense bodily agony, not a sigh escaped his lips or an expression of the countenance to indicate the least pain. A few hours after he fell asleep as sweetly and peacefully as though he had lain down for repose after severe labor. May God comfort the widowed mother in her afflictions, and the sorrowing sisters, and by this dispensation of Providence be led nearer Jesus, and meet in heaven him who has gone before them. Another young man, ill of a fever, was brought into the hospital. As I was sitting by his side, talking to him about the interests of his soul, he said to me, "Oh, chaplain, I have found Jesus very precious to me at home. He has ever been present with me in the army amid the dangers of many a bloody battle, and now upon my sick bed he is still more precious than ever to me."

Such are a few of the many instances which occur. Whilst there is much to cheer and encourage us in our arduous duties here, there is awful wickedness and great profanity in the army amid these solemn scenes of suffering and death. The field of usefulness here is wide and fast ripening for the harvest. But I am again intruding upon your time and patience. More anon.

Yours, &c. PENNSYLVANIAN.

Lutheran and Missionary.

WHAT MAKES PROVISIONS SPOIL.

As warm weather returns, the perplexities of house-keepers are greatly increased by the difficulty of "keeping things sweet," as it is termed. Meat, bread, milk, preserves, in short, provisions of all kinds, must be carefully looked after, or there will be sourness, taint, mould and other unpleasant phenomena in the cellar and pantry, and "these things are so provoking," that few housekeepers can even keep their tempers sweet under such difficulties. An understanding of the way in which these changes occur, the causes which produce them and the circumstances which favor them, will aid in their prevention. Those who by long practical experience have learned to avoid the difficulty, may be interested to know why their methods are successful. The staple articles of food most liable to be spoiled—meats, eggs, flour, milk, and their compounds—each contain a substance called *albumen*. The white of an egg is almost pure albumen. It forms about seven per cent. of the blood, and makes a part of all flesh and many of the juices or secretions of the body. A similar compound is found in vegetables and seeds. Albumen is made up of the elements carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, with a little sulphur and phosphorus. The muscular parts of fleshy fibre, called *fibrin*, and the albumen in the blood consist of the same elements as the albumen of the egg, except that they contain less of sulphur. Wheat flour contains a large portion of the substance called *gluten*, made up of the same constituents as fibrin. In milk there exists a compound named *casein*, (the cheesy part) which is made of the same elements that constitute albumen, fibrin and gluten, though they are not present in exactly the same proportion. The different substances have a strong family resemblance both in their composition and their behaviour. In each of them there is only a very slight attraction between some of their numerous elements. The element nitrogen, which enters largely into their composition, is especially fickle. A little too much warmth, or moisture, and it seems to become restless, and leaving its hold of the other elements, allows oxygen (which forms a large part of the surrounding air) to seize upon some of them and form an entirely new class of compounds. The carbon of the albumen uniting with the oxygen escapes in the form of carbonic acid; part of the nitrogen and hydrogen unite and give off the pungent ammonia; the sulphur makes an *offensive*, if not defensive, alliance with another portion of the hydrogen, and flies away as sulphuretted hydrogen gas, one of the worst-smelling gases known; and, by these and other combinations, the whole structure of the substance is changed; this is called *putrefaction*. When once putrefaction has commenced in any part of a compound, it spreads with great rapidity. As in the working of social revolution, every individual atom seems excited with desire for change. The smallest portion of putrescent matter introduced into a mass containing the elements above named, will speedily lead to its complete disorganization. Evidently then, one of the first precautions suggested to the housekeeper is the necessity of entire cleanliness of all utensils and apparatus connected with provisions. The slightest taint in a barrel will communicate itself to the beef or pork which may be packed there. A little decomposing dough in the kneading trough will make mischief with bread; uncleanly milk pans will contain enough putrescent *casein* to set the contents into active decomposition, and thus with other articles. Hot water, soap and the scrubbing-brush are the effectual guards against insidious attacks of the destructive agent, and these should be constantly on duty where there is exposure to danger.

Our Country.

Good Words from England.—The following article from the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, is a sharp rebuke of the British tories who persist in coloring events in the interest of the rebels:

"It is a melancholy reflection, that on no question in our day, has so much want of candor been displayed, or so much dishonest perversion been resorted to, as on this question of the American revolt. The origin of the war, the object of the war, the progress of the war, the spirit in which the war is conducted in spite of the clearest possible facts, have, one after the other, been disputed, denied, or perverted. When Southern politicians from Davis to Toombs, and from Stephens to Spratt, tell us that they design to establish a government based on the bondage of the laborer—when the bishops of the Episcopal Church declare that the 'abolition of slavery is baleful, infidel and pestilent,' and the Rev. Dr. Palmer, adds that 'the providential trust of the South is to perpetuate the institution of domestic slavery, now existing, with the freest scope for its natural development,' when the statesmen, journalists, and divines of the South join in one chorus of admiration for slavery, people among us are yet dishonest enough to aver that the question of slavery neither had nor has had anything whatever to do with the rebellion of the South, that that rebellion was simply and entirely a question of tariff!

"Precisely the same spirit is shown in dealing with the events of the war. When Sherman drives Johnston into the interior of Georgia, Johnston succeeds in drawing Sherman from his base. When Grant attacks Lee in front, he is credited with the qualities of a bear. When he outflanks Lee, he is afraid to meet him in the field. When he at last succeeds, by strength, courage, or strategy, in driving him from Fredericksburg to Richmond—why, then we are told that the Federal general might have reached that point long ago. While the opposing armies were on the Rapidan we had no end of predictions that Grant would never see Richmond. When he at length does see it, we are assured that Grant is a fool for not taking a shorter route. Ever since Butler landed on the James, we have had almost daily assurance that the next mail would bring us news of his having been driven into the river. On the other hand, every repulse of the Federals, however trifling, has been magnified into a route; while more than one success for the Confederates has been reported and gloried in twice or thrice over.

"If one had read the exclusive news of the Copperhead newspapers only, one would have been sorely puzzled to understand how it is that the North is not overrun; that Washington is not destroyed, and that the armies of the Potomac and Cumberland exist at all. In the same, if Semmes didn't take the Kearsarge, it was only because his ship was out of repair and his enemy was chain-plated. Semmes wasn't beaten; he only committed 'a mistake.' But if the critics are severe on the Federals, they are exceedingly charitable to the slaveowners. Semmes burns unarmed ships; runs away from the Federal cruisers, libels the victor in his first fair encounter, and the critics celebrate his gallantry and call him a hero. Like kings in the constitutional axiom, the slaveowners can do no wrong. They shoot negro teamsters at Murfreesboro; they give no quarter to the negro troops at Port Hudson; they bury alive the negro garrison at Fort Pillow—and never a word of protest or censure is uttered by the critics. They chain cannon-balls to the legs of Federal officers at Atlanta; they starve Federal prisoners at Belle Isle; they make arrangements to blow up a military prison at Richmond; they slaughter women and children in Kansas; they play at nine-pins with the bones of the Federal dead; they commit every conceivable atrocity, and many atrocities that are absolutely inconceivable—and yet no Confederate commentator on the war goes out of his way to condemn them. Quantrel is an energetic officer, Forrest is an able commander, and Winder is the mildest of jailers. Such is the way in which contemporary events are chronicled in England!"

Atlanta.—Washington, July 23d.—The Government is in receipt of a despatch to-day from the telegraph operator at Chattanooga, via Louisville, in the following words:

"Atlanta is not ours yet. Our forces find strong opposition. It seems that we are in possession of a part of the city, but the enemy holds the rest."

Rousseau's Raid.—General Sherman has in his plans the destruction of all communications, and, now operating in front of Atlanta has sent General Rousseau, with 2,700 men, to destroy the whole of this line from West Point to Montgomery—a distance of about one hundred miles. Rousseau left Decatur, Alabama, on the 10th of July, and from rebel sources we learn the success of his expedition. In the despatches from Atlanta to the Richmond press, dated the 18th instant, it is stated that telegraphic communication with Montgomery had been suspended, and that no train had arrived at West Point. The Union raiders were at Talladega on the 16th, and the damage to the telegraph line and railroad was believed to be their work. Talladega is about half way to General Rousseau's destination, and if the train to West Point was intercepted, he must have struck the railroad and been near Montgomery at the time of the despatch.

Another Raid Threatened.—The rebels at Richmond are eager for another raid into the loyal States. They want Pennsylvania invaded by forty thousand men, so as to facilitate the peace feeling now growing up among the people. The rebels tried that experiment twice, but the peace feeling dwindled into a very small sensation, under the assembling of the militia to drive the raiders out. The threat of another raid is a menace which means something, and our State had better instantly prepare to meet it.

The British Borders.—Our neighbors across the Northern border line seem to be in considerable apprehensions of some coming disturbance between them and the United States, and are desirous of largely increasing the regular army. Whether this is on their own account or on ours we are unable to say, but it is to be hoped that any increase of force they may desire is to enforce their own neutrality and prevent rebel agents from plotting raids against the United States in the British Provinces. We suppose that our Government has already made earnest remonstrances to the New Brunswick authorities in regard to the recent rebel raid on the Maine border and attempt to rob the Calais bank. We have no doubt that this raid has been quite against the wishes and feelings of the authorities of New Brunswick and the better disposed portion of the British subjects. But as little may it be doubted that raids such as these, if suffered to recur, must produce a state of feeling the most dangerous to all ultimately peaceful relations.

Reported Discovery of a Great Conspiracy in the West.—St. Louis, July 23.—Much surprise was expressed here a short time since by the arrest of several very prominent secessionists of this city, whose offences were unknown. It has come to light, however, that they were connected with a conspiracy extending throughout the entire Mississippi Valley, having for its object the erection of a North-Western Confederacy.

European Opinion of Grant's Campaign.—The London Times, which has been a predicter of ruin to General Grant in all his campaigns, says of his campaign in Virginia, that it is magnificent, but not war. La Presse, a French journal, takes up this assertion, and shows that if a campaign like this, with all its skilful manœuvres, daily combats and courageous fighting is not war, there never was war. The campaign of Virginia is one such as no English general ever made in the East Indies. It is a campaign which will be marked in history as one of the greatest feats of arms which the world has ever witnessed.

The Light Draft Monitors.—Donald McKay, the ship builder, says the light-draft Monitors, which have been considered failures, can be altered at much less cost than reported, and that the Department has delegated Captain Ericcson to make such improvement in them as will render them available for coast and harbor defence.

The Peace Negotiations.—Edmund Kirke, or, rather, James R. Gilmore, who is reported to have accompanied Colonel Jacques to Richmond, to consult with Davis about peace published a card in the Boston Transcript, in which he says:

Jefferson Davis said to me last Sunday, (and, with all his faults, I believe him a man of truth.) "This war must go on till the last of his generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for SLAVERY! We are fighting for INDEPENDENCE—and that or extermination we will have."

Liable to Draft.—All able-bodied persons between 20 and 45 years of age not exempt by service already rendered, or other causes enumerated in the law, are liable to draft. It is a mistake to suppose that it takes in persons 18 years of age.

Rise in Price of Papers.—The representatives of the Boston weekly papers met last week, and passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the subscribers agree to advance the rates of subscription to our respective journals from 20 to 50 per cent. by Aug. 15, 1864.

Resolved, That the subscribers will advance their rates of advertising from 20 to 50 per cent.

The dailies intend to raise their prices simultaneously with those of New York in Aug. next.

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILA. MARKETS.

The fluctuation in gold and the stringency in money have operated unfavorably on the Produce markets—and, for most of the leading articles, prices favor the buyers, with very little disposition to operate.

BOOTS & SHOES.—The trade has not been quite as lively the past week, owing to a diversity of causes, sellers, as well as buyers, seeming indisposed to operate, by reason of the unsettled condition of affairs. Manufacturers and the larger dealers are filling some orders, but there is but little doing in State and nearby trade.

COAL.—There is less demand, but prices are without any material change. Cargo sales are making at from $9.50@10.00 per ton, delivered on board.

COFFEE.—The demand is limited, but holders are firm in their views: about three hundred bags of Rio sold at 48@54 cts., and some Laguayra at 52c. ℔ pound.

30 per ton.

HIDES are remarkably quiet, and holders of foreign, which are in light supply, are very firm in their views. For green salted there is less inquiry, but prices remain at full quotations. There is also less demand for green hides.

IRON.—Pig Metal is firmly held with sales of fifteen hundred tons anthracite at $68@70 per ton for the three numbers. Charcoal Blooms are worth $160 per ton. Manufactured iron is firmly held and in demand at the advance.

LEAD continues scarce, and prices are very firm.

LEATHER.—The demand is fair, though not active, and the receipts not quite up to June, for which the raid may account. Slaughter continues in moderate request, and for superior heavy for belting there is a good inquiry. There is a good demand

COTTON.—The market is very dull, and the sales are limited to irregular prices. Sales reach about 200 bales of middlings in lots, at $1 60@1 62 ℔ lb., cash.

FLOUR.—The demand is limited and the market is dull but holders are less firm in their views. Sales comprise about eight thousand barrels, including extra family at $11.@11.50, and one thousand bbls. City Mills on private terms. The retailers and bakers are buying at from $9@9 50 for superfine, $9 75@10 50 for extra $11@11.50 for extra family, and $12@13 ℔ barrel for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is scarce and firmly held. Corn Meal is also scarce, and held above the views of buyers.

GRAIN.—Wheat is rather dull, and prices are unsettled. About thirty thousand bushels sold at $2.50@2.65 for fair to prime red, and choice new Southern do at $2 68@2 70 ℔ bushel. White is selling at 270@2 75 ℔ bushel, as to quality. Rye is scarce. Small sales are making at $1.70@1.75 ℔ bushel. Corn is rather better, with sales of about 26 000 bushels prime yellow at $1 70@1 71c ℔ bus., in store and afloat. Oats are dull, with sales of twenty thousand bushels at 90@92c., and a small lot of new at 88c. ℔ bus.

HAY.—The market is firmer, with sales at $[illegible] for Spanish Sole. Calf Skins are much sought after, and American are quite scarce. Both rough and finished are in demand at increased rates. The high rates of exchange virtually exclude foreign stock thus increasing the consumption of domestic.

LUMBER.—Prices are well maintained, and the demand is fair, with sales of White Pine Boards at $33@35 per M feet. Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $27.00@29.00, and Hemlock Scantling at $18.00@19.00.

OILS.—Lard Oil is scarce, and prices are firm, with sales of Winter at $1 60@1 65 and summer at $1 50. Fish oils are very firm at the advance. Linseed Oil is in good demand at $1 80@1.82 ℔ gallon. Petroleum is rather firmer. Small sales are making at 50@53c. for crude, 83@85c for refined in bond, and free at from 93@95c. per gallon, according to quality.

The following are the receipts of crude and refined at this port during the past week:

Crude .... 1 640 bbls.
Refined .... 3,900 bbls.

SEEDS.—Clover is scarce and in demand at $9 (@10 ℔ 64 lbs. Timothy is rather lower, 500 bushels sold at $4 25 ℔ bushel. Flaxseed is selling in a small way at $3 70@3.75 ℔ bushel.

WOOL.—The receipts continue light, and there is more activity in the market, but prices are well maintained. About 900,000 pounds sold at from $1 06 up to $1 10 per pound for medium to fine fleece.

VINEGAR.—Corn Vinegar is selling in barrels at 24c. per gallon.

The following are the receipts of flour and grain at this port to-day:

Flour .... 10,700 bbls.
Wheat, ... 48 400 bus.
Corn, ... 22 200 bus.
Oats, ... 21,900 bus.

THE RECENT DECLINE IN PRICES.

The following is a list of the leading articles in our weekly review, with the decline in prices during the past week:

	DECLINE IN THE WEEK.
Flour, per barrel	$1 00@ ..
Wheat, per bushel	05
Oats, per bushel	03@ 06
Mess Pork, per barrel	2 00@3 00
Fancy hams, per pound	01@ 03
Lard, per pound	01@ 02
Eggs, per dozen	01@ 04
Coal, per ton	50
Cotton, per pound	05@ 05
Sugar per pound	01@ 02
Tallow, per pound	01@ 02
Crude Coal Oil per gallon	02@ 04
Refined Coal Oil	05@ 06

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those on whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN.
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:
JOHN L. THOMAS, HIRMAN BAKE, JOHN A. SIMMS, } *Committee.*

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PUFFS,
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BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Cleansing it [illegible], Softening, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for [illegible] the hair, removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, removing [illegible] grease spots, removing grease, &c. from [illegible] &c. apl [illegible]

HAIR BOUGHT.

Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp or card.

DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
Oriental Lustres,
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Mousline de laines,
Shepherd's Plaids.
A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Towelling. Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers' and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—
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THE NIAGARA,
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AND
THE TIMES.
BY
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12mo Pamphlet 25 Cents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Among the many publications from the press that is eminently timely. Setting out with the idea that the present calamities upon our country are the just judgments of God for our national sins, it faithfully proceeds to show the prominent ways by which, as a nation, we have sinned, viz:—By adopting a national Constitution which makes no formal recognition of God; by not regarding as a nation, civil government as an ordinance of God; by disregarding the law of God in relation to the moral character of our civil rulers; and by maintaining slavery, and refusing to try it by the word of God. These are its leading positions, and they are generally well maintained. We would rejoice to see this pamphlet have a wide circulation.—*Christian Instructor.*

It is a sound, earnest, patriotic plea for national religion and national righteousness, and it should be read and circulated over the land by the hundred thousand. What our nation needs now, more than increased forces or able generals, is a reverent recognition of the authority, sovereignty, and holiness of Jehovah of Hosts.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A vigorous and earnest appeal for national repentance and amendment. We are refreshed in turning from Bishop Hopkins' sophistical argument to the straightforward declaration of the pamphlet—"There is no small measure of guilt incurred by justifying slavery from the Bible, and at the same time refusing to try our slavery by the Bible."—*American Presbyterian.*

It is pious and patriotic, and has, in opposition to its long-winded rival ("Hopkins on Slavery") the rather important advantage of truth.—*The Lutheran.*

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June 14—6m.

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LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject in life. It will prove a cure to those afflictions if properly applied and attended to.

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth, and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.

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I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one would want for the diseases for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband. MRS. C. YOUNG.

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This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it. PROFESSOR DAVIS.

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This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pain in the head or limbs. SUSAN RHODES.

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I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure. E. J. HAUGHAVE.

[July 30 3mos]

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IN WHICH
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BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.
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WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such names as Phil-ip-pi, and Thes-sa-lo-ni-ca, or such personages as El-sam, Mep-hibosh-eth, and Tro-phi-mus. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our school houses, and even intrudes itself into the [illegible] of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and, so long as there is no higher standard than this, accessible to the great proportion even of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when all the pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON.
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in first books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the *Pronouncing Bible* may do much to remedy this evil, and especially in fixing a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted.

Attest, A true copy.
JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

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The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and commodious college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this Institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition for term in the several departments, embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal. ap8.1y

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☞ TERMS MODERATE

AMY WILLIAMS,

July 2 6mos Cape May, June 28th.

QUIETLY

Quietly flow the crystal waters
  Over the sparkling sand,
Wandering gently through the meadows,
  Parting the fruitful land.

Quietly shine the noonday sunbeams
  Over the land and stream,
Crowning the landscape with a beauty
  Bright as an angel's dream.

Quietly fall the leaves of autumn,
  Kiss'd by the wooing wind;
Quietly rise, through dreamy stillness,
  Scenes that are left behind.

Memory peers through far-off shadows,
  Back to a golden time;
Sees by the stream a happy maiden,
  Linking her thoughts to rhyme.

Sees by her side, through those dim shadows,
  One in the glow of youth,
Vowing a vow, full, deep and tender,
  Earnest with love and truth.

Sees by her side, through those vague shadows,
  One who will speak no more,
Save from his shroud in silent language,
  Down by the river-shore.

Quietly fall the leaves of autumn
  Over the crystal stream;
But the quiet joy of days gone by
  Can live but in a dream.

Quietly shine the golden sunbeams
  Over the meadow land;
But the heart still yearns to meet once more
  The touch of a parted hand. A. E. C.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
  As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
  Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
  Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
  A call to prayer,

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
  Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
  Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
  The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
  From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that, in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
  Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours.
How vain your grandeur! oh, how transitory
  Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which Thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson Thou impartest
  Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
  Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
  Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
  And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,
  Priests, sermons, shrines!

The Family.

The thousands among our readers who visited the Great Fair, will be glad to have the following pleasant memorial of it:

THE SANITARY FAIR—PAST AND PRESENT.

It is not the intention of the present writer to speak of the good contemplated and accomplished by the results of our General Central Fair; those things are coming to light day after day upon the battle-field, in the hospital, in the convalescent camp, and hundreds of other places, as thousands of the brave defenders of our country testify. We propose merely to speak of the buildings and site lately occupied by that exhibition, the grandest in every respect ever witnessed in this country.

Hundreds of workmen are as busily engaged removing the buildings as two months ago they were equally busy in constructing them. The east and west naves, extending along Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, from Race to Vine, have been entirely removed. The Smoking Divan, in which was wafted many an air from—

"The Nicotian leaf,
The true Nepenthe balm for every grief;
While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives ecstatic pleasure.
You *feel* the radiance of the glowing bowl,
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey dew,
Taste the strong pungency the palate through,
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome—
Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home."

The building is still standing. It was sold to Benjamin F. Shedaker, who superintended the construction of all the buildings, for seventy-five dollars, and will be removed at an early day. Union avenue still remains. The floor has been nearly all removed. Horses and lumber wagons now drive through the place where but so short a time ago fair women and brave men, with hearts large enough to take in and do good to every suffering soldier of our country, laughed and wrought, and sold and traded, and filled the coffers of the Commission at the expense, in many instances, of their health, in all instances at the cost of suffering limbs and tired bodies. Praise be to them all; and not alone to them is honor due. The thousands upon thousands who traversed its noble walks, who admired its noble arches, who freely set aside their prejudices and poured their money into the hands of the Commission, honor to them belongs. Nothing now marks the spot where stood the elegant vase of silver, the crowning glory of gifts to the Fair—nothing the place where the noble-hearted Philadelphia firemen, with a rivalry that did honor to them, deposited their votes, and poured at the feet of humanity their means. Not a vestige of the stand where were received the votes for the elegant diamond-set sword remains. Hundreds of other objects of interest to every Philadelphian have nothing in this great avenue to bring them back to recollection; but there is in every heart which has one pulsation of sympathy for the afflicted a monument of all these things, which time can never efface. And, though knowing and feeling this fact, who could traverse this once palatial dome, now deserted by everything that made it beautiful, and not have a throb of pain at the remembrance of joys passed away forever?

The flagstaff in the centre of the avenue still stands. The propellor which crowned it has been removed. It is proposed, by a number of citizens, to purchase it from the present owner, and have it remain in its present position. If this be not done, it will be removed to West Philadelphia, and placed in the centre of the Grand Union Railway Depot to be built there. The model of the monster gun, and shot to fit it, in the Department of Arms and Trophies, still remains. It is proposed to donate it to the Satterlee Hospital, West Philadelphia, for exhibition, the proceeds arising therefrom to be for tobacco money for the soldiers stationed there. It would probably realize more from exhibition in any other place than this city. Everybody who wanted to see the model of the biggest gun ever cast, who lives within a league of Philadelphia, has seen it.

The Post-Office, which flanked the entrance to the Floral department, is also among the things that were. Who shall say that many a sweet line through this establishment has not brought closer than before many loving hearts, whose joys, unbounded by time, will grow green in eternity?

The Telegraph Office, on the opposite side of the entrance, and its fair attendants, is no more. The vote on the sword, the vase, the horse equipments, the horn, will no more be heralded by fair hands, but the results of their toil will be more felt in stopping the aching wounds of the otherwise forgotten soldier.

We cannot look out upon what once was the floral department, the brightest diadem of all the jewels of the fair, without a feeling of sadness. The hundreds of fountains which gushed forth in the midst of roses, keeping time in their droppings to concealed but beautiful music, and making together a harmony that would have charmed the gods, are no more. The Frigid Zone, with its mountains of snow, and ice-fettered ship, its stunted shrubbery, and its cold aspect are visible no longer.

The Torrid Zone, its tropical plants, its fierce lion, its forbidding tiger, its stealthy leopard, its richly-plumed birds, its laughable monkeys, its luscious bananas, its gratefully flowing fountains and clear streams, have all departed. Nothing but desolation and ruin mark the spot. The fairy-like creatures who flitted about, burdened with their precious floral treasures, wreathed in smiles, the very embodiment of female loveliness, are to be seen no more.

Any of them could appropriately say:

"Be cheerful, sir,
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like the unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind, we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

In the Curiosity Department everything has been taken away except a boat used by Dr. Kane on his Arctic expedition. This will be removed in a few days.

The Pennsylvania Kitchen has as its monument the large stone fire-place. The recollections of many of the fair-goers turn with pleasant satisfaction to this establishment, where the pretty fraus in their red bodices and short skirts handed round to all desiring a good substantial Pennsylvania country meal, including, of course, apple butter and hot cakes, to say nothing of dried beef and ham.

The Penn Parlor is completely demolished. The Restaurant Department is still untouched. It was used during the past week as a barracks for convalescent soldiers en route for Washington. A solitary deer, which had thus far successfully eluded every attempt to capture it, strolled slowly through this building. Its reduced appearance speaks more loudly than its piteous eyes of suffering and starvation. It was searching for and eating some of the refuse fare of the soldiers who had lately been in this department. In addition to the deer there are also a peacock and peahen, which no one was able to catch at the time the rest were removed. Nothing remains in this department but the bare walls, and in the wilderness of lumber we looked in vain for the Wilderness of refreshing beer. In some of the adjoining departments some of the gaily-papered counters and shelves alone remain.

The School Department is entirely removed.

The nave on Race street is being rapidly taken down. Nothing of interest is to be seen here.

The Art gallery building is untouched. How different an appearance is presented upon entering its lengthy hall! Instead of being jostled by the gayly dressed throng, instead of being surrounded with costly gems of art, nothing but the desolated and grim-visaged walls frown down upon us. But though deprived of these pleasures, no one having once seen it can ever forget this magnificent collection of the most valuable paintings ever got together at a single exhibition. Meissonier, Frayer, Rothermel, Hamilton, Schussele, Weber, Sully, Hosmer, and Bonheur, will be remembered by many who before knew them not. We cannot dwell longer upon this, to us, most interesting subject.

The entire buildings have been purchased by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at a cost of $20,000, and will all be removed within ten days. The company is now engaged in building two depots, one at Greenwich street wharf, Delaware, below the navy yard, and the other is to be a grand union depot, having a front on the railroad near Market street of eighty feet, and extending in depth six hundred feet. This depot will connect the New York, Baltimore, Pennsylvania, and other railroads, so that passengers from any point can reach their final destination without being dragged through the streets of the city in stages or cars. It is not yet determined whether Union avenue will be used for a machine shop, in West Philadelphia, or whether it will be put up at Greenwich street for the storage of coal oil. In taking down the arches in Union avenue they will be separated in two pieces, the joint at the top of the two sides of the arch only needing to be unscrewed for that purpose.

All the water and gas-pipes are being removed. These were only rented by the Commission, and the owners are hastily removing them.

The buildings cost the committee fifty thousand dollars, and after deducting the amount received for them, the total cost will be but thirty thousand dollars.—*Press.*

STRIKING INCIDENT OF PURITAN TIMES.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the son of a Mr. Studley, a lawyer in Kent, was brought to the knowledge of Christ. His father, a profane man, and a bitter hater of the Puritans, did all he could to drive the son out of his pious ways. Failing in all attempts, he bethought himself of a plan for marrying him into an ungodly family. Ordering horses one morning, he took his son with him for a ride, and on the way thus addressed him:

"Son, you have been matter of great grief to me; and, having used much means to reclaim you from this way you are in, to no purpose, I have one more remedy to apply, in which, if you comply, I shall settle my estate upon you; otherwise, you shall never inherit a groat of it. I am riding to such a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you."

The son said little, knowing that family to be profane, but went with his father, who before had made way there. They were entertained nobly; he had a sight of the young lady, a great beauty, and the young man fell much in love with her. When they had taken their leave, on their way home, his father asked him "what he thought of her." He answered, "No man living but must be taken with such an one; but he feared she would not like him." The father was glad it had taken, and bid him take no care for that. The wooing was not long, for at three weeks' end they both came to London to buy things for the wedding.

The father had charged, that in the time of wooing in that gentleman's house, there should be no swearing nor debauchery, lest his son should be discouraged. Wedding clothes were bought, and the day came in which the young couple were married. At the wedding dinner, at her father's house, the mask was taken off. They fell to drinking healths, and swearing among their cups; and, amongst others, the bride swore an oath, at which the bridegroom, as a man amazed, took occasion to rise from the table, stepped forth and went to the stable, took a horse, none observing—all were within, busy. He mounted and rode away, not knowing what to do. He bewailed himself as undone, and deservedly, for that he had been so taken in love, and the business so hurried on in design. He said he had at that time restrained prayer, and slacked his communion with God, whereas, in that grand affair of his life, he ought to have been doubly and trebly serious, and so might thank himself that he was utterly undone. He sometime thought of riding quite away. At last, being among the woods, he led his horse into a solitary place, tied him to a tree, in his distress, and betook himself to his prayers and tears, in which he spent the afternoon. The providence of God had altered his argument of prayer, which was now for the conversion of his new-married wife, or he was undone. This he pressed with prayers and tears a great part of the afternoon, and did not rise from prayer without good hope of being heard. At the bride-house was hurry enough—horse and man (after they missed the bridegroom) sent every way. No news of him. He was wrestling as Jacob once at Peniel.

In the evening he returned home, and, inquiring where his bride was, went up to her, and found her in her chamber, pensive enough. She asked him "if he had done well to expose her to scorn and derision all the day." He entreated her to sit down upon a couch there by him, and he would give her an account of his doing what he had then done, and tell her the story of his whole life, and what the Lord, through grace, had done for him. He went over the story here above mentioned, not without great affection and tears, the flood-gates of which had been opened in the wood; and ever and anon, in the discourse, would say, Through grace, God did so and so for me.

When he had told her his story over, she asked him what he meant by that word so often used in the relation of his life, "through grace," so ignorantly had she been educated, and asked him if he thought there were no grace in God for her, who was so wretched—a stranger to God. "Yes, my dear," said he, "there is grace for thee, and that I have been praying for this day in the wood; and God heard my prayer, and saw my tears; and let us now go together to Him about it. Then did they kneel down by the couch-side, and he prayed; and such weeping and supplication there was on both sides, that when they were called down to supper, they had hardly eyes to see with, so swelled were they with weeping.

At supper the bride's father, according to his custom, swore. The bride immediately said, "Father, I beseech you, swear not:" at which the bridegroom's father, in a great rage, rose from the table. "What," says he, "is the devil in him? Has he made his wife a Puritan already?" and exclaimed that he would rather set fire, with his own hands, to the four corners of his fair-built house, than ever he should enjoy it. And accordingly he acted; made his will; gave his son, when he should die, ten pounds to cut off his claim, and gave the estate to some others, of whom Dr. Reeves was one, and not long after died. Dr. Reeves sent for the gentleman, paid him his ten pounds, told him he had been a rebellious son, and might thank himself. He received the ten pounds, and meekly departed.

His wife, the match was so huddled up, had no portion promised, at least that he knew of, who relied on his father, so that she was also deserted by her friends; and, having two hundred pounds in her own hand that had been given her by a grandmother, with that they took and stocked a farm in Sussex, where Mr. Knight has often been, and seen her who had been highly bred, in her red waistcoat, and milking the cows, and was now become the great comforter of her husband, and exceedingly cheerful. "God," says she, "hath had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleasant to me." There they lived some years with much comfort, and had the blessing of marriage—divers children.

After some three years, he was met in Kent, on the road, by one of the tenants of the estate, and saluted by the name of landlord. "Alas," said he, "I am none of your landlord." "Yes you are," said he. "I know more than you do of the settlement. Your father, though a cunning lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he had made joint purchaser. Myself and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to Dr. Reeves. I have sixteen pounds ready for you in my hands, which I will pay to your acquittance; and that will serve you to wage law with them." He was amazed at this wonderful providence, received the money, sued for his estate, and in a term or two recovered it. "He that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall find it."—*English paper.*

* * *

Dean Ramsey, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," has a rich chapter on parish beadles (or, as the Scotch have it, "betherals") of the olden time. "They were often," he says, "great originals, and, I suspect, must have been somewhat given to convivial habits, from a proverb I recollect of the late Baron Clerk Rattray, viz: that, in his younger days, he had hardly ever known a perfectly sober betheral. However this may have been, they were, as a class, remarkable for quaint humor, and for being shrewd observers of what was going on. I have heard of an occasion where the betheral made his wits furnish an apology for his want of sobriety. He had been sent round the parish by the minister to deliver notices at all the houses of the catechising, which was to precede the preparation for receiving the communion.

On his return, it was evident that he had partaken too largely of refreshment while he had been on his expedition. The minister reproached him for his improper conduct. The betheral pleaded the pressing *hospitality* of the parishioners. The clergyman did not admit the plea, and added:

"Now, John, I go through the parish, and you don't see me return fou as you have done."

"Ay, minister," rejoined the betheral, with much complacency, "but then, dinna ye see, ye're no sae popular i' the parish as me."

One of these officials received, with much ceremony, a brother betheral from a neighboring parish, who had come with the minister thereof, who was to preach on some special occasion. After service, the betheral of the stranger clergyman felt proud of the performance of the appointed duty, and said, in a triumphant tone, to his friend:

"I think our minister did weel; ay, he gart the stour (dust) flee out o' the cushion."

To which the other rejoined, with a calm spirit of superiority: "Stour out o' the cushion! Hout, our minister, sin' he cam oi' us, has dug the vera leaves out o' twa Bibles."

A betheral of one of the large churches in Glasgow, criticising the sermon of a minister from the country, who had been preaching in the city church, characterized it as "Gade coarse country wark."

A betheral of one of the churches of St. Giles', Edinburgh, used to call on the family of Mr Robert Stevenson, engineer, who was one of the elders. On one occasion they asked him what had been the text on such a night, when none of the family had been present. The man of office, confused at the question, and unwilling to show anything like ignorance, poured forth: "Weel, ye see, the text last day was, just antirely, sirs—yes—the text, sirs—what was it again?—oh, ay, just antirely, ye see it was: 'What profiteth a man if he lose the world, and gain his own soul?'"

A dog was present during the service in one of the churches, and, in the sermon, the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost at the top of his voice. The dog, who, in the early part, had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and, from whining and whinging, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the betheral to put out the dog, who at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say, very significantly: "Ay, ay, sir; but, indeed, it was yersell began it."

There is a dog story connected with the "Reminiscences of Glasgow," (See Chambers' Journal, March, 1855,) which is full of meaning. The bowls of rum-punch, which so remarkably characterized the Glasgow dinners of last century and the early part of the present, it is to be feared, made some of the congregation given to somnolency on the Sundays following. The members of the town-council often adopted Saturday for such meetings; accordingly, the Rev Mr. Thom, an excellent clergyman, took occasion to mark this propensity with some acerbity. A dog had been very troublesome, and disturbed the congregation for some time, when the minister at last gave orders to the beadle: "Take out that dog; he'd waken a Glasgow magistrate."

The beadle of Falkirk was a character in his day. There lived in the town a very notorious infidel, who gloried in his profanity. On one occasion he was denouncing the absurdity of the doctrine of original sin. The betheral thought himself officially bound to put in his word, although the other was his superior: "Mr. H., it seems to me that you needna fash yoursel' about *original* sin; for, to my certain knowledge, you have as much *akwal* (actual) sin as will do your business."

[It would be difficult to give an example of a more telling *personal* argument in a theological controversy. The remark of the Catholic priest to his Protestant opponent, who objected to the doctrine of purgatory (the half way house, as it was called) is almost equally as good: "Well, my friend, if you don't like purgatory, you may go *further*, and fare *worse*!"

Many persons, it is feared, go to the house of God for no other purpose than to exhibit themselves: their fine clothing, and their irreverent manner while there is exceedingly painful to those who carry with them proper feelings of solemnity. Often have I wished that our clergymen would rebuke such persons after the manner of Mr. Shirra, a seceding minister of Kirkcaldy, in the olden time. A young officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church, and walked about as if looking for a seat, but in fact to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly on Mr Shirra quietly remonstrating: "Oh, mon, will ye sit down? and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's done."

When this Mr. Shirra was minister of St. Ninian's one of the members of the church, a very decent, douce shoemaker, left it and joined the independents. Some time afterwards, when Mr. Shirra met him on the road, he said:

"And so John, I understand you have become an Independent?"

"'Deed, sir," replied John, "that's true."

"Oh, John," said the minister, "I'm sure you ken that a rowan' (rolling) stane gathers nae fog" (moss.)

"Ay," said John, "that's true, too; but can ye tell me what guid the fog does to the stane?"

The wit, however, was all in favor of the minister, in the following: Dr. Gilchrist, formerly of Greenock, received an intimation of one of his hearers, who had been exceedingly irregular in his attendance, that he had taken seats in an Episcopal chapel. One day, soon after, he met his former parishioner, who told him that he had "changed his religion."

"Indeed," said the Doctor, quietly, "how's that? I ne'er heard ye had ony!"

It was this same Dr. Gilchrist who gave the quiet but forcible rebuke to a young minister, whom he considered rather conceited and fond of putting forward his own doings, and who was to officiate in the Doctor's church. He explained to him the mode in which he usually conducted the service, and stated, that he always finished the prayer before the sermon with the Lord's Prayer.

The young minister demurred at this, and asked if he "might not introduce any other short prayer?"

"Oh, ay," was the Doctor's quiet reply, "gif ye can gie us ony thing *better*."—*Dean Ramsey's Reminiscences.*

* * *

It seems that fainting is a profession in Paris. A stylishly dressed young lady recently testified, before a court in that gay city, that she was well paid for fainting away at the theatre out of pure emotion at the tragical moment pointed out beforehand by the author of the play.

PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.

"Bread and butter" are the only articles of food of which we never tire for a day, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian (corn meal) contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away; the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the bones, and vigor to the brain. Five hundred pounds of fine flour give to the body thirty pounds of the bony element; while the same quantity of bran gives one hundred and twenty-five pounds! This bone is "lime," the phosphate lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general "decline." But swallowing "phosphates" in the shape of powders, or in syrups, to cure these "declines," has little or no virtue. The articles contained in these "phosphates" must pass through nature's laboratory; must be subject to her manipulations, in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone, and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye, or oats. But we must get an appetite for eating more, and a power of digesting more. Not by the artificial and lazy method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by moderate, continued, and remunerative muscular exercise in the open air every day, rain or shine. And that we may eat the more of it, the bread must be good and cheap, and healthful; and that which combines these three qualities to a greater extent than any other known on the face of the globe, as far as we know, is made thus: To two quarts of corn (Indian) meal, add one pint of bread sponge; water sufficiently to wet the whole; add one-half pint of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Let it rise, then knead well, unsparingly, for the second time. Place the dough in the oven, and let it bake an hour and a half. Keep on trying until you succeed in making a light, well-baked loaf. Our cook succeeded admirably by our directions at the very first trial. It costs just half as much as bread from the finest family flour, is lighter on the stomach, and imparts more health, vigor and strength to the body, brain and bone. Three pounds of such bread (at five cents a pound for the meal) affords as much nutriment as nine pounds of good roast beef (costing, at twenty-five cents, $2 25,) according to standard physiological tables.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

POISONS IN DAILY USE.

Poisons are introduced into the system by various means. They are often concealed in food by the ignorant cook or housekeeper, and as ignorantly partaken by herself and others. Pickles are often poisoned by being scalded in brass or copper vessels. It makes them look green; but that very greenness renders them poison. Brass or copper vessels ought not to be used for any purposes, unless they are previously scoured very bright. It is better for health to avoid their use for cooking purposes. Brass wash dishes ought never to be used; they cause sore eyes, eruptions, &c. Water is poisoned by being conveyed in lead pipes, or standing in pails painted in the inside. Milk is poisoned by using such pails for milking. Cheese is often poisoned in the same way, and by using, in its manufacture, brass, copper, or wooden tubs painted inside.

Ignorance often conceals a deadly weapon in our choicest articles of food, but selfishness often conceals a greater. It manufactures and commends poisons for others in many temptingly disguised forms.

Candies, toys, and cakes are ornamented or colored with various poisons. (Arsenite of copper and carbonate of copper, are used to powder to ornament cakes green, or color candies.) The blending of colors in various ways on candies and on cakes, makes them attractive to the eye, but destructive to the health of those who use them. Cakes ornamented with colored dust, candies colored in such nice style, toys so highly attractive to children, causes decayed teeth, canker, intestinal inflammation, nauseating headache, spasms, colic, and often convulsions. Confectionary may be prepared without coloring material, so as to be wholesome. Gay colors are made of poisonous materials that ought never to be introduced into food or drinks.

Wall paper, ornamented with beautiful green, pretty yellow, and lively red, often diffuses through sleeping and sitting-rooms an atmosphere impregnated with a poisonous vapor, that causes headache, nausea, dryness, of the mouth and throat, cough, depression of spirits, prostration of strength, nervous affections, boils, watery swellings of the face, cutaneous affections, and inflammation of the eyes. These occur in more serious forms in apartments that are not constantly and thoroughly ventilated.

THE POLICE IN ENGLAND.

Wherever you go in England, Ireland, or Scotland, the police is sure to attract the attention of the stranger. They seem to be everywhere the same class of men, all dressed in the same uniform, each of the required height, six feet, drilled to walk erect, with a military step, and to maintain an air of respectability and authority that gives character to them in the community. They are dressed in blue swallow-tailed coats, and pants of the same color, the coat being up to the throat with metal buttons. Their hats are of fur, with oil cloth tops, and they wear their number on the hat band in silver figures. The fact of their being all of uniform height, and of erect manly carriage, shows that they are picked men, none seeming to be over forty years of age, or under thirty years. They are never seen without cotton gloves, or with the slightest negligence in dress or personal appearance. They move about with their cleanly shaved faces and neat appearance like so many walking statues, always alert in the performance of their duties; and whenever they have occasion to interfere it is with a voice and air of authority that no one would dare to dispute. They are not allowed to lean against lamp-posts, smoke cigars, talk on the street corners with acquaintances, enter taverns except on duty, or to slack their vigilance for a moment under any pretence whatever. To a stranger their services are invaluable, and they will, with the politeness of a Chesterfield, impart whatever information may be required, or direct him to pass on to the next officer who will point out the locality he is in search of.

Advertisements.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS;

FAMILY LINIMENT

IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,

EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.
Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs.
Rev. GEORGE A. SUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.
Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost.
ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 16, 1861.
Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. LEWIS—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions.
SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.
Mr LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA OSMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved.
Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev. Mr. LEWIS—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints.
Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
Rev. Mr. LEWIS—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him.
Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

SPRAGUE PLAINS, Sept. 2, 1861.
Rev. Mr. LEWIS—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed.
Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 16, 1861.
Rev. L. S. LEWIS—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully.
Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. LEWIS—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED

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The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

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WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

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MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND

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HAVE BEEN CURED

HAVE BEEN CURED

HAVE BEEN CURED

OF CONSUMPTION,

OF CONSUMPTION,

OF CONSUMPTION,

OF CONSUMPTION,

OF CONSUMPTION,

BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,

BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,

IN THE YEAR 1863.

IN THE YEAR 1863.

IN THE YEAR 1863.

IN THE YEAR 1863.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would **heal the lungs**—but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the **Pine Tree Tar** to heal the lungs;—therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect. But how to combine its medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and has been put in bottles, patented by the United States Government. We say to the afflicted that Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will produce the INVIGORATION OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, THE STRENGTHENING OF THE DEBILITATED SYSTEM, THE PURIFICATION AND ENRICHMENT OF THE BLOOD, which must expel from the system the corruption which Scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alterative (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving the pain, subduing inflammation and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this twofold power, the healing and strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with nature's constant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE

IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE

FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.

FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is a great and effectual remedy for

BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.

BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.

Thousands have been cured of the above disease when all hope of ever receiving relief was gone.

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS.

There is not a medicine discovered that has so much power to dissolve the thick mucus that stops up the wind passages of the lungs as the Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which subdues the fever and inflammation that destroy the power and vitality of the lungs and consign the patient to the grave. We say to all whose lungs are affected, use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial with great confidence, as it has restored thousands of cases to health that were hopelessly given up to die.

LIVER COMPLAINT

CURED BY PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL.

COLDS AND COUGHS

are speedily cured by the use of Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It does its work at once, and the patient is cured before other medicines would have had time to have any beneficial effect.

DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR SCROFULA.

The Pine Tree Tar Cordial will purify the blood and cleanse it of all scrofulous matter that is constantly breeding sores, internal and external. Salt-rheum, sore legs and all skin diseases are especially cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It is good to be applied internal and external to the above cases, as it has great power to heal where it comes in contact with the human flesh.

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

is a great remedy for chronic croup and diphtheria, which is sending thousands and thousands of children to a premature grave. It can be cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial.

Out of ten thousand cases where it has been tried in the past two years, it has never missed a case where it was taken in time. All families should have it on hand, as it gives instant relief in croup and diphtheria.

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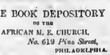

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WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaining of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of doctors, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested as he might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he then seeks excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions in Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will the experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change, decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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8—1y.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garner Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Walsh's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10, D. of T.; from Vanbrunkle Union, No. 10, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fossett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. DuCharti; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. F., Sister E. Bassett, G. P. P., Sister ACEWARON,
" " E. BOWEN, " " J. F. GLACK,
" " M. H. BUSBY, " " E. A. CLARK,
" " S. NEWMAN, " " WHITE,
" " S. UPTON, " " S. HALL.

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Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed to Rev. Elisha Weaver, Box No. 2078, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

All articles on matter for the *Christian Recorder*, must be directed E. Weaver, Box No. 2078, Philadelphia.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

POETRY AND POETS.

O, could I grasp thee, gem of worth;
Could I but stand where *Milton* stood,
And drink sublimest things of Earth,
I'd have achieved my greatest good.

My busy mind in vain calls in
Its rambling thoughts which flutter free,
What would I give if I could seize
The mystic sea of poetry?

Profoundest thoughts did *Herbert* place
Upon the page of sacred worth,
Of God, the Church of holy grace,
And treasures hidden deep in earth.

Pope lent to us a sweeter song,
Than birds that warble in the trees;
The vesper hymns at twilight throng,
And flutter in the evening breeze.

How soft the pen of *Moore* could glide,
When *Lalla's* beauty he portrayed;
How grand the great, the swelling tide,
Of poesy in green's shade.

Scott's Lady of the Lake enchants,
He paints her charms with master hand;
Those noble lines my soul entrance,
That fell from thoughts of *Sheridan*.

Burns loved to pen his Scottish lays:
Though gone from earth, does he not live
In hearts of those that sound his praise?
Yes:—him their blessing still they give.

The *Thanatopsis—Bryant's* boon—
So full of nature's flaming fire!
Lord Byron. Ah! he fell so soon
To ruined nature's direful ire!

Longfellow soon his laurels won,
And *Goldsmith* too deserves our praise,
While I, a youth, have just begun
To tread the path of poet's lays.

May I yet hope to scale the heights,
Of Heaven's brightest gift to me?
May I yet revel in delight,
At works constructed by my hand?

With nature for my tutor, I
Will glean my share of knowledge too;
No gem of worth shall flutter by
Unread, uncared for,—old or new.

Months, years, may lapse before the day
Arrives for me to show my worth.
Before the time I sing my lay,
My spirit may have flown from earth.

Philadelphia, July 25th, 1864. RAYMOND,

To be continued.

For the Christian Recorder.

TO MRS. JOHN M. BROWN.

Farewell, farewell, for thou art gone,
Gone to some distant shore;
Yet oft times will I think of thee,
Though we may meet no more.

May sunshine linger round thy path,
While thou art far away;
And from religion's sacred path
Ne'er let thy footsteps stray.

May no dark clouds of sorrow rise
To mar thy happiness,
But may thy life glide sweetly on,
And never know distress.

Some friends may wish thee joy and wealth.
This wish from me is given;
That when you say farewell to earth,
Your soul may rest in heaven.

Such are my hopes for thee dear friend,
May they not be in vain;
And when the toils of life are past,
In heaven we'll meet again. S. J. C.

Baltimore, July 25th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

AT HOME THEY THINK OF ME.

WRITTEN WHILE IN THE SERVICE—1862.

My heart it dances glad to-day,
My step is light and free.
There comes a thought across my mind—
At home they think of me.

Ah! yes, I left them for the war,
Their tears were shed for me;
The letters many come to tell,
At home they think of me.

Oh, is not home worth fighting for
By children of the free?
Ay, love is there, and hope is there,—
At home they think of me.

Then welcome hardships, welcome death,
In this cause—Liberty;
They'll love me still, when I am gone,
At home they'll think of me.

W. H. S.

For the Christian Recorder.

FLORIDA CORRESPONDENCE

Jacksonville, Fla., June 30, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—The scenes of to-day and the past week, though strikingly dissimilar, have been important, interesting and impressive. The first act in the drama of incidents was the arrival of the long-looked-for Paymaster. Local newspapers and periodicals have been teeming with reports, for some time, that Congress had passed bills equalizing the pay of colored soldiers. We had all been expecting to receive, the next payment, equal pay. The most skeptical mind had become reconciled, believing the reports to be true. But we were doomed to disappointment. The Paymaster did not hesitate to tell us, that he had received no official notice to pay us any more than the usual amount, meaning the insignificant sum of seven dollars. The overplus of clothing that the men have drawn was charged to their account, leaving the majority of them now in debt to the Government.

This latter could have been avoided, and it was thought by those who sympathized with us, that there was no necessity of having this overplus of clothes charged on the pay-roll at this time; but those who have it in charge were fearful lest a man should die, and then be charged with the amount due.

To attempt to describe the feelings of the men would be impossible; they can scarcely be imagined. The case, as it now stands, is more embarrassing than before, as our families and the public are induced to believe, by current reports, that we receive the pay. Hence they expect what we do not receive.

While the Paymaster was in camp, another shameful proceeding was in progress. Early in the morning soldiers (white) could be seen going in and from secluded places, haunting old dilapidated buildings with their presence. Upon inquiry, we were informed that they were in search of a colored soldier, who had escaped from the provost guard-house during the night, he having been condemned to be shot at nine o'clock the following day, in the presence of the troops here. Until this time we knew nothing of the matter, but the report was confirmed as our regiment was ordered to fall in to go to the place of execution; but the poor fellow had made his escape, and saved us the pain of witnessing the sad spectacle. His crime was, striking a white officer.

A colored boy was killed by a (rebel) citizen, alias refugee, Unionist, &c. This happened in the afternoon of the same day that the soldier was to have been shot. The facts are these: The boy retaliated to some remark made by the rebel. The rebel became incensed, of course, at the insolence of the nigger, whereupon he hit him with a club, killing him almost instantly. In addition to this, we have a set of officers here, who apparently think that their commissions are licenses to debauch and mingle with deluded freedwomen, under cover of darkness, and with (rebel) Union women during the day. Many of these officers are connected with colored regiments, and their very presence amongst us is loathsome in the extreme. I found out long since, that rank and pay was, in many cases, the cause of their sympathy and their being identified with us.

The above may be important and interesting to you to know; but the most impressive was the scene of to-day. Assembled in a chapel were a number of freedmen, women and children, to take part in the exercises of the Freedmen's School Examination. This school has been in progress for some time, under the tuition of two Northern ladies (white.) Addresses were made by several gentlemen, and replied to, on behalf of the school, by Sergeant Iverson, of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment.

The children acquitted themselves in a manner creditable to them, and their aptness for learning was surprising. Five months ago we landed here. We little thought that this then isolated place would present such a scene as this; and we feel compensated, in a great measure, and it teaches us, that the privations we have borne are not futile.

Having noticed, in the columns of the Recorder and Anglo-African, an appeal to the public, from the African Civilization Society, for subscriptions in furtherance of the object of diffusing education to the freedmen's children, that appeal should be responded to by every loyal heart and freedom-loving individual. If we wish to take our stand on the platform of equality, we must assist in laying the corner-stone.

Freedom and education are the essential properties to make a great and powerful nation. They are a sure foundation. We need not fear for the future of our race, if based upon those principles. Our freedom would be perpetual. It is now that our people should arm themselves with the bright sword of talent, while we are struggling for equality and rights, that they may fill the stations which are now denied them. I repeat, that they should lend their aid to a cause so beneficial to our race.

The names of such men as form the Committee should put aside any distrust that might arise. The terms for membership are within the reach of any who desire to promote the interests of their race. The man or woman connected with an association of this kind does honor to themselves, their race, and their country. If it needs sacrifice, make it; for life is far better than money. Life, home and its comforts are sacrificed by some of your brethren. They shrink not from the task. Their motto to-day is: "Give us liberty and equality or give us death!"

"May we add to works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labors of our own."

R. H. B.,
Third U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

PROVIDENCE (R. I.) CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—I believe, when you was last in Providence, I promised to drop you a line occasionally of any thing that might transpire among our people. I hope you will not, for a single moment, believe that I have been unmindful of that promise. I have been involved in trouble, and my mind has been shrouded in gloom.

You are, doubtless, aware of the fact, that the torch of a malicious and envious incendiary was applied to my dwelling on the night of the 1st of January, 1864, while I was at Pratt's Hall, endeavoring to say a word in favor of President Lincoln and his great Emancipation Proclamation; and, if it had not been for the interposition of Divine Providence, I should have been deprived of what little I possessed of this world's goods.

If you will accept the above as an explanation of my long silence, I will endeavor to say a few words about that great and good man, Rev. Henry H. Garnet.

On Tuesday evening, May 24th, this very distinguished and gifted gentleman gave a lecture in the A. M. E. church in this city. It was, in the language of Frederick Douglass, a feast of reason and flow of soul. He commenced his remarks by saying, that it had been sixteen years since he was in Providence, and, the last time he was in the city, he stood in that temple and spoke to the people. He spoke of the changes that had taken place since that time. He defined his position in regard to African civilization, and exhorted the people to be grateful for the past and confident of the future, telling us, that victories or defeats could be overruled by our Heavenly Father in working out the destiny of our shamefully-abused and outraged people. It was certainly one of the most friendly and instructive lectures that I ever heard. Mr. Garnet is, I believe, on his way to Washington, to take charge of the Fifteenth Presbyterian Church. It will not detract from the ability of former pastors of that church to say, that, in the present occupant of their pulpit, they have an eloquent preacher and an able defender of their race, one who can fully meet and expose the injustice that is so often done to our people by dark, contracted and prejudiced minds. I hope the people of his charge will appreciate him, for he is certainly a benefactor of his race, and a living demonstration against the charge of the inferiority of the black man. The people of this city will not soon forget the rebuke he gave them, 16 years ago, about their unkind and cruel treatment to colored travellers on the New York boats and Stonington Railroad, and let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that speech had a great deal to do with producing a change that is now enjoyed by us all. JOHN T. WAUGH.

Providence, May 21, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE MIRACLES OF VESPASIAN.

[CONTINUED.]

And now, good reader, suffer us to offer a few thoughts upon these "miracles," as recorded, not by illiterate fishermen and tax gatherers, but by a Roman prætor, one who occupies, it is said, "the highest rank among the historians of Greece and Rome."

I. Let the historian of the miracles first be noticed—Caius Cornelius Tacitus. The name speaks for itself. He was a descendant of a Roman proconsul, and his life had always been among the great, the high-notioned patricians; and he felt himself bound, by every consideration of expediency, to preserve intact all the rights and dignities of his rank. Nor is this charging too much upon Tacitus. It is a fact, clear as a sunbeam, that high-bred and high-notioned aristocrats *do* support one another in this our day, much less in the day when positions of wealth and honor were thought to deify mortal flesh. For this general reason alone, Tacitus would be very slow to diminish the glory of the emperor in the eyes of the rude plebeians and barbarians. But there exists a particular reason why this evidence of the historian, poor though it be, should be received with much caution. In recording by what means he had risen to such a high position in the empire, Tacitus says: "The foundation of my fortune was laid by Vespasian, advanced by Titus, and carried higher by Domitian; and heathen morality would readily excuse him for not tearing away the assumed glories of a family, by whose power and good-will he had been so greatly benefited.

Between Jesus and the historians of his miracles there existed no such general nor particular obligations to bias their writings. Of humble birth, neither had any interest, humanly speaking, in supporting the other. He, who had nowhere to lay his head, could bestow no gold—the despised and rejected of men could give no honor.

II. Let the place, whence the account of the miracles proceeded, be carefully noticed. It is not in Alexandria, among the professed witnesses of the miracles, nor yet in Egypt, nay, not even in Africa, but in Italy of Europe, more than one thousand miles distant.

The Egyptians, celebrated, the world over, for their love of the marvellous, fail to record it. Though professed to have been wrought in their chief city, and in the presence of a large assembly, and by a prospective emperor, yet the enthusiastic, warm-blooded Egyptians lie dormant; while the cold, over-calculating Italians are awakened into life by the wondrous deed.

Not so with the miracles of Jesus. Witnessed by the men of Palestine, with commendable independence, they scorn to go abroad and seek recorders for the wonders wrought upon their soil. While Egypt could produce not one to take note of her deeds, Palestine produces four, if not seven.

III. Let the time, as well as the place, be carefully noticed. Tacitus wrote his history during the reign of Trajan, which closed with the death of that emperor, A. D. 117, between thirty and forty-seven years after the great incident had transpired in a far-off land. At this late day it is impossible to tell by what means Tacitus received an account of the affair, as it should be remembered, that he does not pretend to record that which his own eyes had seen and his own hands handled.

From the fact, that he mentions some of the witnesses of the event as still alive; where they were, or who they were, in his view, is not of sufficient importance to notice: it is possible that he may have received an oral account of the event from an individual who had witnessed it, thirty or forty years before. And yet this record of the affair is sufficiently early to be relied upon, with the proviso: That Tacitus had beheld the professed miracles, and was satisfied within himself that they were true; and then, for the intervening thirty or forty years, to have proclaimed them to all people; and, for this proclamation, to have suffered all manner of evil. But Tacitus never saw the deeds performed, nor proclaimed their reality. The proud Roman, living in the very age of the Apostles, and while they were encompassing sea and land, telling all people about the miracles of Jesus, before they placed their account on parchment, was busily engaged about the affairs of the empire, never, for once, in all probability, having heard of this feat, until he began to gather up materials, in which would shine forth the character of his friend and patron, Vespasian, and the glory of the Flavian family.

Though the miracles of Jesus were proclaimed incessantly, yet all the sacred histories possibly, with the exception of John, were published to the world long before the writings of Tacitus appeared. SHALOM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FATHER and mother, to their offices towards their children, resemble God, and in them we have a fine picture drawn of the Divine fatherly heart toward us; so that, in father and mother, we see what God's intentions are towards the children of men, and wherefore he is not ashamed of the name of father. God commands fathers and mothers to warn their children whereby we can see, as in a looking glass, how God is disposed toward us, for, as the father's heart is toward his children, so is God's heart toward us.—*Luther.*

For the Christian Recorder.

OHIO CORRESPONDENCE.

The Condition of the Colored People of the United States of America.

MR. EDITOR:—There is certainly an upward tendency of our people from degradation and oppression. It is true, that the shaft of prejudice bears heavily upon us, and the tongue of calumny is hurled at us by a very large portion of the dominant race; but when I refer to the fact, that the Almighty pleads the cause of the poor and the oppressed, there is reason to hope that the evils above alluded to, in a great measure, will be destroyed. It is true, also, that moral evils sometimes are the hardest to cure or to remove, especially when they are of long standing and of a chronic character. Human means alone are not sufficient to produce the change needed. It requires a counteracting, supernatural influence, to remove or destroy the satanical impressions which have been, almost to an indelible extent, made upon the minds and hearts of thousands, many of whom are beginning to think, feel, speak and act more favorably towards us as a people.

The providence of God seems to be bringing about the change so much needed, and indispensable to the well-being of us in the land where nature and the providence of an almighty, wise and just being has placed us. In order to effect this change the sooner and more completely, we should unite all of our efforts, as a people, in a mental, moral, religious, mechanical, commercial, agricultural and pecuniary sense. We should study to be provident in all of our pursuits, and, by so doing, we will demonstrate to the world, that we are in possession of all the inherent qualities that entitle us to the same kind of treatment and respect as is paid to others.

Our brave and patriotic soldiers, in the field of battle, fighting to sustain the cause of God and liberty, and to uphold the only true and legitimate Government in the United States, which the Almighty, no doubt, is now purging through the dreadful ordeal of fire; and it is more than probable that those who are not grafted in the root of the Federal Constitution, will be burned up, so that they will be left without root or branch.

Our successful warriors are also giving practical effect to the Chief Magistrate's Emancipating Proclamation, thereby demonstrating, that they are worthy of the liberty for which they are so nobly fighting and sacrificing their lives. All of which should encourage us to hold on, pray on, fight on, and hope on, until the cause of universal liberty and human equality is sustained. SAMUEL WATTS.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 30, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

TIME—ITS MISUSE

The most valuable of our possessions is time; yet, squandered as it is, day by day, it appears to be of trifling worth. Its importance is seldom realized until too many golden moments are gone, never to return, leaving behind the sad thought of: "Too late! too late!" We are thus haunted by the "what might have been," had we valued it properly—had we used it. Opportunities afforded for improvement gone, we sit down, in almost hopeless despair. In this despondency and disappointment, we cast around for some object, upon which to place the blame. Sober reflection assures us, alas! of our own guilt in the matter. There is no forgiveness for us; we must endure all the torments the consciousness of a mis-spent life inflicts. As this refers to the past, there is still hope for the future; and the prospects of success in this future are enhanced if we enter it with thoughts like these. This condition of mind will create an earnestness, that will goad us onwards. And, though a "too late" for "what might have been," is in our minds, yet how much there is still for us to do in this real and earnest world! Our work ends but with life itself. This side of the grave we owe a stern allegiance to earth's affairs—owe duties to ourselves and our fellows, that no order but Death's can relieve us from. We possess no right to waste time. The apprentice stands idling, and is told to "take his hands out of his employer's pockets;" but daily we are committing greater wrong than this, causing a loss to ourselves, with which the employer's, by his idle workmen, sinks into nothing. We are robbing ourselves of that, which, like diamonds cast into the ocean, can never be regained.

In proportion as we become thoughtful and serious, will be our earnestness in life; and the more earnest we become, the better use of time we make. It is in hours of thoughtless gayety that time glides from us unnoted, while we are surely and swiftly carried out into a wider field of life and activity, there to be unprepared for the new circumstances. Hence, we notice in the world around us persons acting in spheres for which they are totally unfit—a drag on society and the world. Our youth is the most prodigal of time, experience alone teaching us its value.

How often is the wish expressed: "Oh, that I had my time to go over again, how differently would I act!" That is, could such begin life anew with a full knowledge of time's worth. Hood, the poet, says, his sober birth-days speak to him of "time lavished unwisely, carelessly." But regrets for the past are useless, only as they serve as a lesson for the future. Let us, then, profit by the lesson, and make the future one, which, in retrospecting, we may find more to commend than to condemn. It is the only true past that leaves behind it no stings to destroy the happiness of the present.

That no more distinguish themselves in this great land, where are so many of good minds, is explained only on the supposition of a disregard, a misuse of time. Genius may light up a few here and there; but, as a general thing, there is no greater truth than, that men make themselves. Every moment is carefully improved by such; and, in the long journey, we are often surprised by unexpected brilliance in those we counted dull.

On the other hand, promising ones, in whom we expected so much, sadly disappoint us in the end. We are cheated out of the crowns and glories of the world by the allurements of pleasure, and by our dreams of indolence. To use time aright requires great effort and perseverance; but to him who faints not by the way, who never gives up the struggle, the crown is pure. Let us not, for a mistaken ease, lose that knowledge that will bring us true happiness. Let us use time aright, and ease will soon be found only in activity, and we will be content only when properly and usefully employed. No life of pleasure and indolence would have given us a Franklin. Observe him in his garret, poring over pages lit by the dim and flickering light of a tallow candle.

Who knew better the value of time than the "Learned Blacksmith?" Thousands, who are to-day distinguishing themselves, were found, in their early days, improving their time, and spending their evenings, not on the streets, not in the restaurant, over cards, bagatelle, &c., but over their books, in the quiet precincts of home, becoming each moment better men—fitter creatures to enjoy so grand a world as ours is. In a land of so many schools as ours, easy access to books of every kind, and various opportunities for acquiring knowledge, it is not only strange that we do not possess more really great men, but also a matter of serious thought, that our people generally are not more intelligent than they are. Among the causes of this deficiency, that of our present subject, "The Misuse of Time," stands prominent; so that the blame is attached to ourselves. It is no excuse to say, in observing the success of others, that they had better advantages than we. Their superiority over us in this particular is, undoubtedly, one cause, but not the only one. For proof, notice the lives of men who have distinguished themselves in the world, and we find instances accumulate of such, who, like Cobbett, had to battle upwards through disadvantages; who, in short, had fewer opportunities and inducements than the present age offers to us. Even in the schoolroom, one pupil will outstrip another, not through any peculiar aptness to receive instruction, but because of the proper use of time. When attending school, I noticed a fellow-pupil, who rarely failed in his recitations. "How is it that Mayer never misses?" queried the boys. During the idle time of recesses, noon, and when recitations were delayed by visitors, he committed his history, which was, by no means, the least of our tasks, which gave him, when evening came, a clear one for other lessons. While other boys were at play, Mayer was at work; while other boys were falling asleep over accumulated tasks, Mayer was prepared to retire early, and with a good heart. This through economy of time.

Another incident occurs, of a young lady, who received an average of one hundred in one of our city Grammar Schools; yet she possessed few opportunities for study, losing a day, now and then, in consequence of duties at home, and having to assist in the general work there. Whether sweeping, scrubbing, or otherwise engaged, her book was ever an available companion, thus combining her physical and mental labors.

These instances are adduced to illustrate the course every one must pursue to become successful, and only those who are thus earnest become leaders. We do not wish to convey the idea, that men must confine themselves entirely to the solitude of the closet. We desire not to rob them of all the amusements and society of the world. We do not wish to say, that all idle occasions—all holidays—must be devoted to study; but we do earnestly maintain, that a fair portion of our leisure should be devoted to self-culture. There may be some who are willing to remain in ignorance—some who are not animated by the nobler objects of life. To them, of course, we do not speak. Our words are to the earnest. There are many such, whose minds are not wholly exhausted by the labors of the day. Let but one hour each evening be devoted to study, and, in the course of a year, there have been gained forty-five days, of eight hours' length. Or, let us calculate the employment of Sundays in gathering useful instruction. Fifty-two the first year, one hundred and four the second, and so on, multiplying until the days have crept into the years. How little they appear when considered separately! but how they accumulate in the course of a life time! He is the successful one who has accepted them. No system is offered by which time shall be economized. Each individual must make his plans according to his circumstances. But, when made and adhered to, you know the result—the mental faculties more fully improved and developed, intelligence increased, the powers for usefulness enlarged, and the whole man made a better, happier and more useful being. W. H. S.

For the Christian Recorder.

BALTIMORE CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—The Maryland and Pennsylvania annual raid is over. Baltimore is the same place, and so is Washington. What folly, for Davis, Lee & Co., to think that forty thousand Johnny Rebs could have captured Washington, Father Abraham, and Baltimore to boot. Their sympathizers, here, were very jubilant over Harry Gilmore's success, but their faces, to-day, are long, their countenances sad, over the good news that came from Wright, Hunter, Averill, and last, but not least, from the army of the Cumberland.

Mr. Harry P. Jones, your former correspondent, from Norfolk, is here, just from the front, on a visit to his friends.

Mr. Editor, will you please, through the columns of your paper, inform the colored Methodists of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Gosport, to which branch of the great Methodist family do they belong. The discipline and hymn-book used by Elder Brown, at Bute St., belong to the Methodist E. Church, South, while at Emmanuel Church, Mr. Handy makes use of the hymn-book of the M. E. Church, North; and at Gosport, the Rev. S. Sisson praises God out of the Wesleyan hymn-book.

Now, Mr. Editor, in looking over the Recorder, I see that you have hymn-books of the A. M. E. Church for sale, and that the Book Concern wants money. The people here want our hymn-book, and why it is that Brown, Handy & Co. will not send to you for them, I cannot tell. I hope that these Reverend gentlemen will, like Paddy, take a modest hint and get the books, or the next time I shall speak out plainer.

Death has been in our midst; two of our Missionary teachers have gone to their reward; Miss Smith, and Mrs. Arnold. They were employed at the Mission school, at Emmanuel Church. I was not present at the funeral of Miss Smith. Mrs. Arnold's remains were rested in Emmanuel Church, on Thursday July 21st. The funeral discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Baker, of Maine, from Prov., 11th Chap., 16th verse: "A gracious woman retaineth honor." It was an able effort. After which, Mr. Eastman, one of the teachers, spoke feelingly of the moral worth and Christian character of the deceased. The services at the church, were concluded by the pastor reading and the choir singing that good old hymn by Montgomery,—

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

At least one thousand persons were present, and many eyes were moist.

The procession was formed and marched to the Norfolk Ferry, and thence to the place of interment, at Norfolk.

The F. F. V. could not understand it, seeing white and colored persons attending the funeral of this saint of God, and they gnashed with their teeth and said: "Oh, she, a nigger teacher!"

Mr. Editor, the Devil will never get his own, until he gets this same F. F. V.; and, sir, if they do not go to h——l, I do not see the use of such a place. But sister Arnold is gone to her reward. We ten pupils will cherish her memory, and try to hail her in the city above.

I am told that the Rev. J. M. Brown contemplates a resurrection of the old Repository, and that the first number of the new book will make its appearance Sept. 1st. It will, this time, hail from Norfolk, Va. Eventful has been its life. I think this, if it take place, will be its third birth.

There is a much needed improvement here in our churches. The choirs are in a poor condition. I often go to Emmanuel Church, and after a good sermon, the choir spoils it.

I think that Bro. S. and Sister B., Bro. C. and Sister D., Bro. B., and, in fact, all of those good old Brothers and Sisters that have lost their voices, should take their places on the main floor, and give the choir up to those young and strong Brothers and Sisters of the Church. I hope the proper officers will see to this much needed improvement.

It is time that we, of the South, had started. We not only want the new gospel, a new preacher, but we want, and will have, new and better singing.

Mr. Editor, adieu, for I must

LOOK INN.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS BEFORE PETERSBURG

Camp near Petersburg, Va., July 28th, 1861.

Mr. Elisha Weaver, Editor of the "Christian Recorder:"—

DEAR SIR:—I have this day noticed in an article in your paper, the daring and bravery displayed by the 1st and 4th Regt's. U. S. C. Troops, before Petersburg.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not a grumbler, yet I like to see justice done to every regiment in that charge. Now, the learned men of those regiments only fought in their own regiments; they never said any thing about any other regiment. I cannot see how the 1st U. S. C. T. could do so much, for they were our support. The 4th did very little, for there was another regiment that helped to take the pieces. Our whole division did well.

I don't think that they need to brag any, for the 5th and 6th Regt's. U. S. C. T. did equally as well. The 5th and 22d charged the "first rifle pits." I cannot see where the 1st charged, for they were in the rear, and the 4th were on the extreme left. They only captured one gun and two caissons.

I don't believe in a man giving one regiment all the credit, for it always breeds a contention among other soldiers, especially when they had a hand in it.

Now, I believe in justice, and justice I will show to those who deserve it. I also see letters from the 54th and 55th. This would be a great rebellion if we allowed ourselves to be shot down when we can erect breast-works. They also think they are neglected, and commence to grumble.

Now, there are two regiments I know in this department that were promised $13 per month and $50 bounty. Now, we all know that the 54th and 55th got their bounty. We know that, and as for our pay, I have no fears of that. They refused their pay. I know forty men who were left sick in Norfolk, Va., who told me out of their own mouths, that these individuals refused pay when the paymaster came to pay them off.

Now, I ask you, Mr. Editor, if that is acting like soldiers? I will answer, No! And yet their cry is, when shall we be paid?

I have a loving wife at home, as well as a good many of the 54th and 55th. I have hope, and as long as I can hope, I shall.

They call themselves veterans; now, I don't call them so. Perhaps you and also they want to know why: well, I will tell you. Old staid men will never find fault, and a still tongue makes a wise head. They can never accomplish any thing with a clamor. I believe we all see now. Time will tell its tale.

So far, we receive our pay now the same as white soldiers. We got paid from the first of January to the 1st of May, at $13 per month, and after the 1st of May, $16. We cannot make Congress do any thing, but we must always wait the result before we try to kick.

I know they are a brave set of men, but there is just as brave a set of men in the field as they are.

The charge on Fort Wagner was a good one, on the Island was another, but the charge before Petersburgh was as good as any. Of course we did not lose as many men, but our corps was handled as if we were soldiers, and every regiment participated in the charge. I say neither one of the veterans need cast up their bravery any more.

But, Mr. Editor, I will quit this now, for I hate to see partiality shown only to a few individual regiments. The 54th and 55th are not the only true veterans, there is the glorious 5th Ohio, or U. S. C. Troop, also the 4th, 6th, 7th, and even a regiment that I hear very little of, who has done her duty as well as any other regiment—the 8th. She is like the 5th U. S. C. T., nothing is said of her, only when they can't help themselves.

To hear a regiment all the time after money, goes to show that they only came after money; but a regiment who keeps her grievances to herself is more to my eyes, and I believe, to the public, the most thought of.

I don't believe in "Army Correspondents," unless they can give a true description of what is going on. I am an old "*Printer*" myself, and I like to see good matter put in a form, especially if from the colored soldiers, who have fought for their fellow brethren and sisters at home, so that they can enjoy the rights of any other citizens of the United States. I hope it will be speedily done.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope when the correspondents write again, we will enjoy its rights as well as others.

I have no money just now; I shall not always be without, and I hope you will give this letter a place in your columns. I do this to put down all prejudice now existing among our own colored soldiers now lying in a line of battle before Petersburg, and also to assure the colored people of the different states that their friends had a hand in the great fight before Petersburg as well as any of the rest.

You see, Mr. Editor, I am for giving every one a chance. If I went in for all the glory myself, why, what would you think of me?

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish you to read over the two articles again, and see if both of the learned men don't say my regiment did this and did that, both contradicting each other.

I am sorry to say this, but it must be so, that our beloved brethren in the cause of Christ can't agree with each other. Each is actuated by selfishness rather than a desire to give to those who need.

I must now bring my letter to a close, as I may overstep your patience.

I remain your truly obedient servant,
WILD JACK,
Sergeant 5th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM MORRIS ISLAND.

Morris Island, S. C., July 15, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—This is a statement of facts concerning the Thirty-second Regiment United States Colored Troops. We left Camp William Penn last April, and went to South Carolina. When we left Philadelphia we left as soldiers; but when we reached our destination, we were treated in quite a different manner.

The officers are not capable of having men under them. They do not intercede for their men. When we were on the ship Continental, going out, they never came to see whether we had any thing to eat and drink or not. But they turned us down into the hold like so many hogs, and left us there to do the best we could for ourselves, till we landed at Seabrook, S. C. From thence we went to Hilton Head, S. C., still without much of any thing to eat. From thence we went to Morris Island. Here we had to work both night and day on half-rations. Even what rations we did get were what the white soldiers would not eat. That is, what they feed us colored soldiers on,—then work us like horses or mules. They make us haul big guns for a distance of four or five miles, through the hot sun.

The men are dying daily, on account of the unwholesomeness of the food, which is mouldy and spoilt. The officers never endeavor to get us any better. If we go to the doctor, he will give us a little powder, and then we are put on duty, if we can possibly walk. He says, that, if he had his will of the men, he would dig a pit and put them all in it. This shows that he has no respect at all for them.

One of the head officers said, that it would be no difference if all the niggers got killed. If the United States Government thinks that such men are fit to lead troops to battle, I am in doubt whether she will ever win the prize, for the men will not fight under officers that they cannot trust.

But that is not all. When they come to pay us off, they have the insolence to offer us seven dollars a month, expecting that the men would take it; but we did not enlist for that amount of money. We have now been five months in the army, and have not, as yet, received any thing; while our families must suffer at home, for the want of money to purchase the necessaries of life. And why is it? Simply because they think they can make money on us.

The colored men who have been raised in the North are not quite as ignorant as is by some imagined. They have got the spunk. If the men [illegible] think that it is right to treat us in such a manner, after getting us to enlist in the service, they have no respect at all for us. And I do not think that *Mr. Abraham Lincoln ever intended that our treatment should be so.*

Yours, most respectfully,
D. I. I.
32d Reg. U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CHARACTER OF A WIFE.

A good wife is one who, ever mindful of the contract which she has entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant and faithful to her husband, chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed. She is humble and modest from reason, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination. What she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; conscious that every thing that promotes his happiness, must, in the end, contribute to her own. Her tenderness relieves his care, her affection softens his distress; her good humor and complacency, lessen and subdue his afflictions. She is the one who stamps the first impression upon the young mind of the tender offspring, that impression which time or absence may furrow the cheek, but cannot efface from its memory. "She openeth her mouth," says Solomon, "with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed—her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, shall be praised."

Yours respectfully,
AMANDA TURPIN.

Williamsport, July 27th, 1864.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Aug. 6, 1864.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of the two brothers, Jordan Shepherd and Randall Shepherd, who left Norfolk, Va., some 18 or 20 years ago, or more. They are my brothers, and I shall be under many obligations to any one who can give me any information concerning them.

Word can be left at the Office of the *Christian Recorder*, or to the undersigned, at Portsmouth, Va. RACHEL SHEPHERD.

August 1st, 1864 [illegible]

NOTICE.

The Indiana Conference will assemble at Indianapolis, Indiana, on the 11th inst. Bishop Quinn will preside upon the occasion, assisted by Bishop Campbell, under whose able supervision the District will fall. The Lord permitting, we expect to be present with the brethren, and will see once again our old friends in that city and vicinity.

NOTICE.

A Camp Meeting will be held in the woods, one mile east of Cold Spring, and three miles west of Cape Island; commencing on Thursday, August 25th. Proceeds for paying the debt of the A. M. E. Church at Cold Spring. Arrangements will be made for persons going on the boat from Philadelphia, at reasonable rates of fare.

J. P. JAY, *Minister in charge.*
JOSHUA WOODLYN, *Elder.*

OUR DISCIPLINES.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have time and again sent notices forth, some of our brethren are continually writing to us, desiring us to send them copies of the new Discipline. Now this is very vexatious and annoying to us, perplexed and harassed as we are by the pressure of business. We do not think that these good brethren read the Recorder as carefully as they should, or they would understand the arduous duties pertaining to the Book Department a little better than they appear to do. We most emphatically repeat again that they are not yet ready. We are doing our utmost, being confined at home nearly every day in the week, reading proofs and correcting revises. But we hope that before our readers receive another paper, we shall have the books through the press, and some of them bound up. Then send in your orders as fast as you like.

We shall be compelled to advance the price of the Disciplines somewhat this year, as they now stand us twice as much as heretofore. Every thing is now two prices. So now let the brethren prepare themselves.

For the Christian Recorder.

HARVEST HOME.

If there be no preventing Providence, the members and congregation of the A. M. E. Mount Pisgah Church, Princeton, will hold a grand harvest home for the benefit of the above named new church, on Thursday, August 25th, 1864, in the woods of Mrs. Potter, near the railroad depot. A dinner and refreshments will be given in the woods, and there will be several eminent speakers present; and in the evening there will be an exhibition held in the above named church by the Sabbath School. Doors open at 7 o'clock; admittance 15 cents. There will be in the basement of said church, the most delicious refreshments of the season. Come one, come all.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, *Elder.*
MR. JAMES SCHENCK, *Superintendent.*

GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.

A special meeting of District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the I. O. of G. S. & D. of S. for the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, will be held at the New Masonic Hall, South Eleventh St., Philadelphia, on Friday, August 12th, at eight o'clock, P. M.

The officers, representatives and members are requested to be punctual in their attendance. Business of importance.

By order of the R. W. G. Chief.

JONATHAN DAVIS, M. D.,
R. W. G. R. Sec'y.

LETTERS NOT CALLED FOR SENT TO OUR CARE.

The following letters, which have been sent to our care, remain at our book store, No. 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia. They can be had upon application for them. They are directed to the following persons: Martin Cline, Mrs. Tolson, Rev. Sampson, Rev. Dempsy Kennedy, Bandine Parks, Rev. Charles Thompson, Mrs. Nancy Steward, Mrs. Catherine Allen, and Mrs. Mira Belon.

Letters are continually sent to our care, for persons of whom we know nothing about. We hope that all persons, who have letters addressed to our care, will call and take them out of the way.

SABBATH-SCHOOL WALKS.

On last Wednesday, Little Minister Street Baptist Church, of which Rev. J. Hamilton is pastor, had a nice time over in Jersey, at Diamond Cottage. Every thing went off nicely.

On last Thursday, the Mission Sabbath-school, of which Rev. William Winder is pastor, also had their walk over at the same place. Notwithstanding the day was somewhat blustery, there was quite a large attendance to see the little ones enjoy themselves. Every thing passed off very well. As we were somewhat indisposed, we requested Professor A. M. Green to speak in our stead, which he did in an eloquent manner. All were pleased.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE NOT HIS BIRTHPLACE.

A tremendous Shakespearean imposition stands threatened with another exposure. It is confidently asserted by a correspondent of the *Standard* that the house of Stratford was not Shakspeare's birthplace, but that the plot of ground, on which then stood two cottages, was purchased by his father when the "bard" was eleven years of age. About a dozen years since, the same thesis was ably exemplified in *Bentley's Miscellany*, where it was asserted that, at the time of Garrick's jubilee, an enterprising barber—the proprietor of the present tenement—first put out the memorable board announcing that "That the Immortal Shakspeare was Born in this house."

THE FIRST COLORED ANNUAL CONFERENCE UNDER THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church were, on last Friday, the 29th ultimo, organized into an Annual Conference by Rev. Bishop Janes, assisted by Bishop Simpson, Dr. Durbin, and others, in the John Wesley church, Shippen Street, Philadelphia.

It is called the Delaware Conference, under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This looks like a step forward in the right direction. There were some eighteen or twenty members present, we believe.

There was something very peculiar about this body of men, and that is, most of the members are gray-headed, and, one would judge, nearly all range from fifty to seventy years of age. Now, just think of that body of men, who have never had the privileges of education, nor of doing business for an Annual Conference. What must be the embarrassments! We must say, that we were not fortunate enough to recognize a business man among them.

Bishop Janes presided with much patience and dignity. The brethren are not allowed any of the surplus of the Book Concern; yet these dear old brethren prefer, in their advanced age, that state of things to being independent and becoming a strong and powerful body elsewhere. We were somewhat amused at most of the brethren in regard to brother Jackson, who was recommended by the presiding elder (White) for ordination as an elder. The presiding elder looked upon brother Jackson as rather an extraordinary man, of thought and originality.

Now comes the opposition. They were opposed to his ordination, because he was not a good nor a true Methodist, and because he held so much with the Allenites (the A. M. E. Church,)—a kind of stigma; and this was the general objection made, that he was not a good Methodist, as though the African M. E. Church were not Methodist.

Some of them thought, that, if he were ordained, it would give him more influence, and he would take off the people to the Allenites. The presiding elder held, that, brother Jackson being a man of originality, he believed that the colored people would do better in the African M. E. Church. Good sense.

Still they were opposed. One old brother arose, and said, that he was satisfied since the presiding elder had recommended him.

Dr Durbin rose and settled the matter by saying, that, from what he could gather from the brethren, they had nothing against brother Jackson, except his independent views in regard to the colored people being an independent body. The Dr. was of brother Jackson's opinion—that the colored people would do better to be in one body; that is to say, that all colored people (who are Methodists, of course) ought to be in one great body, &c.

The vote was taken upon the Dr.'s speech, and brother Jackson was elected to elder's orders.

Saturday Morning, July 30.

Conference assembled, at nine o'clock, in the John Wesley, and was opened with the usual exercises.

Bishop Simpson was called to the chair by Bishop Janes.

After they had gone through the principal portion of the business, Bishop Janes took the chair, and Bishop Simpson desired to make some few remarks. He said, he was glad to meet with them. It was not necessary to refer to the past. The Lord had led them in a strange way. The way was now opened to them, &c. He recommended the young men to study, and to study hard. He next urged the education of their children. He dwelt heavily upon education, and very appropriately referred to the High School for Colored Youth, &c. He referred to his having been down to Nashville, Tennessee, last winter. Though the President's Proclamation did not free them there, yet, when the Union Army passed through there, all the white schools were broken up, and the colored people had charge of them, and they were all anxious to learn. He had also taken pains to inquire at the camp, in regard to the colored people, and a lieutenant said, there was one old woman, eighty years old, who was learning to read, such was the anxiety among them to learn to read. He then spoke of the faithful members. He would rather have one hundred well-drilled members, who would attend their class and prayer-meetings, and always be at their posts, than five hundred who were not true Methodists, &c.

A Committee was appointed on religious worship, and various other matters were attended to.

Conference voted its next session to meet in Wilmington, Del.

The appointments were read for Sunday.

Bishop Janes now prepared to read the appointments. He, however, first presented each member of the Conference with a copy of Kidder's Homiletics, or the Science of Preaching. He then stated his reasons for having presented these books to them, and urged the brethren to study, and exhorted them, both old and young, to study and pray every day. If they would do this, God would bless them. He stated, that no man ought to work harder than the preacher or Christian minister. The Bishop was aware that they had not the same facilities as other ministers. He did not expect them to be as active as those who have had better chances for improvement. The Bishop continued to urge earnestly upon them to educate themselves. He also very appropriately advised them not to use too many books, but to thoroughly understand one book before entering upon another; but, above all, to be sure and understand the Bible. He referred to Bishop Emery, as being one of the most learned men that ever lived, and stated, that he never went to Conference without reading his Discipline through just before he started, so that he might thereby understand it.

The appointments were read out by the Bishop, also where they were to be stationed the ensuing year.

The ordination took place on Sunday. The deacons were ordained at the John Wesley, by Bishop Janes, who preached the sermon. He also preached at Zoar church, where he ordained the elders.

There is one other item which we must refer to, and that is this: One Isaac Bredden came to us, with his own free will and accord, at our last Annual Conference of the Philadelphia District, held in Salem, New Jersey, and took our ordination vows, and was sent to the Oxford Circuit. It appears that he remained there about one month, and had received some forty dollars or more, was well paid, and also received the Minutes of the General Conference and made sale of them, and made no report. So we asked an explanation of him. He gave us $1, and promised to come to the book-store on Monday and pay the balance. We are sorry to say, that we have not heard from him since. He should also have notified the Bishop of his intentions. That's a bad step to take in the new Conference. It is to be hoped, however, that he left the circuit in as good credit as, in a moral point of view, as he was believed to be when he went on it. However, the future will tell that.

So far as we are concerned, we have nothing personally against brother Bredden; but it would have been more creditable to him, as well as to the Conference to which he now belongs, if he had left in a more Christian-like manner, since he was, for the first time in his life, made a man and an itinerant preacher by the A. M. E. Church.

JUSTICE AND HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

In the late and terrible assault made upon the enemy's works in front of Petersburg, some of the unprincipled Copperhead papers (with whose pestilential names we shall not poison our sheet) have been trying their utmost to make it appear that the sole cause of the failure of Grant's brilliant onslaught was owing to the colored troops quailing and giving way beneath the withering fire of the enemy's guns. But it so happened that there were some honorable and principled reporters present on the field—those of the *Tribune* among the number. *Those* gentlemen state that the white troops were brought into action first, but were compelled to fall back under the terrific cannonade; and that the black troops were then hurled against the foe, but with the same result—the majority of their officers being killed, and themselves compelled to retire. No troops in the world could stand beneath such a scathing cross and enfilading fire as was poured upon our brave boys from the black throats of *one hundred* rebel guns. But never did the famed Imperial Guard of Napoleon advance to certain death with a manlier intrepidity than did our heroic soldiers, both black and white, face this unceasing tide of death until all hope was gone. Though they lost, they lost honorably, and have added new laurels to their brow. Never shall their gallant charge to the very teeth of the enemy's cannon be forgotten.

The real cause of failure is attributable to the going out of the fuse, thus delaying the attack until the golden moment had passed. Had the wonderfully planned scheme of Grant worked as simultaneously as was intended, the Stars and Stripes would have been floating high over Petersburg to-day. Our men fought like demons, and, in an open, fair field fight, would, as they have ever done, swept the foe like chaff before the winds of heaven. Despite the great praises bestowed so lavishly upon the generalship of Lee and Beauregard, they have never dared to fight our troops except when covered up in their intrenchments, or concealed in ambush, like a band of cut-throats and assassins. With all his ability Lee could never stop in a loyal State but a few days, being invariably defeated and driven back in disgrace to his burrow, like a hunted rabbit! And now, in spite of his wiles, he cannot return the compliment by driving Grant back from the very gates of Richmond. He dares not attack him, and he certainly will never frighten him away. He has tried his best, but still the little bull-dog confronts him, and never will he leave till Richmond has fallen!

And now, while in this connexion, let us refer to another matter. Thus far, the Government has failed to assert the rights of the colored troops as United States soldiers. Consequently it is certain death for them to fall into the hands of the rebels. We are positive that no other country in the world has ever been guilty of allowing a portion of her men to be treated, in the hands of the enemy, worse than dumb brutes, and the rest treated according to the rules of warfare.

This may, indeed, be one of the grand reasons why we are not oftener successful in our undertakings. The rebels have a strong idea that the Government is afraid to stand boldly forth and claim for her gallant dusky warriors equal protection with the white. But don't despair, brave colored soldiers. Though a few venomous reptiles hiss when they have not the courage to sting, you should not forget that your brave deeds are eagerly noted and cherished by MILLIONS of noble white brethren, who mark your career with the deepest interest. Those men will yet see you honorably done by.

GONE UP.

We observe that our worthy and distinguished cotemporary, the *Anglo-African*, has raised the price of subscription to $2.50 a year. This is but right and proper. With printing material at three times the former price, we are convinced that every reasonable person must admit the necessity of at least a slight advance on the old rate of subscription. No other course seems left us to adopt. We are quite sure that the readers who manfully stood by and guided the unsteady but advancing steps of the infant Recorder, will not now permit themselves to be outdone by our friends of the Anglo-African. We think they would rather pay $2.50 than have us lose by the operation.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Among our many exchanges none is more strongly characterized by a spirit of liberty and loyalty than the N. Y. Tribune. Wherever and whenever it has a chance, it is prone to plead for "God, humanity, and man."

The well-earned reputation of this sheet makes it one of the best channels of public opinion. See what the edition of Monday, July 25th, says of the

COLORED SOLDIERS.

Since the courage of colored soldiers has been vindicated at Port Hudson, at Fort Wagner, in Virginia and elsewhere, under Banks, under Gilmore, under Butler and others, the copperheads of this city do not hiss as they did formerly at the idea of organizing negro regiments. The black troops that were enlisted here and mustered into service a few months ago won the respect of their officers by their excellent behavior, their patriotism and their soldierly bearing. They did not get drunk, they did not attempt to desert, they did not condemn the Government because they had been cheated by bounty-brokers. They left New-York with flying colors, honored with the most enthusiastic demonstrations. Banners were presented, addresses were delivered, and vast multitudes of our citizens escorted them to the wharf, and cheered them heartily when the boat on which they left swung from her moorings. Since the late call for 500,000 more men, a number of enterprising merchants and others have determined to do all in their power to lighten the load which falls so heavily on this city, by enlisting black men in the Slave States, to aid in filling the quota demanded here, and preventing the necessity of a draft. Mr Vincent Colyer, who has had experience as a teacher of negroes in North Carolina, and who acted as disbursing agent here to the negroes who suffered at the hands of the rioters last Summer, has been invited to assist in the accomplishment of this task. He has seen the Governor in relation to the matter, and to-day he is to hold a conference with Supervisor Blunt, and other members of the war committee—all of whom are known to be favorable to the movement. During the past week black men have been sought with as much eagerness as white men for substitutes, and as high a premium has been offered for the former as for the latter. Men who sneered at colored men in blue coats a year ago now argue that black men should do a share of the fighting, and help to win the freedom of their race, which is sure to follow in the wake of war: that we need the services of the industrial classes at home, so that the great levy needed by the army may be provided, and the bills of expenses may be paid. Those who ventilate their opinions on the street corners, in stage coaches, in saloons, and elsewhere, men who have heretofore looked upon color as a crime, have come to the sage conclusion that a bullet from a black man's rifle is as fatal to a rebel as it would be if white fingers pulled the trigger.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM CAPE ISLAND.

Cape Island, August 1st.

REV. WEAVER:—Sir:—Permit me through your most valuable, and interesting, and honorable organ, the *Christian Recorder*, which is an honor to God and a praise-worthy effort of yourself, and an organ of intellectual culture worthy of the approval of the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Africans of these United States of America and all Europe, and it is our indispensable duty to take the glass of intelligence and look into the profound of the future, and say that the prospect is encouraging in our behalf.

Were we to ask one of the watchmen of Israel, "Watchman, what of the night?"—the reply would be that the shadows flee away and an everlasting day dawns upon the world, which, though it may be sometimes overcast, it shall never be succeeded by night.

God grant that this standard of the intelligent Anglo-Africans, namely, the *Christian Recorder*, may wave upon the hills and mountains, and all nations flow unto it.

It says, truly, the right man is in the right place. The Rev. Elisha Weaver, *magna homo*. Excuse me, sir, for so expressing my honest convictions at this time.

I am happy to inform you that my visit to the Atlantic Ocean is a very pleasant one indeed. This is a capital watering place; the facilities are various.

It is quite amusing indeed to see so many hundreds of people, men, women and children, old and young, white and colored, plunging in the great Atlantic Ocean, in the morning, at 11 o'clock each day.

They all get into the angry billows, between two very large breakers, seemingly as large as one great mountain, which comes rushing with mighty force, backed up by the wind of nature. Over it goes upon the joyful intruders, thronging its rushing way. This affords them a good bath with salt and water. I have also contended with the angry billows, and indeed they feel quite agreeable. The water is powerful in its nature, wonderful in its cure, magnificent in its appearance, and dangerous in the end.

In the morning, after the tide goes out, you can see multitudes crowding the beach, collecting pebbles, shells, and precious stones, and viewing the various sea animals, jumping up out of the ocean, also the little girls and boys making sport with sand, making forts, houses, &c., likewise the beautiful looking young ladies and gentlemen, moving along the roaring and thundering waters.

In the evening they enjoy themselves in various ways and amusements of life.

There are a great many of our people here, also enjoying the free water which God hath sent, and also a great many male and female collecting greenbacks. I hope some of them are for your noble paper and the poor ministers of the gospel.

I had the pleasure yesterday of visiting the Bethel or the House of God, which our bishops and fathers planted here on the sea-shore. It is quite a fine building, and second to none on the island.

In the morning, at dinner service, Rev. Stephen Smith, who seemed to be the man for this place—and as the people look forward to him for the temporal and spiritual part of the church, preached in the morning, and in the afternoon your humble servant, and at night Rev. Teagle. We had a glorious time all day.

After services in the afternoon, Bro. Smith and I proceeded to his pleasant cottage, and sat down on the piazza and chatted over different interesting things; presently the bell rang, calling for us to come and strengthen the inner man, and after tea we delighted ourselves on the beach, before church, looking at the raging billows. On our way down we met our worthy friend, Bro. Abraham Fields, sitting back in his grocery store, as large as life: he reminded me of a thorough business man. Also Mrs. Schaff and Mrs. Teagle, and quite a number of others, reaping their harvest of greenbacks.

Now, Bro. Weaver, come down with us next Wednesday week, at the great Harvest Home Celebration, and help to speak, and eat spring chicken, and nice, fresh, salt oysters, and splendid fish. Yours in heart,

J. H. TURPIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WILMINGTON.

MR. EDITOR:—I would say that last week was one of great interest to the colored people of Wilmington. Prof. W. H. Johnson was here, and made our city a visit. While here, he gave three of his celebrated and most interesting exhibitions, accompanied with his lectures on the same, which were most sublime.

Monday night, July 25th, 1864, at the A. M. Zion Church.

Tuesday night, at the A. M. E. Bethel Church.

Friday night, at the African Union Church.

Notwithstanding the people have been favored here with exhibitions of a similar kind before, yet they appeared to think that the Professor's exhibition excelled any thing of the kind they had ever seen. They were highly delighted.

The Professor was kept busy examining heads. They proclaim him to be the best Phrenologist they have ever seen.

They were very sorry to part with the Prof., and the only wish expressed was that he would stay longer. We hope he will return soon.

Let me say, Mr. Editor, while enjoying this rich treat from the Prof., we were also highly blessed with a visit to our city from Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, who now resides in Canada West. She is connected with a (Clarks) family of Shads.

Mrs. Williams lectured on Tuesday evening, July 26th, at the African Union Church. I was told that the people were richly entertained and greatly pleased.

She lectured on Wednesday evening, at the A. M. E. Bethel Church. I must say I was never more pleased while listening to a lady than I was on Wednesday evening, and the entire audience was very much gratified.

I will not attempt to comment upon the lecture, for I am unable to do justice. Let it suffice to say, it was extraordinarily good, especially for one so advanced in years.

I would say, as it regards the colored people of Wilmington, whatever their faults may be, they are not in fault of a want of proper appreciation of an intelligent colored man or woman. They serve them and almost idolize them.

This tells me and shows to the world that they love intelligence. H. J. R.

Wilmington, Del., August 1st, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

FATIGUE PAPERS.

BY E. MODELLE.—M.

BEING TALK TO ONESELF.—NO. 1.

All through life, we are trying to hide the real in us, and imitate some fancied good, somebody, or, what is worse, yielding to the whims of our nature. We seldom trust ourselves. We literally act as though, not only the corporeal, but the whole immortal part of us were desperately wrong, and there was no all-purifying fount to which we could come to lave our world-dust covered selves.

Now, we all know that the heart is said to be wicked and deceitful above all things, but we seem to forget, from the same source we have admonition, to "Be ye perfect," even as I was, a part of the great Godhead. Our Omniscient Immaculate never commands us to do an impossibility. If He has thus spoken, must we not give ourselves to holy promptings? Every one has moments when they feel that they are "saved by the angel of His presence." Why should not those moments be prolonged into scores? Sometimes, after reading a poem which we recognize as a heart-section, all reeking with life-blood, we resolve to profit by the exquisitely pathetic appeals of those "who learn by suffering what they teach in song." When some one whose heart has been almost macerated by God's great, afflictive hammer, prays when none but God is supposed to be listening, yet, we overhear then the wail from out of the depths of our nature, causing us to resolve to be true. But we are sometimes true to our affections, after having about two great heart-breaks; we are true to all our selfish propensities, but to one's self, only a few, are we honest. Those who are, stand upon a transcendental plain, and the world thinks they are out every-day folks, but they will do for Sundays, or, rather, they belong to that better land where Sabbaths never end.

A few days ago, we uttered an honest "yes" to the most trivial question, and one who had taken generous draughts of life's sweet and bitter, clasped our hand convulsively, and with a love that followed and abided with us like a benediction, said: "Oh, I am so glad you are *that* honest!" How rare, we thought, the seal in life must be! When we meet our friends, we use the word as the world does: we will say almost every thing to conceal the sentiments of our heart. If we love a person, be they one whom even Jesus would have loved, we make our deportment a direct lie to hide the fact. Why not be true, if it does cost a grand depression in the region of self-esteem!

In choosing our life-mission, why not consult the oracle which is within, and not make a number of calls, opinion-seeking, before we take up our burden of life. Why, life is a grand "to seem," march, halting often to kill the divine part in us! "We are the temples of the living God," is an inspired utterance. If He deem us fit for him, why not be pure? Why pollute our natures by acting, speaking, and even trying to think lies? Oh! that we might bathe our souls in the great fount of renovating truth and love! Then, that we would don the Scriptural armor, and be unspotted.

In that day, when He goes to make up his jewels, how much burnishing there will be to do. Why, we ask? Simply because it suits our sluggish natures to believe only that "none is good—no, not one"—forgetting, purposely, that the sacred writ does not say, "none can be good," and also willing to forget that God cannot dwell in sin, yet, that he claims us as his temples. Now, some will say, what do you propose as a remedy? We would sincerely answer: Have an angel wrestle, Jacob-like, hourly. Then, when you really have a revelation of the Divine will concerning you, *dare* to act accordingly. Do not stop to consult Plutarch, to see if his heroes did so; nor Mrs. Jamieson, to see if her poet heroes did that; or if Napoleon's Generals or Brown's black men pursued such a course, but be willing, bravely to be the first to do any thing that God requires of you. We are each moral cowards; so afraid of leading, just as though one could be a leader if the multitude did not follow. Dear shrinker from popularity, you need not fear; strong, true souls are always half a century in advance of the people: so you will do your part, if you are so true to yourself as to transmit to your posterity, your honesty, and perhaps their third generation may be leaders. Another class of would-be reformers, are so afraid that their majestic ideas will be consigned eternally to the "tomb of the ages," that they become parsimonious of the good that they ought to give broad cast to the world.

If the reader and writer of this rhapsody will be minus one blemish of deception for this paper, we shall be amply rewarded thereby. Our first inhalation was charged this morning, with the caution: "Be true to yourself." Instantly approving Mrs Browning's remark: "That every good thought we recognize as God's, not ours," we give this to his people.

Norfolk, Va., July 30th

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER TURPIN.

MR. EDITOR:—Another and better day is dawning upon our long benighted race. Behold the great and mighty change that has been wrought in the space of a few short years. Every influence and advantage derived from literature, art and science, is being fast developed and brought to bear in, behalf of the black man in this country, and are still advancing onward with firm and steady steps, and eyes fixed steadfastly on the coming future elevation and progression of our race as men of human thought and feeling. Truly the Spirit of our Divine Teacher has converted some of the nation to the great doctrine taught by his Divine self. 'Love to God and our neighbor.' If men of distinction—men of wisdom and discernment in all things pertaining to this life, and many of them strangers to the power of religion in the soul, consider slavery a great evil, and a political and moral blot, unjust and cruel in its very nature, and destructive to peace, harmony and prosperity in its tendency, should not children of the Most High God make every effort in their power to remove this dangerous and destructive evil from our borders, and thereby heal the wound which has already been inflicted upon a large portion of our own family by the sting of this most poisonous serpent?

It has often been asked, Can a slaveholder be received into that rest which has been provided for the people of God? This is an interesting inquiry, and one of infinite importance and moment.

Without offering an opinion respecting this momentous and delicate inquiry, we shall proceed to state in a plain and simple manner some of the difficulties which must necessarily lie in the way of every slaveholder, leaving each individual free to decide for himself in this important matter.

First, the grand requisition of the gospel, upon which hang all the law and the prophets. is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, and do unto others as you would that they should do to you.

Is not the slave a man, a Christian, and a brother? Dare the master love his slave as himself? Does he do unto his slave as he would be should do to him? I answer in the negative; for while he drives, whips and tramples down the right of humanity, how can he anticipate an inheritance of that rest spoken of?

"None but the Righteous shall see God!"

Respectfully yours,
N. H. TURPIN,

Williamsport, July 26, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Camp near Petersburg, Va.,
July 8th, 1864.

DEAR RECORDER:—Having a few leisure moments, I again devote myself to writing, to let your readers know how we are coming on. We have been marching for the last two weeks from one point to another along the front, engaged in picket and fatigue duty. Our division has built two immense forts, connected by a long chain of breastworks. Sometimes they were in the trenches, in very dangerous places, the bullets whistling over and among our troops all day and all night long, while the men were engaged in digging. On last Sunday Sergeant George Mahoney of Baltimore, was killed while engaged in the trenches. He belonged to Company G, 39th Regiment. He is represented as being a very religious young man, and at the time of his death was sitting under a tree, engaged in reading the last chapter of Revelation, which was his favorite one to read, and on yesterday Corporal Brewster, of Philadelphia, belonging to Company C, 43d Regiment, was badly wounded, one ball passing through his hand and another wounding him in the head. But notwithstanding all those dangers, the boys shoulder their shovels and picks merrily every day, and go out front to the trenches, ready and willing to do every thing in their power that will lead to the capture and overthrow of the rebel stronghold. On last Sabbath I visited the division hospital in company with Rev. Mr. Underdoe, of Philadelphia, who is now chaplain of the 39th Regt. We found the sick and wounded doing as well as could be expected in the field. But as the cold weather is now coming on, would it not be well for the ladies and gentlemen of the North to form benevolent associations for the purpose of sending bed-clothing to their brave husbands and brothers who get wounded through the misfortunes of war. They can be forwarded to us through the Christian Commission, that noble institution which has supplied our brigade with fresh vegetables once and very often twice every week. It receives the prayers and blessings of every soldier in the army. It has been very dry here; the dust has been so thick and heavy that it is very fatiguing for the troops to march in the daytime, when old Sol sends forth his rays in his strength. One more thing the boys complain of very much, that is, that their friends never write only when they receive a letter from them. Now sometimes it is very difficult for a soldier to write: sometimes he is so tired that he falls asleep and forgets all about home, very often without the means to write with. Now, we hope, that you who have sons, husbands, and brothers, will consider these difficulties which beset the soldier in the way of writing, and act accordingly; write often, no matter whether they write or not; for nothing is so cheering to a soldier as to receive a letter from home. Send papers as often as you can, for we have a great deal of leisure time, which might be spent profitably in reading instructive papers and books. We wish to increase in knowledge and wisdom, so that part of our lives, which we may devote to our country's service, may be days of instruction, to fit us for good citizens when the balmy days of peace shall return again and bless our land, when the desolations of war shall no longer be visible, and no sounds mar our ears except the din of industry, and the hum of mechanical skill. Then shall we return to our homes again with beating hearts, glad that the cruel war is over, and that the gentle influence of virtue, liberty and independence, rules our once distressed country.

J. C. BROCK,
Commissary Sergeant, 43d Regt. U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

UNION OF CHURCHES.

MR EDITOR:—A meeting of the people of the two churches, was held here on Wednesday evening, of the 21st inst., in the Wesley Union Church, South St., to take into consideration the union of the A. M. E. and the A. M. E. Zion connections.

The meeting was organized by calling Rev. J. E. Price to the chair. Mr Anderson, of Bethel, and Mr Jones, of Wesley, Vice Presidents, both local preachers. O. C. Hughes, and T. M. Chester, were elected Secretaries.

The object of the meeting was stated by the President, in a few very seasonable remarks. He was followed by the Rev. Joseph A. Nelson, pastor of the Bethel Church, whose remarks were appropriate and well-timed.

Mr. Nelson is one of those who are in the belief, that the union of the two A. M. E. Churches, in America, would be the surest means to concentrate the energies of our people. He is, therefore, zealous in his labors to increase the tide of feeling, which may hastily wash us into the haven of union.

The President here explained, that as the public were called to the meeting, they would be allowed and expected to participate. He would, therefore, be pleased to hear from any one who had any thing to say in furtherance of the great work.

Remarks were then made by Mr C. H. Vance, C. H Cann, Thos. Earle, O. C. Hughes, and others.

A Committee was then appointed to express the feelings of the meeting, upon the subject of the union of the two churches, in preamble and resolutions.

A debate here arose between T. M. Chester, and C. H. Vance, concerning whether the Committee should report the same evening, or at another meeting.

The following was offered by O. C. Hughes, and adopted:

Resolved, That when this meeting adjourns, it will adjourn to meet in this house on next Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., at 8 o'clock; at which time the Committee shall be required to make their report. The meeting then adjourned.

I much regret to say, that before the time arrived to hold the next meeting, the members, with the exception of Rev. J. A. Nelson, had got the impression that nothing could be accomplished by these meetings, and, therefore, had determined not to hold any more such meetings. There was consequently no meeting held on Wednesday evening last, as agreed to in the meeting on the 21st inst. I trust, however, that you may yet hear from the public, i. e., from members of the church, or congregational members of the church, upon this important subject.

There is a good feeling here among all members, and those that are not members are in favor of the grand movement for the union of our connections, and a disposition to enliven and waken up the leaders to the importance of its early consummation.

Yesterday was a lively day among our people. The Wesley Union Sabbath school held its annual celebration yesterday. The attendance was unusually large, the day being a favorable one. They doubtless had a fine time.

The first A. M. E. Sabbath-school will hold its annual celebration on next Monday, the 1st. Great preparation is being made to make it an imposing affair. If the weather be only favorable, and nothing else occur to hinder, we may expect a delightful time.

Yours truly,
MINNIE.

Harrisburg, July 21st, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

REPORT OF LADIES' UNION ASSOCIATION.

The following is a report of donations received in time to be sent in the first box forwarded by the Association to the wounded colored soldiers at Norfolk:

By a Committee from Baptist Church, Pearl St.,	$6.50
Mr. G. G. Iredell,	1.00
Mr. J. Simpson,	1.00
Mr L. Seymour,	1.00
A Friend,	25
	$9.75.

Mr. H. Gordon, ½ doz. papers Corn Starch.
do 1 bottle of pickles.
Miss Thompson, bandages, 3 pair slippers and 1 bottle of grape wine.
Mrs. Matilda Bales, 1 Bible, tracts and old muslin.
Mrs. Julia Williams, jelly, bandages, linen and soap.
Mrs. Robinson, sundry articles of clothing.
Mrs. Cæsar, old linen, muslin, 2 jars of jelly.
Mrs Rigby, paper, pens, ink, and 2 papers of Corn Starch.
A Friend and Miss Jones, old linen.
A little girl, small box of lint.
From Ladies' Union Association:
7 bottles of wine.
7 jars of jelly.
½ dozen papers of Corn Starch.
½ do Farina.
1 can of fresh Tomatoes.
1½ dozen fans.
13 shirts.
52 towels.
1 dozen handkerchiefs.
1 do bottles of pickles.
7 double wrappers.

The ladies tender their heart-felt thanks to those friends who so nobly responded to our appeal, and would say to those who were too late for this box, that they may send their donations, which will be saved for the next one. Articles may be left at the houses of either of the undersigned:

President, V. E. DORSEY, 615 Clifton St.
Treasurer, A. E. MILLS, 1015 Lombard St.
Secretary, S. LOUISE IREDELL, 917 Washington Street.

July 27th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

The Ladies' Union Association deserve the credit and support of the community, as it is laboring successfully for the colored soldiers who have gone from our midst.

Last Tuesday we found them with two machines, at work, presenting a cheerful picture, with their pleasant smiles and bright eyes, expressing the heart-felt benevolence that made their fingers fly so nimbly.

They accomplished a quantity of work, which, with the donations they were receiving, they have sent South.

We understand that the wrappers they sent were very nice and large.

Pearl St. Church sent them quite a donation. We understand that they will shortly make their first Annual Report, which will be perused with interest by the community.

Yours respectfully,
OBSERVER.

Philadelphia, July 28th, 1864.

Woodbury, July 29th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—*Rev. and Dear Brother*:—I take this opportunity of writing these few lines to inform you that it has come to my knowledge recently, that since our last Annual Conference sat in Salem, N. J., Isaiah Bredden, one that stood before the altar and received his ordination vows, has positively falsified them. He received his appointment from one of our Bishops, went to his field of labor, staid there little over one month, received from the hands of those poor people the sum of $16, and then left them without any notice, and came back again to join the M. E. Church, on last Thursday, the 21st inst. If there be any thing more I know not, but this I do know, that he has left them. I was in conversation with him, and he informed me thus himself.

I wish to see this inserted in the next copy.

RICHARD BARNEY, *Minister.*

OBITUARY.

Bloomington, Ill., July 18th, 1864.

Died, on July 11th, 1864, of typhoid fever, Sister Sarah Fields, in the 20th year of her age.

Sister Fields embraced religion under the administration of Bro. Myers, and has lived a consistent Christian and an obedient child, beloved by all who knew her.

She leaves a father and mother, brother and sister, to mourn her loss, as well as the church. But she lives to die no more, and we can but adopt the language of the poet:

Sister, thou wert mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
But we hope again to meet thee
When our trials all are o'er.

A. T. HALL.

BLANK PAPER.

ut a black and worthless leaf,
writing there we find;
only fit to be destroyed,
nd scattered to the wind.

et pause awhile, and bring it near
Where the warm firelight gleams;
now—behold! by chemic art,
The writing slowly grows,

ear and distinct; thus aye 'twill be
Exposed to heat and light;
Removed from thence, and cold again,
It vanishes from sight.

Thus many a heart a blank appears,
Where hidden one misread,
Unknown to all, God's writing there
Indelibly impressed,

Waits but the Spirit's heart and light,
In his good time revealed,
To show what wondrous power and love
Were for awhile concealed.

Chambers' Journal.

THE DANISH LOSSES DURING THE WAR.

The following is said to be a correct account of the losses in men and artillery the Danes have sustained during the campaign: At Missunde, about 60 killed and wounded; at Oberselk, 630 killed and wounded, 163 prisoners, and two guns; at Oversee, 970 killed and wounded, 320 prisoners; at the evacuation of the Dannewerke, 16 guns; before Flensburg, about 150 prisoners and 5 guns; during the siege of Doppel, 600 killed and wounded, 600 prisoners 2000 sick, 2500 discharged Holsteiners; at the storming of the forts, 1,500 killed and wounded, 3115 prisoners, 118 guns; at Vielle, 724 killed and wounded, 310 prisoners, 2 guns; at the evacuation of Fredericia, 226 guns; sick since the commencement of hostilities, 3000. The total deduction to be made from the Danish strength, therefore, amounts to 14,478 men, of whom at least 300 are officers, and 467 guns.

The Prince of Wales is tolerably comfortable for a young man just commencing the world. One million dollars of the accumulation of his Cornwall estate has been paid for an estate in Norfolk; two million and a half remain as a balance with his banker, and he has besides an income of $125,000 a year from his landed property, with $500,000 voted by Parliament, while his mother lives, and $250,000 pin money for his bride. A young gentleman, with no present family, may manage to keep house very comfortably on this amount, and not deny himself any of the usual comforts of a household.

In ULSTER, Canton of Zurich, a preacher openly accused of the rankest infidelity and making an attempt to refute the accusation, was elected Pastor of the "Evangelical Reformed Church," by 865 votes against 145; and in the very church in which the result was proclaimed there resounded acclamations which 'shook the windows,' as some eye witnesses have observed. In the evening they had a serenade, rockets and blue-lights, in honor of the nominee.

ENDOWMENTS.

Two Professorships have been endowed recently in the New York University—one of the Latin Language and Literature, of $25,000; and one of Mathematics and their practical applications, of the same sum, and that $10,000 were secured towards a Greek Professorship. The Alumni, by a unanimous vote, re-resolved to establish an Alumni Professorship.

Our Country.

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

Marches and Battles.

The Christian Commission has shared with the army alike the hardships and advantages of the present campaign in Virginia.

The movement from north of the Rappahannock to south of the James has been one of marches and battles, and of Christian work in relieving the wounded and instructing the dying unparalleled in history.

On every march to each corps of the army the Commission has had its corps of Delegates with its four-horse team and wagon load of supplies, marching and camping with the army, a Good Samaritan with their *travelling Inns* well stocked with oil and wine, ready every day and hour at every turn, for the relief of the sick or the wounded, and for the comfort of those passing away. In the Wilderness, at Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, the North Anna, Cold Harbor, Bermuda Hundred, Petersburg Railroad and before Petersburg itself; on every battle-field the faithful Christ-like work of this noble band of Christian Patriots has made its impress for good on the army; while they themselves have counted it a joy to share camp hardships with the soldiers, for the sake of serving and saving the brave men who bear aloft our flag of the Union to serve and save the Union itself. To them as volunteers under the banner of the cross, it has been honor enough, and joy in abundance, to do good to the volunteers under the Stars and Stripes, whether in body or soul, and win from them their warm acknowledgments of gratitude, appreciation of them and their deeds.

In this work there are charms both for delegates and soldiers of rare interest and power.

The soldier is charmed with the unselfish spirit of men who follow and serve them without pay, and when he receives just what he wants without money or price in the hour of his need, he is deeply touched. If perchance, he offers pay, and is answered, "No, we can take nothing from you, we simply bring to you the gifts of loving hearts at home yearning for your welfare and praying for God's blessing on you," then the heaving bosom of the manly soldier, and the more than womanly tears coursing his bronzed cheek, swell in turn the heart of the delegate with unutterable emotions. And when the delegate has touched the bleeding wound or dressed and eased the mangled body, or cooked and given food or coffee to the hungry soldier, and learns by some word or token that it has served to win the sufferer's admiration for Jesus, and save his soul as well as his life, then he is struck through and through with rays of joy that go with him and constrain him to say, as hundreds have done, "Ah, this has been the brightest spot of my life."

Of the *character* of the service rendered by the delegates of the Christian Commission during the marches and battles of the present campaign a soldier's own expression may serve to convey a more generous impression than any words of ours.

To Rev. A. G. Thomas, of Philadelphia, a soldier at City Point said, "Your wagons followed us when we broke camp, and we could trace them out as we looked back over the supply-train. It made us glad to see you coming with us. *Your delegates have hovered about us on the battle-field like angels of mercy. When we fall, they are with us, when we suffer, they minister to our comfort.*"

All the *value* of this service, thousands of soldiers, now restored to the ranks, or in the hospitals gathering strength to return, are the best of all witnesses. The delegate who passes through the hospitals with the shining Badge upon his breast, continually hears the testimony of these men saying, "You saved my life!"—"Many of us would have been in our graves but for you"—and similar things.

A few days ago one of our delegates, on his way to the field met a body of veterans marching along and to his surprise, one of them stepping out of the ranks, came up to him with evident emotion as if he had recognized in him a near and dear friend or brother beloved. Observing the surprise of the delegate, the soldier said, "You don't know me!—I know you very well." The delegate answered, "You must be under a mistake, sir." "No sir," responded the soldier. "I am not. I don't know you personally, indeed; but"—pointing to his badge—"I know you, for all that. You Christian Commission men saved my life at ——."

This pleasant greeting sent him on his way with his heart full for his work.

THE BASE, AND ITS CHANGES.

For the moment after the great host moved off from its winter camping ground across the river, it was cut loose from its moorings—left without a line of supply; and all, save the chiefs of the army, were in doubt whether its wounded and sick would come back, and its ammunition and stores go out. Then came the great battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville, with the onward march of the army, by the enemy's left flank, to Spottsylvania. Then came the establishment of a *Base* for the army at Fredericksburg, approachable, for the time, only over a corduroy road. Supplies and relief were slow to reach the sufferers brought in by thousands from the bloody fields beyond. At first, the delegates and supplies of the Christian Commission, coming in from the front, were the main dependence supplementary to the government provisions and, of course sparingly from the army. The churches, banks, houses, outbuildings, and streets of the city, were one general hospital, crowded with sufferers while there was the most terrible want of everything. Help came however, as soon as the nature of the case would allow. Such a work for Christian patriots and such a demand for supplies, the world has seldom witnessed; and such a work done as that of the Christian Commission is rare—if, indeed, it is not new under the sun. More than three hundred men were engaged and many of them so over-wrought by the fire in their own hearts and the impulse of sympathy for the sufferers as to work and watch day and night, insomuch that they were themselves prostrated; and some of them barely escaping death, have risen slowly from fever and other diseases, back again to their wonted vigor of health.

The good done was immense; never to be forgotten yet never to be fully known until the great day of revealing. A whole lifetime of ordinary usefulness seemed to be crowded into a few days. A few days only it lasted at Fredericksburg. The army moved on again by the enemy's left flank to the North Anna, and a new and nearer base was established at White House. Here there was no city to convert into a hospital; but the plain was quickly whitened by a city of hospital tents, one wing of which was the quarters of the Christian Commission. And here, with more ample supplies and easier access than at Fredericksburg a similar work, with similar results, went forward until the time arrived for another flank movement by the left, which brought the army to the south side of James river, before Petersburg and changed the base to City Point, at the mouth of the Appomattox.

The establishment of the Christian Commission in connexion with the General Hospital of the army at City Point, surpasses anything of the kind ever set up in the Army of the Potomac, or any other army in the world. Imagine first, *forty acres of Hospital* on the high south bank of the Appomattox, a mile or more up from its confluence with the James. Fronting this, at the end nearest City Point, stand the fifteen tents of the Christian Commission.

These are some of the chapel tents, which, in winter quarters, served as churches in the army, and rallying places for thousands who were enlisted to them under the banner of Christ. Now they serve for the hospital work of the hour. From the "Cooking Tent," with its four 45 gallon caldrons and its tubs of lemonade, milk-punch &c., 3,110 rations for the sick and wounded were distributed on the 8th of July one day's work, a specimen of many days' work of the delegates. How many cheering words and kind deeds accompanied these rations is matter of record above, but may never be known upon earth. On Sunday, July 12, over 60 meetings were held by the delegates, in this one great field hospital; and explain here, by the vast daily distribution of reading matter, how it is that the steam presses of the American Bible Society, and the Publishing Societies and Boards fail to keep up with the army demand.

A Steam Fire Engine, with 2200 feet of hose Engineer, Assistant Engineer, and Fireman, and ample power to raise water from the river, and sprinkle daily the whole area of the Hospital, besides supplying water in abundance for every needed purpose, is the crowning feature, for health and comfort, of the whole city of hospital tents. This ample supply of pure water is surpassed only by the abundance of the yet purer, more health-giving waters of life. The success of this engine was so complete, that the Government soon took it in hand and has used it ever since with the greatest comfort and benefit to thousands.

The Commission, the Hospital, the soldier, and the country, owe the suggestion and completion of this admirable plan of water-supply, to the fertile mind and untiring hand of Rev. A. H. Cross, of Baltimore, Maryland; while the admirable general arrangement of the Christian Commission establishment has been made by the Rev. E. F. Williams Local Superintendent at the Base.

TO THE TRENCHES.

Imagine long lines of irregular earth-works, three or four deep a hundred, or two hundred or more yards, as the case may be, advanced one front of another, extending fifteen miles or more, bristling with cannons and mortars, and hiding a huge army out of sight of all the world, whether front or rear, enemies or friends. From stations at the hospital of each corps, immediately to the rear of these lines of earth works, there is the grandest imaginable opportunity of doing good to the veterans in the trenches. The exhaustion from their eternal vigilance, the price of life, taxes their life power to the utmost. Here one may learn how great a value a little thing, just in time, may have. A bottle of ginger may save many lives; a jar of pickled onions or cabbage may keep in the ranks more men than one to fill whose place would cost in bounty-money one thousand dollars more or less, with a given man worth not half as much as the veteran lost. A clean shirt, to one suffering for it, has in it a world of comfort, and not a little gospel, if given by a disciple in the name of Jesus. A housewife, or comfort-bag, with its buttons, needles, thread, scissors, letter, &c., has more joy in it oftentimes to a soldier in the trenches than the most splendid mansion could have to a man rolling in wealth at home. So on of scores of things that might be named. And O how welcome, too, are the visits of the delegates! How ready are the brave men, in the face of death, to hear words of life!—*Half a mile in front of the trenches*, just in the rear of the picket line, one of our delegates tells us of holding a prayer-meeting a few evenings ago—and such a meeting! He says one such meeting would set a town ablaze if held in one of our churches at home. Another delegate tells us of a picket prayer-meeting three or four evenings since, clear outside in *front of the picket line*, in a ravine half-way between the two lines of pickets. It was commenced by singing the hymn,

"I love to steal awhile away from every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day, in humble, grateful prayer."

Instantly, as the melody rose on the still air of night, the picket-firing ceased for the space of more than a mile, and was not resumed during a whole hour. Next day the rebel pickets told ours that they heard the singing and prayer, and heartily wished themselves there.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

More money can be raised. Ten thousand dollars a day could be used to the greatest advantage upon the plan of the Christian Commission, in the trenches alone, in saving life and saving souls. This opportunity will soon cease. Help, therefore, at once—and help liberally, generously. Dried fruits pickles, lemons, comfort-bags, shirts, drawers, socks, &c., can be prepared and sent to No. 11 BANK STREET, or the nearest office of the Commission.

A Ladies' Christian Commission can be formed in each congregation, upon the plan embodied in the pamphlet sent out by the Commission; and that would afford a large and sure income for the work.

One man, Jacob Strawn, an Illinois farmer, offered to give $10,000, if a like sum should be raised in Morgan county. William Reynolds, Esq., of Peoria, and Chaplain McCabe, undertook to raise the amount, and in nine days secured $11,000. Mr Strawn at once paid over the $10,000 offered; making $21,000 in a single prairie county of the West. Who will do better than this?

More English Interference.—We have received a circular from England entitled, "An Appeal for Peace from the Society for Obtaining the Cessation of Hostilities in America." The appeal professes to come in the name of humanity and religion but is prompted by as hearty a sympathy with rebellion as there is in England, and all its arguments are in favor of secession. This appeal says:

"*Strong and increasing* feeling exists in the country that Her Majesty's Ministers should in accordance with the sentiments of more than twenty millions of our people, tender to your Government a friendly proposal to make this campaign the last. And we are not speaking at random when we say that the Governments both of England and France are only awaiting a response from your cabinet to give effect to the humane wishes of the petitioners; and aid, if you will but consent, in establishing a permanent and honorable peace."

The Union Government are trying all in their power to make this campaign the last, but with the countless efforts of our English friends to embarrass them in the work, by fitting out rebel ships of war in English ports, and extraordinary efforts to supply arms and munitions of war to the rebels, by violating our blockade, it is possible that the task of finishing the rebellion may be left to another campaign. If it be, it will not be our fault, but that of our English "friends of peace," who, with a singular perversity, make no attempt to influence Parliament to put a stop to these outrages, while they pretend to mourn over the miseries of a prolonged war, made longer through their agency.

The Emigration from Europe which has arrived at New York since the first of the year is at the rate of 240,000 for the year. But a very small part of this emigration goes into the army, which is a disproof of all the charges made in the British Parliament of American agents enlisting recruits in Ireland.

Who are the Laggards?—Pennsylvania has raised eighteen regiments under the call of the President "to defend Washington and its vicinity."

The Advantage of Secrecy.—A contemporary, speaking of the rebels concealing their real situation and numbers in their armies, says, "From the beginning, the rebellion has been facilitated more by secrecy than any thing else." This should be a lesson to our authorities to maintain an equal secrecy, and to our newspapers, which are so eager to publish all the details of any contemplated movement with the names of each army corps and the number of troops. A little secrecy on our part in regard to the number of our armies in the field would be attended with equal advantages.

Important from the Army of the Potomac.—A LARGE REBEL FORCE CROSSES TO NORTH OF THE JAMES—THE REBELS ATTACK AND ARE REPULSED—FOUR GUNS TAKEN FROM THEM.

HERALD'S HEADQUARTERS July 27 via Fortress Monroe, July 28.—An important movement is in progress from this point and this morning whilst our troops were crossing the James river to the north side on two pontoon bridges, a rebel force came down and attacked our men on the banks, before having had time to organize.

A spirited engagement took place and the enemy were driven back to their intrenchments. Our troops still carrying organized and attacked the rebel works, carrying them and captured four guns marked "Captured from the Yankees at Drury's Bluff." We also captured many prisoners. The enemy were finally driven from their position into the woods far beyond, where skirmishing was going on when our informant left. The gunboats were on hand and rendered valuable assistance in covering the landing of our troops.

The guns captured are no doubt the same that were captured from Heiger's battery by the rebels on the 19th of May. These guns are now at City Point.

Operations before Petersburg.—WASHINGTON July 30.—Passengers by the mail boat report that on Thursday afternoon in front of Petersburg the rebels opened upon our forces from their batteries.

The batteries on our side replied and soon silenced those of the enemy.

Our mortars also opened upon Petersburg, and continued to throw shells into the town until a late hour in the night.

ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG—A REBEL BATTERY OF 16 GUNS BLOWN UP—EARTHWORKS CARRIED.

CITY POINT, Saturday July 30.—The siege of Petersburg was opened in earnest this morning and at daylight we blew up one of the principal rebel batteries of sixteen guns and had carried three tiers of the enemy's earthworks.

FORTRESS MONROE July 30.—The officers of the mail steamer, which left City Point this morning, confirm the above report, which is undoubtedly reliable.

TWO ENTIRE LINES OF INTRENCHMENTS CARRIED.

BALTIMORE July 31.—A later despatch, from the Associated Press correspondent at City Point, states that the assault on Petersburg commenced at ten o'clock on Saturday morning by a terrible explosion which completely destroyed one of the enemy's principal forts in front of Petersburg containing sixteen guns.

This was reduced to a mass of ruins. Immediately upon this explosion our artillery opened with one simultaneous and continuous roar along the entire line of Gen. Street's army.

Up to the leaving of the mail boat at 10 o'clock we had captured two other earthworks and also the entire line of intrenchments. The battle was progressing with great fury.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE—FURIOUS BATTLE IN PROGRESS—THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG HOURLY EXPECTED.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Information from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, dated July 30th says:

"The great event so long anticipated viz: the explosion of the mine under the enemy's fort in front of the 9th Corps, came off this morning at 4 40. The picket firing was kept up all night, and, in fact, at the time the match was applied the skirmishers were still engaged on both sides.

"The column of dirt thrown up was immense, and rising over three hundred feet in the air resembled an immense fountain of dirt or a crater more than anything else.

"The 9th Corps at once charged the works, driving the enemy to their second line, and taking a number of prisoners, some of whom were dug out of the dirt badly bruised. They state that only about a dozen remain out of their regiment a South Carolina one.

"As soon as the explosion took place one hundred and twenty guns opened along our front while the musketry blazed in one continuous line of fire along the front of the 5th and parts of the 5th and 18th Corps.

"The scene was one long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. But the smoke from the guns soon obscured the view and the above particulars of the success were obtained from those who came in with the prisoners.

"The prisoners say they were completely surprised, most of them being asleep at the time. They state that there were four guns in the fortification, which, of course, were buried out of sight. One prisoner represented that they were busy mining under our works, and that in two days more they would have been ready to blow us up. But we got the start of them, and it is hoped that long ere this reaches you Petersburg will be in our possession."

[STILL LATER.]

A despatch dated 7 A. M., says:

"Reports just in, state that we have possession of the entire first line of the rebel works, with a large number of prisoners. Our loss in the charge was severe as our men had to cross an open field to reach the rebels. The troops engaged were the 9th Corps with the 18th supporting them, the 2d and 5th being in reserve.

"The firing is still going on, consisting principally of musketry.

"Generals Grant and Meade, with all the corps generals, are at the front, watching the progress of affairs."

The Burning of Chambersburg

CHAMBERSBURG, July 31.—On the morning of the 30th of July, 1864 the rebels, under the command of McCausland, with a force of about five hundred men, entered Chambersburg, Pa., and demanded $500,000 from the citizens under a threat of burning the town. This requisition was in writing, and was signed by Gen. Jubal Early. It is now established by indisputable proof that this demand was a mere pretext on the part of the marauders to cover up a purpose formed before they reached the town to burn it to the ground without giving any time to remove private property, and scarcely time enough for the citizens to remove their families.

Very soon after entering the town the rebels commenced breaking into stores and dwellings indiscriminately, and plundering them of everything. This was done without asking the people to open their houses or stores, and without any notice.

Squads of four and six, under command of proper officers, were detailed for the purpose, and within fifteen minutes the town was on fire in a hundred places, the flames spreading in every direction with fearful rapidity.

These detachments, armed with axes and crow bars, broke into every building as they progressed, and nothing escaped the torch. No notice whatever was given to the citizens, until their doors were assailed, and women and children driven into the street without being allowed time to save any article whatever.

The scene at this time was fearful and heart rending beyond description. The streets were filled with frantic women and children wild with fright, not knowing where to fly for safety, yet urged on by the lashing roaring flames, which enveloped both sides of the streets behind them.

Men were rushing madly hither and thither, incapable of resistance, and only anxious for the safety of their families while the shrieks and wailings of women and children filled the air, drowning even the dull roar of the raging fire.

The whole work of destruction was accomplished in a very short period. The burning of the town commenced at 9 o'clock, at 11 o'clock the rebels had left, and at 2 o'clock the best part of Chambersburg was in ashes.

The whole number of houses burned is two hundred and sixty seven. Every hotel in the town, without a single exception, was burned, with all their contents; every drug store, and every physician's office, with all their drugs, and every private, as well as public library in the town, whether law or medical, or whatever else.

The Chambersburg Bank was burned, and also the Academy. The bank had, however, the day before, sent away their funds and books. They lose only their bank building.

The warehouse belonging to the railroad depot was burned. The depot itself is uninjured, and no damage was done to the track of the road.

None of the churches were burned with the exception of the Associate Reformed Church, on Second street, between Market and Queen streets.

The most lamentable feature of the affair is that all of the parties burned out have not saved a single article not even a change of clothing, not one in a hundred of the women and children having been allowed by the incendiaries to secure even a covering for their heads before ejected into the streets. A very large proportion of the sufferers have lost their all and much suffering must be the consequence, unless immediate aid is rendered them.

The number of houseless is not less than 1,700 or 1,800 persons and nearly all are entirely destitute. In many cases citizens, after being driven from their burning homes, were relieved of their watches and pocket-books by the rebel soldiers.

The work of destruction was very speedy. The whole was done within about four hours. The value of the property destroyed is estimated at about a million and a half of dollars.

The Siege of Petersburg.

AN ASSAULT ON THE REBEL WORKS—REPULSE OF OUR FORCES, WITH HEAVY LOSS.

Washington, Aug 1.—Information from the Army of the Potomac dated July 30th, 11 P. M., says:

After the explosion this morning everything betokened a brilliant victory, but soon after matters assumed a different aspect, part of the attacking force having given way thus exposing the balance to an enfilading fire from both artillery and infantry. The programme was as follows: The mine to be exploded at 3 A. M., the batteries to open at once along the entire line: the 9th Corps to charge, supported by the 18th (Ayer's) Division of the 5th, and the 3d Division of the 2d. The greater part of the arrangement was carried out as ordered, although the commencement was later than the hour designated on account of the fuse going out twice.

The explosion took place at precisely 4 40 and the roar of artillery that immediately followed was almost deafening. At half past five the charge was made, and the fort, with part of the line each side, was carried in brilliant style.

The 2d Division which was in the centre, advanced and carried the second line, a short distance beyond the first and here rested holding their ground with the utmost determination. It was at this time that the colored division under General White in command, was pushed forward and ordered to charge and carry the crest of the hill which would have decided the contest. The troops advanced in good order as far as the first line where they received a galling fire, which checked them and although quite a number kept on the greater portion seemed to become utterly demoralized, part taking refuge in the fort and the balance running to the rear as fast as possible. They were rallied and pushed forward again, but without success. The greater part of their officers being killed and wounded, during this time they seemed to be without any one to manage them, when they finally fell back to the rear out of the range of the volleys of canister and musketry that were ploughing through their ranks. Their losses are very heavy, particularly in officers.

Married.

At Philadelphia, July 27th by Rev. James Hamilton Mr. Adam Dever Gage, of Georgia to Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, of New Jersey.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been taxed almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

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By order of the Association:
JAMES L. THOMAS,
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A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff, [illegible] it is cooling, softening, invigorating, beautifying, and preventing premature Baldness.

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One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, [illegible] grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, &c. apl 1y

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Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

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New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
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Valencias of Various Colors,
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A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling. Also,
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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been 30 years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and the only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly [illegible] read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

The work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which is but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such places as Phil-ip-pi, and Thes-sa-lo-ni-ca, or such personages as [illegible]. Mr. W. S. Young of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, sold at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our school-houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when he is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to raise to that, and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well-known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition to correspond, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD,
G. B. EMERSON,
B. F. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with notations to the correct pronunciation of words; but in *first* books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy.

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

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Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

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☞ TERMS MODERATE.

AMY WILLIAMS,
July 2. 3mos Cape May, June 28th.

REFLECTIONS ON SUMMER.

Comes now the Summer from far eastern homes,
Fresh perfumed with the breath of [illegible] bowers;
Over the hill tops laughingly she roams,
Sprinkling before her all the land with flowers.
Beauty and sunshine round her fair brows twine,
Bloom on her cheek, and lustre in her eyes—
The soft and mellow beams along that shine
Out of the noiseless depths of azure skies.

Beautiful Summer! emblem of the rest
Which promise points to in the future clime,
Far 'neath the heavens of that other west,
Where sets at last the busy sun of time;
Into endless Edens all the dawning world,
Breaking like visions on the ravished eye,
And music like the music [illegible] of old
When angels envied earth its minstrelsy.

Whene'er I look upon the flowered plain,
And sky embroidered by fair Summer's hand,
My heart weeps tears of mingled joy and pain,
And sighs again for boyhood's happy land—
That brief but lovely vision of the past,
Where youth was gay, and every bliss was given;
Hope, health and love—and only thus to last,
Made life itself a rosy path to heaven.

Blessed be Summer! As her smile returns,
Life for an instant tastes oblivion's joy,
Awhile forgetful o'er its griefs to mourn,
And age with gray hairs feels itself a boy.
With summer comes the one completing thing,
Which angels once a time said was wanting here—
A voice unfound eternally to sing
God's mightiness from sphere to sphere.

Ah, surely 'twas not sweet-voiced Summer then—
Summer whose life is one uttering hymn
Of joy repeated o'er and o'er again,
In accents full of ecstasy, to Him
Whose all things recognize—the budding flower,
And rock that witnessed when his hand began
To cast the frame of worlds, whose endless power
Is owned and sung by everything but man.

The Family.

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Endwell were very happy people—husband and wife. They lived in a very inviting home, surrounded by every thing except children. They loved each other dearly, but this was not quite enough. They wanted to love something else. There was a void in the heart which refused to be filled. They had pets without number. No hens sung and cackled earlier or louder than theirs. Their turkeys strutted and gobbled as none but well-fed turkeys can. The old peacock spread the gaudiest tail of any bird in that whole region, and seemed to know that he was well-off. No cows chewed the cud more quietly, or wore a more shining, silky coat, than Daisy and Brockie. Even the dog Cato showed by the breadth of his back and his often short breathings, that he was in greater danger of dying with over-fulness than of hunger. Tabby, the cat, was too lazy to hunt for mice, but she would walk around her mistress, and rub her sides against her dress in the most perfect cat-fashion. Even Jacko, the monkey, though he had to be chained to keep him out of endless mischief, often manifested something like attachment to his mistress.

But every thing has an end to its perfection. The liveliest kitten would soon turn into a sober, grave cat. The tiny chickens would soon become old, moulting hens. The peacock's tail faded and became thinner with age. Cato stiffened with years, and spent most of his time in sleeping. The lives of the turkeys were to terminate on Thanksgiving, and they passed away.

In short, all these pets wore out. They became old and died, or old and more and more imperfect. When they were laid aside and new ones selected, the Endwells knew that these, too, would soon go past, and were hardly worth loving. Mrs. Endwell thought her health poor, and that she could not watch with the sick, or go out to the least out of her accustomed track. Mr. Endwell went to his business and came home to eat and to sleep, but a sort of haze seemed to hang over life. He had nothing to which to look forward.

One day a poor, travelling woman came along and entered the house. She was weary and jaded, for she carried a bundle and a baby—a fair, golden-haired little one, about ten months old. It might have been a year old.

"Where did you come from?"

"From my home far away in the old world."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Shakers to give them this child, if they will take it."

"Is it your child?"

"No, ma'am, but my sister's. Its poor mother is dead. Poor baby—nobody can take care of you!"

A new thought,—a new feeling sprang up in the heart of Mrs Endwell. She rose up hastily and looked at the little creature. The large eyes of the child opened wide, and then it smiled, and put out its little, chubby arms towards her: It was too much for Mrs. Endwell. She had what she never had before—a mother's heart! She seized the helpless thing and pressed it to her bosom—and felt that, "*now she had something to love!*" The poor wayfaring woman, whether its aunt, or real mother, never took the child again. She was only allowed to kiss it as she wept a farewell—and left it for ever!

When Mr Endwell came home and saw the baby, and took it in his arms, he first felt queer, then strange, then pleased. They began to talk about a cradle, and a rattle-box, and divers things they had never thought of before. Feeding bottles, and new cow's milk, and crackers, and farina, and all sorts of food were sought out. When Mr. Endwell went back to his business, his step was elastic, his face joyous, his heart happy. A room full of money could not have given him the same feelings, or made him so happy. He had something to live for—not a pet, but a something to grow in intelligence and love, and character, that one little child! It was a golden sunbeam in that house. Mrs. Endwell could get up nights, lose sleep, meals, any thing, for her "poor little darling." And it is a lovely child, and returns all their love, and is so pretty and cunning that they watch it, and care for it, and every day thank God that they "*now have something to love.*"—*S. S. Times.*

SALUTATIONS.

Yesterday, the wind blew, and the rain fell in torrents. I got into a rail car. A man sitting second above me, leaned forward and said:—"A wet, stormy day, sir." I replied, "that needs no confirmation," or words to that effect, and the man, an entire stranger, was very angry, his face flushed, and he said something insulting, which I pretended not to hear; indeed, I was sorry I had replied to him so abruptly.

The circumstance led me to reflect upon our different modes of salutation, in beginning, or trying to begin, a conversation with strangers, as well as with acquaintances.

Many persons, the moment they meet you, say, "a fine day," "a rainy day," "a cold day," "a hot day." These expressions are stereotyped, and are used, perhaps, because we do not know at the moment what to say. There are other very common salutations with strangers when first introduced, and with acquaintances who have been a long time separated—"How do you do? How have you been?" A man can reply, "he is very well, or he is ill," but is he to begin with a diary of his health since a former meeting with his friends? The inquiry generally means nothing, but if no reply is made it appears ill-natured, and to reply is embarrassing. Another common beginning of a conversation, except among intimate friends, is perplexing:—"How do you do? What is the news?" You can reply as to your health, but are you going to recite the contents of the morning paper? The question, ninety-nine times in a hundred, is asked from habit, (and I think it a bad habit,) but yet some reply must be made; and *from* a stranger *to* a stranger, it is embarrassing.

With the best intentions many good people are like Job's comforters. That cleverest of comedians, the elder Mathews, used to personate a very fat German in love with a lady, who promised to marry him if he could bring himself down to ordinary dimensions. He takes to a bread and water diet, and is continually asking his friends, "Do you tink I am tinner?" Some thirty odd years ago, I was daily growing *tinner*—indeed I bid fair to become a second Calvin Edson. My friends would say, "How pale you look to day"—"you ought to take care of yourself," &c. The daily and hourly repetition of these intended to be kind inquiries, nearly drove me frantic. I knew well enough I was a walking skeleton—fortunately I had no organic disease. I went abroad, no one expecting my return alive—and got well. *Mem.—Never tell a person he looks ill.* If you can say with truth "how well you look!" it is always well received, and this reminds me of a Frenchman I knew, who said:— I feel that I am growing old, for whenever any one addressing me says *young man*, it pleases me."

And this subject of age, (perhaps the word most hated in our language is old) brings to mind an introduction and a conversation as follows:—Mr Smith is presented to Mrs Brown—a grandmother. "How do you do, Mrs. Brown? You have seen, madam, a great many summers" "Yes, sir, I was seventy on my last birthday." "Indeed, were you? Well, madam, my grandmother, at your age, was one morning found dead in her bed." Poor Mrs. Brown, of course, was shocked, and passed a sleepless night in thinking of Mr. Smith's grandmother. "I hope I shall never see Mr. Smith again," said Mrs. Brown after he had taken his departure.

To return to the weather. Perhaps the best way is to say as little about it as we can. If any thing unusual and of interest can be said of the weather, I can listen with pleasure, but I confess to a sort of irritation (very wrong, no doubt,) at being addressed with "a rainy day, sir," expecting me to reply.

We nod to each other, we say, *good morning, how do you do?* &c, to show our wish to continue social intercourse—there is meaning in these expressions of our good will; we say:—"I hope you are well," "I am glad to see you looking so well," and similar phrases to show our regard or our friendship, and a reply to these inquiries is usually complimentary. Whether they are mere forms of speech, or meant to be sincere, we can reply to them with ease, but "how have you been?" meaning for years past, or "what is the news?" are questions that should be reserved for the long winter evenings of a country fireside.—*Cor. N. Y. Jour. Com.*

* * *

There was at Amadan a celebrated academy. Its first rule was framed in these words:—"The members of this academy shall think much, write little, and be as mute as they can."

A candidate offered himself—he was too late—the vacancy was filled up—they knew his merit, and lamented their disappointment in losing him. The president was to announce the event; he desired the candidate should be introduced. He appeared with a simple and modest air, a sure testimony of merit. The president rose, and presented a cup of pure water to him, so full, that a single drop more would have made it overflow. To this emblematic hint he added not a word, but his countenance expressed deep affliction. The candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete; yet he maintained his courage, and began to think by what expedient, in the *same kind of* language, he could explain that a supernumerary academician would displace nothing, and make no essential difference in the rule they had prescribed.

Observing at his feet a rose, he picked it up, and laid it gently upon the surface of the water, so gently, that not a drop of it escaped. Upon this ingenious reply, the applause was universal—the rule slept, or winked in his favor. They immediately presented to him the register upon which the successful candidate was in the habit of writing his name. He wrote it accordingly; he had then only to thank them in a single phrase, but he chose to thank them without saying a word.

He figured up the margin and number of his new associates, 100; then having put a cipher before the figure 1, he wrote under it, *their value will be the same*—0100. To this modesty, the ingenious president replied with a politeness equal to his address; he put the figure 1 before the 100, and wrote, *they will have eleven times the value they had*—1100.

MY MORNING GLORY.

I had a little sister once. When I was five years old, she died. The grief of losing her sank deep into my heart, and weeks went by before I could be happy in the playroom, where we had so often been together, or could endure the sight of her little books and toys.

Often I stole away alone to the church-yard where she lay, and sat for hours near the little mound that covered her pretty form; for I did not feel so lonely when I sat beside her there.

I had always been a quiet child, but this sore trouble completely took away my spirits, and made me almost ill. At last my parents became alarmed for my health, and proposed to take me to the seaside. But I begged so hard to remain near my little sister, and was so unhappy at the thought of leaving her, that at last they let me stay.

"Mamma," I said, "you know you told me Teddy would come out again from under that ground—that God was going to raise her up again. I want to be there when she comes."

"My boy," my mother said, "our little Teddy is not coming back just now. God is not ready yet to bring her body out of the ground. He has her soul safe up in heaven with him. If you love Jesus, God will take your soul up there too, and then you will see dear Teddy. When the right time comes, God will raise up your body and Teddy's."

"Must *I* go into the ground too? And will I come out all bright like Teddy?"

"Yes, my boy."

"But, mamma, I don't see *how*. How can it ever be?"

My mother opened her hand and showed me a little seed which she held there. She bade me take that little seed and bury it in the ground. She said that God meant to have the seed buried in that way, so that after a time it might grow up and make beautiful flowers—that God could take care of it in the ground and not forget it. She told me that when our friends died and we had to lay them down in the ground, God liked to have us feel quite sure that he could take care of them and would not forget them. And he liked to have us feel sure of seeing them again some day.

Then my mother said that whenever I put a seed into my garden, I must remember that God is just as able to raise up Teddy as to make little seeds grow and bear beautiful flowers.

Every day I loitered for hours about the spot where I had buried the seed, and even brought my book and studied my little lessons there. I somehow felt that upon the coming up of that plant depended the raising of my little sister—that if my mother's word proved true about the seed, I should have a sure prospect of some day seeing little Teddy again. So I watched and waited anxiously for many days, and the time seemed very long.

At last one morning after a very rainy night, I went out, and saw to my intense delight, two small green leaves peeping above the ground just where I had buried my seed.

To this day I can remember the thrill of joy I felt at that sight. It was not merely delight at finding that I was to have a flower of my own; but to my childish heart it seemed like an assurance straight from heaven that my little Teddy would be taken care of and given back to me again.

Now I was happier than I had been for many weeks, and as my morning glory grew and blossomed, my trust in God's power grew stronger, till at length all the heavy weight of my sorrow was lifted from my heart.

It was half a century ago that my morning glory bloomed and faded, but the hope its flowers brought me has never grown dim, and I thank God daily for that hope of the glorious morning of the resurrection.—*S. S. Times.*

WELCOME.

"Papa will soon be here," said mamma to her three year old boy. "What can Georgey do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the bright little one, understanding the look, and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

"*Be happy to him when he comes!*" cried the dear little fellow jumping up and down with eagerness as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now, as all the dictionary-makers will testify, it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not little Georgey give the very substance of a welcome?—

"Be happy to him when he comes."

THE NEW KEY.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word: guess what." But aunt was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child: "aunt, it is *please*. If I ask one of the great girls in school '*Please* show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, '*Please* do this for me,' no matter what, she'll take her hands out of the suds, and do it. If I ask uncle, '*Please*,' he says, 'Yes, puss, if I can;' and if I say, '*Please*, aunt,'"——

"What does aunt do," said aunt herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children will like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also, for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

SHAKSPEARE'S SKULL.

The fondness of certain collectors for objects which have belonged to great personages authors, artists, or philosophers, is well known. In spite of all precautions, this branch of commerce is subject to much fraud. We know that 25 helmets of Achilles have been sold, 60 guitars of Rachel, 700 canes of Voltaire, 250 rosettes of the Cardinal de Richelieu, 11,000 snuff boxes of the great Frederick, and 17,000 perukes of Louis XIV.

The dealers in curiosities declare they have purchased these articles from Count So-and So.

One day the Baron de ——, who collects the skulls of celebrated persons, received a visit from a man he was accustomed to deal with. He had a small packet carefully enveloped under one arm, under the other a bundle of papers, authentic proofs of his veracity.

"What do you bring me here?" said the liberal baron.

"A great variety of things," said the dealer, in a mysterious tone.

"Well, what?"

"For instance, the skull of Shakespeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say."

"But," replied the Baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer; "who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the Baron, in a mild tone. "He sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted—then exclaimed with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakespeare, certainly, but of Shakspeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas this is that of Shakespeare when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The Baron bought the second head.

THE MYSTERY OF FINANCIERING.

There is an impression, almost amounting to a superstition, that financiering is a difficult and mysterious art. It is, in truth, the simplest of all the departments of commerce. Laying aside all technical terms, financiering is nothing more than the act of borrowing money. There are but two steps in the transaction. The first is to find some person with money to lend, who is satisfied with your securities, and the second is to agree upon the rate of interest. The poor washerwoman who "spouts" one of her kettles at the pawnbrokers goes through both steps of financiering, and the process is no simpler than that of the merchant who has a note discounted at the bank. If the washerwoman pawns the clothes of one of her customers, trusting to redeeming them by pawning the clothes of the next customer, she makes an operation which is very closely parallel to that most mysterious of all financial operations, "kite-flying."

A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW OF BIRDS.

Perhaps the most striking portion of Mr. Marsh's able and interesting book on Man and Nature, which is just published, says the Boston *Advertiser*, is that which relates to the character and habits of wild birds, regarded as important elements in the view he takes of geography, whether we consider their immediate or their incidental influence. They affect vegetation directly by sowing seeds and by consuming them; they affect it indirectly by destroying insects injurious, or, in some cases, beneficial to vegetable life. Hence, he says, when we kill a seed-sowing bird, we check the dissemination of a plant; when we kill a bird which digests the seed it swallows, we promote the increase of a vegetable. The power of flight and the restless habits of the bird enable it to transport heavy seeds to far greater distances than they could be carried by the wind. A swift-winged bird may drop cherry stones a thousand miles from the tree they grew on; a hawk, in tearing a pigeon, may scatter from its crop the still fresh rice it has swallowed, at a distance of ten degrees of latitude; and thus the occurrence of isolated plants, in situations where their presence cannot otherwise be well explained, is easily accounted for. The author states as a fact that pigeons were shot near Albany, a few years ago, with green rice in their crops, which it is thought must have been growing, a very few hours before, at a distance of seven or eight hundred miles.

Mr Marsh alludes to the popular error in regard to the injury done to the crops by wild birds, and states the fact to be that very many of them really feed mainly on insects, and resort to the wheat-fields not for the sake of the grain, but for the eggs, larvæ and fly of the multiplied tribes of insect life which are so destructive to the harvests, and insists on the probability that even the species which consume more or less grain, generally make amends, by destroying insects whose ravages would have been still more injurious; and he alludes to the curious experience of Professor Treadwell, who found that a half-grown American robin in confinement ate, in one day, sixty-eight earth worms, weighing, together, nearly an ounce and a half, as much as the bird himself, and another had previously starved on a daily allowance of eight or ten worms or about twenty per cent. of his own weight.

The author unconsciously confirms the philosophy of Mr Longfellow's charming poem and states, as the result of careful observation, that the destruction of wild birds has been followed by a great multiplication of noxious insects, and, on the other hand, that these latter have been much reduced in numbers by the protection and increase of the birds that devour them—a fact which the poet states with equal precision.—

The summer came and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

In this connection we may remark that the Poet's Tale in the Wayside Inn seems to be founded upon the actual occurrence, as the following extract from Michelet's L'Oiseau clearly shows:

"The stingy farmer (an epithet justly and feelingly bestowed by Virgil) avaricious, blind, indeed, is he who proscribes the birds—those destroyers of insects, those defenders of his harvests. Not a grain for the creature, which, during the rains of winter, hunts the future insect, finds out the nests of the larvæ, examines, turns over every leaf and destroys, every day, thousands of incipient caterpillars. But sacks of corn for the mature insect, whole fields for the grasshoppers, which the bird would have made war upon. With eyes fixed upon his furrow, upon the present moment only, without seeing, and without foreseeing, blind to the great harmony which is never broken with impunity, he has everywhere demanded or approved laws for the extermination of that necessary ally of his toil—the insectivorous bird. And the insect has well avenged the bird. It has become necessary to revoke in haste the proscription. In the Isle of Bourbon, for instance, a prize was set on the head of the martin. It disappeared and the grasshopper took possession of the island, devouring withering scorching with a biting drought all that they did not consume. In North America it has been the same with the starling, the protector of Indian Corn. Even the sparrow, which really does attack grain, but which protects it still more, the pilferer, the outlaw, loaded with abuse, and smitten with curses,—it has been found in Hungary that they were likely to perish without him, that he alone could sustain the mighty war against the beetles and the thousand winged enemies that swarm in the lowlands; they have revoked the decree of banishment, recalled in haste this valiant militia, which, though deficient in discipline, is nevertheless the salvation of the country.

A single pair of sparrows, according to Michelet, carries to the nest four thousand three hundred caterpillars or coleoptera in a week. In reference to this Mr. Marsh quotes from the Record, an English religious newspaper, the following statement communicated to a country paper by a person who signs himself, "A real friend to the farmer."

"Crawley Sparrow Club.—The annual dinner took place at the George Inn on Wednesday last. The first prize was awarded to Mr. I. Redford Worth, having destroyed within the last year 1467. Mr Heyman took the second, with 1418 destroyed. Mr. Stone, third, with 882 affixed. Total destroyed, 11,944. Old birds, 8663, young do., 722; eggs, 2556."

This trio of valiant fowlers, says Mr. Marsh, and their less fortunate (or rather less unfortunate, but not, therefore, less guilty) associates, have rescued by their prowess, it may be, a score of pecks of grain from being devoured by the voracious sparrow, but every one of the twelve thousand hatched and unhatched birds, thus sacrificed to puerile vanity and ignorant prejudice, would have saved his bushel of wheat by preying upon insects that destroy the grain. Mr. Redman, Mr. Heyman and Mr Stone ought to contribute the value of the bread they have wasted to the fund for the benefit of the Lancashire weavers; and it is to be hoped that the next Byron will satirize the sparrowcide as severely as the first did the prince of anglers, Walton, in the well-known lines:

"The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

VERSATILITY AND SKILL OF AMERICAN MECHANICS.

A recent paragraph in a contemporary asserted that mechanics in this country were slovenly in their execution, and that they only half learned their trades: as a consequence, the credit of manufacturers and of the nation suffered. The originator of this slander could have had little acquaintance and no sympathy with our working men. If he had associated among them as we have, been with them in their workshops, their homes, and places of amusement—if he had identified himself with their feelings, and thoroughly understood their characters, he would have thought twice before publishing his untruthful assertions, or, better still, erased them before the ink was dry upon the paper. He would have stifled the slander in its birth, before sending it out to prejudice us among other nations all too ready to disparage every thing American.

The assertion is not true. American workmen are, at home, certainly notorious for their skill, thoroughness and versatility. They are fertile of resources, quick to foresee difficulties and avoid them, and the record of the Patent Office is the fullest proof that they are untiring and incessant in their efforts to improve themselves. And not this alone, but to regenerate society, in one sense, by increasing and cheapening the product of labor.

In any machine shop we shall find men who can work at the vice, the lathe, planer, slotting machine, shaper, foot-lathe, screw-cutter, boring mill, or gear-cutting engine, with skill and exactness, and who could transfer themselves from a machine they knew by heart, so to speak, and to run another on wholly different principles after two minutes' inspection—men who can make a lathe or a knitting machine, a steam engine or a plough share, and who not only know how to use tools, but also to make them, and can forge and temper sufficiently well for all practical purposes.

A Jack-of-all trades, is master of none, but such men are not "Jacks," they are masters of their own trade, and know it from *alpha* to *omega*. Army officers—those educated at West Point, for example—have had occasion to test the truth of these assertions severely, and railroads that have been cut or captured, have been put in running order in a few hours, notwithstanding the efforts of the rebels to disable them by carrying off important parts of the machinery. Captured blockade runners are taken in charge by our acting engineers, and brought home without delay, despite the fact that the engines are new to our men. Those persons who innocently suppose steam engines are all alike, cannot appreciate the care, anxiety, and responsibility which attend the prize engineer in bringing a strange vessel home; but we do, and have often wondered that these men have been so uniformly successful in their efforts.

Go into any cabinet-maker's shop in the country and ask to have a small pattern made for the foundry, and there is no doubt but that the piece will be obtained, and of first-rate workmanship; yet cabinet-making and pattern making are widely different trades. Our mechanics in small towns will execute any job, from putting up a building to repairing an obstinate pump, and whole communities depend upon one man sometimes to supply their necessities in this respect.

Turn to the machine shop again. Contracts to do different parts of steam engines, or sewing-machines are eagerly sought for by our workmen. How well they are executed, let the machines and the demand for them answer.

It is needless to pursue the subject further. Those who honor and respect labor, who deem the workman worthy, not only of his hire, but of sympathy, esteem, and encouragement, will leave no effort untried to elevate him in public estimation, or defend him from the aspersions of ignorant or malignant (because ignorant) individuals.—*Scientific American.*

* * *

At the exposition of pictures of the Industrial Palace, in Paris, there is one large room where the rejected pictures are exhibited. This was an idea of the Emperor's, and a good one. It is said that the eccentricity, self conceit, and ignorance of a large class of persons, who think themselves artists, are here most strikingly exposed. It would be a good idea for our own Academy to follow this plan. It would be "fair play," as it is called, and be instructive.

ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

As is usual in courts, the King had a number of pages in attendance, a part of whose duties consisted in watching in an ante-chamber, at night while the King slept. On one occasion (after ringing his bell several times without effect) the King arose, and going into the room, found the lad asleep. Before him lay an unfinished letter to his mother, in which he stated that he had taken the place of other watchers for four nights, to enable him to earn a small sum of money to send her to relieve her necessities. The King quietly went back to his room, then rang the bell violently, and when the boy made his appearance—handed him a large roll of ducats, telling him to send that to his mother.

His majesty was excessively fond of fresh fruit in the winter, and had large green-houses for its production. On one occasion his gardener brought him some most elegant cherries a few days before New Year.

The King immediately selected some of the finest, put them in a box, called a page and ordered him to have a horse saddled and carry the Queen, at her palace, which was a few miles out of the city, bidding him to be careful of the box, as it contained cherries. The boy started on his errand, but kept thinking how fine the cherries must be, and at last made up his mind to have a peep at them. So, dismounting, he opened the box and soon had eaten every cherry. Throwing away the box, he remounted and returned. Soon after, the King, hearing loud bursts of laughter in the pages' room, went in to inquire its cause. The boys told him they were only laughing at some adventures of the page who took the cherries, and his majesty, asking no more questions, returned to his room.

On New Year's day the Queen came to the King's palace, and one of the first questions he asked her, was: "How did you like the cherries?" In surprise, she answered: "Cherries! I have seen no cherries." The King called the page and questioned him. He told the truth. His frankness and ready wit disarmed the King's anger, and the boy was pardoned.

It was often the custom of the King to take solitary walks—*incog.* On one such occasion he met with a young student of divinity, and after some conversation, asked him: Could you preach a sermon from a text handed to you in the church? The student, in reply, said he thought he could, whereupon, the King told him to be at the King's Chapel on the following Sunday, and a text would be furnished him. Accordingly, the young man (before the services) went into the vestry-room, and asked the boy in attendance, "Has any paper been left for me?" No, sir. "Well, hand it to me at once, if one is brought." But none came. The preacher was going into the pulpit, when some one pulled at his coat. He turned round, received a small piece of paper and went into the pulpit.

Looking at both sides of the paper and finding them blank, he held it up to the congregation, saying, as he turned it, "Here is nothing, and there is nothing. From nothing, God created the heavens and the earth;" and from that text he preached a fine sermon, which so pleased the King, that he gave him, at once, a living.

* * *

"I DINNA KEN"—"Whaur was the text the day, Jock?" "I dinna ken. I was owre lang o' gaun in." "What was the conclusion?" "I dinna ken, I cam' out afore he was done." "What did he say about the middle o't then?" "I dinna ken—I slepit a' the time."

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. NUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs. EVELINA DEMDOD.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it. Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

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OF CONSUMPTION,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
BY DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL,
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.
IN THE YEAR 1863.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would **heal the lungs**—but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the **Pine Tree Tar** to heal the lungs;—therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect. But how to combine its medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and has been put in bottles, patented by the United States Government. We say to the afflicted that Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will produce the INVIGORATION OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, THE STRENGTHENING OF THE DEBILITATED SYSTEM, THE PURIFICATION AND ENRICHMENT OF THE BLOOD, which must expel from the system the corruption which Scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alteration (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving the pain, subduing inflammation and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this twofold power, the healing and strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with nature's constant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE
IS AN INFALLIBLE CURE
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.
FOR SORE THROAT AND BREAST.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is a great and effectual remedy for

BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.
BLIND AND BLEEDING PILES.

Thousands have been cured of the above disease when all hope of ever receiving relief was gone.

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS.

There is not a medicine discovered that has so much power to dissolve the thick mucus that stops up the wind passages of the lungs as the Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which subdues the fever and inflammation that destroy the power and vitality of the lungs and consign the patient to the grave. We say to all whose lungs are affected, use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial with great confidence, as it has restored thousands of cases to health that were hopelessly given up to die.

LIVER COMPLAINT
CURED BY PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL.
COLDS AND COUGHS

are speedily cured by the use of Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It does its work at once, and the patient is cured before other medicines would have had time to have any beneficial effect.

DR WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL
IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR SCROFULA.

The Pine Tree Tar Cordial will purify the blood and cleanse it of all scrofulous matter that is constantly breeding sores, internal and external. Salt-rheum, sore legs and all skin diseases are especially cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial. It is good to be applied internal and external in the above cases, as it has great power to heal where it comes in contact with the human flesh.

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL

is a great remedy for chronic croup and diphtheria, which is sending thousands and thousands of children to a premature grave. It can be cured by Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial.

Out of ten thousand cases where it has been tried in the past ten years, it has never missed a case where it was taken in time. All families should have it on hand, as it gives instant relief in croup and diphtheria.

ASTHMA AND COUGH.

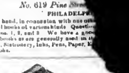
The Pine Tree Tar Cordial gives instantaneous relief in cases of asthma and whooping-cough. It often cures whooping-cough before it runs half its course, as it acts at once upon the phlegm and mucus, and expels them from the throat, and the sufferer is relieved. In cases of asthma use Dr. Wishart's Dyspepsia Pills with the Cordial, as they have never been known to fail to cure that disease.

Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has the name of the proprietor and a pine tree blown in the bottle. All others are spurious imitations. Price, One Dollar per bottle, or Eight dollars per dozen. Sold by all respectable druggists and storekeepers.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,
Store and office, 10 N. Second Street,
Philadelphia Pa.

THE BOOK DEPOSITO
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine S
PHILADELPH

We keep on hand, in connection with our own Sabbath-school books of various kinds Question Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, and Blank Books.



WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 1126 Rodman Street,
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.
Nov. 17.

DR. J. W. CREEK,
Thomsonian and Botanic
MEDICINE DEPOT,
N. E. CORNER OF NORTH AND PLEASANT STREETS,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that I have on hand a good supply of

FAMILY AND DRUG MEDICINES,

AND ALL FRESH AND PURE OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY, and disposed of with care and accuracy.

☞ A GOOD SELECTION OF PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

DR. J. W CREEK will be in attendance at his Office, N. E. Corner of North and Pleasant Streets, Baltimore, Md., for consultation with patients laboring under the various diseases, as Affections of the Lungs, Liver, Old Sores and Scrofula, together with those symptoms of Disease usually called Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Debility, Rheumatism, Head-Ache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Impurities of the Blood, or any other chronic or long standing complaints on reasonable terms. Directions are adhered to them. Can be cured invariably, give an unbiassed opinion as to the probability of a cure.

CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a Doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, as then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and closely ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.
JONES & CO.,
604 MARKET STREET.
Dec23-1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE,
General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

F. CHAMPION'S
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 12 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.
Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or dyed, at short notice.
SECOND HAND CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND, FOR SALE. 5—1y.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 5, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Rush Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 18, D. of T.; from Venerable Union, No. 15, [illegible] T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Norris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fenect; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dokhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Roberts,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowers,	"	" J. F. Black,
"	" M. H. Brady,	"	" E. A. Clark,
"	" B. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" B. Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
on 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church.

No. 33

first sheet missing.

want is, fewer of those happy gatherings, where men delight to dispose of some rare oratory, and more of the practical. This is no time to cover up our own inconsistencies, and think only of those practised by white men. There are in our midst those who are the first to mount the rostrum in some public hall and pour out bitter venom against hotel, railroad and saloon proprietors, while they themselves keep places for the accommodation of white men exclusively. This is certainly a vast rock in the road to our elevation, and must be blown up. To say that we are obliged, by force of circumstances, to cater to the whims of this cruel prejudice; to say that colored barbers and saloonmen have *always* kept places for the accommodation of white men, is no argument in its favor. Some of the railroad companies and hotel proprietors have always done the same thing; and is it any the less objectionable because it is an old custom? Certainly not.

In the name of high Heaven, let me ask, when will we learn to present a dignified and consistent front to the enemy? Let us all be engaged in this great work of elevating our race—young men and maidens, old men and children.

Again, let us patronize colored people wherever we find them engaged in business. This is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our children—a responsibility which we cannot shirk, involving a principle which should be instilled in the hearts of our children among childhood's early lessons. If the present circumstances with which we are surrounded will not have the effect of driving us together, in the name of common-sense, let me ask, what will!

In the city of Philadelphia alone, if the colored people were to patronize each other in every department of trade, not less than three hundred persons might have employment as clerks, salesmen, agents, &c., to say nothing about those who would be engaged in manufacturing articles for the trade. Will the young ladies of Philadelphia (who have never been known to fail in any noble enterprise) see what they can do in the way of concentrating our forces? Let them form leagues, and resolve to patronize stores of which black men shall be the proprietors, and, ere long, you shall see the glorious results of your labors. Young men, will you not establish or organize institutions, having for their object the elevation of our race? Fathers, remember, that, if you educate your sons, and fail to provide for them in the direction referred to, you will only add to their cup of misery and discontent. It is all folly to lose so many golden moments in laying siege to the vast and stupendous fortifications of prejudice in this country when it only needs for us to change our base of operations and proceed by some other route. Mothers, teach your children that they must make their own counting-houses by building up business among ourselves.

Space will not allow me to argue the points to any length. Therefore, I have only hinted at them. In reference to myself, I want to say, that I do not mean to convey the idea that I am in the advance of any one in reference to what I have spoken about; for, while I claim the right to speak out on all subjects involving the interests of my people, I have also the moral courage to acknowledge, that much has been lacking on my part. I now stand hereby pledged to patronize colored men and women wherever I find them in business.

In conclusion, let me say, that we risk nothing in the way of incurring the displeasure of our white friends, nor do I suppose that our enemies will take umbrage at our using all honorable means for our mutual protection and the final elevation of our race. They know too well that we are the victims of prejudice and vile proscription wherever we go, shunned by the educated and refined because they have not the moral courage to run the blockade of prejudice, and kicked and scorned by the rude and illiterate because, as laborers, we are brought into competition with them. Doubtless we have friends; but, like the Union man in the South, they dare not hoist their colors. They pray to God, and ask our enemies to have mercy on us; but their counting houses are closed against us. They fain would open unto us; but copperheads are coiled up in the doors, and, in the language of Canute, say: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

The friends of Macedonia made another grand charge on last Sabbath and succeeded in collecting fifty dollars in greenbacks, to be appropriated for the church debt. Once more to the breach, dear friends, and we shall be out of danger.

WEST JERSEY.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Fell by the sword, near White House, Va., fighting for his country, on the 4th of July, 1864, Wm. H. Clements.

Brother Clements enlisted in the 28th Ind. Reg't, on the 25th of December, 1863, and belonged to Co. C, and was Corporal in that Company.

He left Indianapolis with his regiment for the field of battle on the 2d day of last May. He was severely wounded in a fierce engagement, which took place on the 2d of June last, near to the White House, in Va., in which he fell mortally wounded, survived but thirteen days. It certainly should console his friends, all of them, to know that Bro. Clements not only fought as a brave soldier for his country, but was equally as brave a soldier in the Christian warfare, and died not only at his country's bidding, and at his post of duty as a soldier, but in the triumphs of a living faith, and has gone doubtless from labor to reward, which is to be only sought and found in the Christian's heaven.

This brother was about 26 years of age. He said he was born free, in the State of Illinois, but was kidnapped when a boy, and taken into St. Louis County, Missouri, and there made a slave for life. When the present vile rebellion broke out, he saw cause to make his way to the Union lines, and after travelling around awhile with the Union army, he left it and went to Richmond, Ind., where he was living when he enlisted, as above mentioned. But previous to his enlistment, he had made the acquaintance of Miss Amy Smith, of Richmond, to whom he had been married over a year, when he fell.

We are informed that this brother embraced religion at the age of 17 years, and connected himself with the Baptist Church, and lived an exemplary Christian to the day of his death.

He leaves a wife, with no children, but a number of other friends to mourn his loss.

He had resided in Richmond about thirteen months, when he left for the battle-field; and from what I have seen and heard, there probably never was a man in Richmond only so short a time, who was more generally beloved. It seems that he was highly respected by all parties as a Christian and a gentleman.

May the Lord bless his widow, who has willingly given her husband whom she loved as she did her own soul, to fight, bleed, and die upon the altar of his country. May he take her under his own pavillion and eventually bring her safely to the saint's everlasting rest.

T. STROTHER.

REV. JAMES LYNCH.

Calling for help for his Missionary work.

We call our ministers and readers special attention to the letter of Brother J. Lynch, in regard to his appeal for his new church, and the aid necessary to carry on the good work he has begun.

Those brethren which he has named, and others, will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK, junior pastor of the Church of the New Testament, and associate of Rev. Dr. Stockton, late chaplain of Congress, and editor of *Clark's School Visitor*, of this city, had the honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred on him by Mount Union College, Ohio, at the last commencement, "in consequence of his distinguished attainments in science and literature, and of his efficient labors in the cause of education." It is worthily bestowed.

Our Country.

Proclamation of Gov. Curtin—30,000 Militia Called out.—*Harrisburg*, Aug. 5.—In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth:

A PROCLAMATION.

The advance of the rebel army has again crossed the Potomac and this morning occupied Hagerstown. I call for 30,000 volunteer militia to be mustered into the service of the State to serve during the emergency for the defence of the State.

The men east of Johnstown will rendezvous at Harrisburg, and those west of that place at Pittsburgh.

I cannot too earnestly urge upon the people of the State the necessity for the immediate presence of this force.

The general orders which accompany this proclamation set forth the arrangements for transportation, &c., and the mode of organization.

A. G. CURTIN.

By the Governor.

ELI SLIFER, Sec'y. of Commonwealth.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 53.

Head-quarters Pennsylvania Militia, August 5, 1864.—In accordance with my proclamation this day made, it is ordered:

1st. That all the able-bodied men of Pennsylvania do immediately assemble in their respective boroughs, wards and townships, and organize companies for the defence of the State.

2d. Companies, as rapidly as organized, will on application to the different railroad companies be furnished with transportation by the United States to the proper rendezvous. Those organized west of Johnstown to Camp Reynolds at Pittsburgh.

Those east of Johnstown at Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, where they will be subsisted by the United States Government and sworn into the service of the State for State defence during the period of the existing emergency, and will be organized into regiments.

By order of
A. G. CURTIN,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

A. L. RUSSELL, Adj. Gen. Pa.

Home Defence.—The people of Pittsburg, in view of the possibility of a rebel raid even as far west as the Ohio river, have wisely determined to put themselves in a state of preparation to repel the invaders, without waiting upon the Legislature. They have proceeded at once with the enrolment and organization of the militia forces of the county which the committee of Safety think can be accomplished at least three weeks in advance of any result which the State Legislature will be able to effect.

Maryland and Pennsylvania Militia.—If these two States were to organize at once their militia, establish a permanent camp of instruction upon the borders, and each keep fifteen thousand men under training, drafting that number every six months while the war lasted, both Maryland and Pennsylvania would be secure from inroads, and a body of yeomanry would be acquiring knowledge of the military art which would be a reliance in any future emergency.

Special Income Tax.—The meaning of the law is that he shall pay for 1863 at the rate of 5 per cent. on all incomes over six hundred dollars. An individual who had a clear income of one thousand dollars, of which three hundred dollars was derived from property in incorporated companies, paid to the collector the amount due on seven hundred dollars only, which was twenty-one dollars the other nine dollars being paid by the companies. Now he will have to make out his return for one thousand dollars, the additional tax on which will be fifty dollars (making eighty dollars in all,) as the law requires.

The Independence and the Sovereignty of the States.—The rebel defence of their rebellion has always been that it was forced upon them by the attempt at Washington to destroy the independent sovereignty of the States, and that if an independent State did not like its association with others, it had clearly a right to dissolve it and form such of her political associations as it deemed best. North Carolina is just now evincing great uneasiness in its position in the "Confederacy," and the Richmond Examiner is reading it some severe lectures which contain doctrines somewhat at variance with those upon which rebellion is defended. The Examiner says:

"Now, if North Carolina cease to be a part of the Confederacy, and become a part of the Federal Union which is at war with us, she thereby, on the instant declares war against the Confederacy. That a State did, in the middle of a war abandon her allies, deny her act, eat her words, and join her enemies against her friends might be a brilliant historic record in the future—but it would not be peace; it would be only the beginning of war. It is not to be supposed that Virginia and South Carolina would submit to be cut asunder by the intervening country, if that country should declare itself an enemy, instead of a friend. They, of course, would treat it as an enemy—would make unceremonious use of its railroads and short work with its towns. We do not see that the Old North State would gain much by reconciling herself to Rhode Island and Massachusetts and declaring war against South Carolina and Virginia."

Scenes in the Crater at Petersburg.—When our truce arrived at the crater they beheld a heterogeneous mass of loose earth, guns, and gun-carriages, dead and wounded gunners, &c. Some of the gunners were buried alive at the depth perhaps of twenty feet—the depth of the mine below the fort. Those on the surface were found in every conceivable condition and attitude—some nearly stunned and slightly wounded, others unrecognizable lumps of flesh and dirt; some with their heads protruding from the ruins, others with their heels marking their unhallowed burial place. One poor fellow pulling the dirt out of his eyes, in his delirium, said: "Have we been attacked? Are we driving them? That's right." He soon revived, however, to find himself a prisoner. Another buried up to his armpits in loose dirt, on being approached, cried: "Come, Yanks, for God's sake take me out of this place. It's all over now and there is no use of letting a fellow stick here. Come, take me out quick, and I will do as much for you some time." He was taken out.

One of the charging officers noticing the dirt move near him as if a mole or gopher were at work under it, commenced digging, and finally dug out a rebel lieutenant who was actually revived and recovered freely with the officers before being brought from the ground. Several others were exhumed from their living graves, and restored to consciousness.

Before our wounded were removed from the crater under a flag of truce, their sufferings during the day and a half they remained in it were absolutely frightful. Their groans and cries for water could be distinctly heard in our intrenchments, without the power to relieve without the certainty of being shot. To the credit of the rebs, however, be it said, they did what they would not allow our men to do—carried water in their canteens to some of our suffering wounded, holding up their canteens as flags of truce. They allowed our wounded to make themselves as comfortable as possible by constructing little booths such as were able to do so or putting up their little fly-tents such as had them, but they would not allow them to approach our intrenchments.

The Threatening Raid—The Governor's Call.—The rebel movements in Virginia have again caused alarm at Harrisburg, and the Governor makes a demand for 30,000 of the militia, to prepare against invasion. The reports upon which this call is based are as usual as contradictory as they can well be, one report stating that Hagerstown in Maryland, near our border line has been occupied by a rebel force, and another that they are retreating down towards Richmond with their plunder, the movement across this side of the Potomac being only a feint to cover their retreat. Without stopping to consider the wisdom of that military management at Washington which permits a rebel force of 15,000 or 20,000 men to remain, without molestation so near our border alarming and depredating upon the property of loyal States, and even audaciously threatening the National Capital we think it is time that our citizens had roused themselves thoroughly to a sense of the danger to which they are subjected, and had made such arrangements as would give the security they now do not possess. The rebels are in the Shenandoah valley. Why do they remain there? Some say only to gather the harvest in the Virginia valley, and as soon as that is secured they will go south. Possibly, but they can advance as well as retire, and if the way is open and the border unguarded, they are invited by our defenceless position to advance to secure still greater plunder. They are in the valley for mischief to us and for nothing else, and are watching their opportunity to do us the most harm, which is to them correspondingly the greatest good. They will be governed entirely by circumstances. If the risk of advancing is nothing, they will push forward into our towns and rob and burn. If the danger of doing so is too great they will keep off at a safe distance, but sufficiently near to avail themselves of any chance in their favor. Now we can make this risk so great that perfect security may be obtained against any such incursion. It will not be, however, by mocking at the Governor's repeated calls, and fancying that there is no danger, because on previous calls the militia were not needed. The promptitude with which the call was answered on two occasions helped materially to check the progress of invasion for the rebels saw that it would not do to advance with the whole country aroused. The answer to the present call will give us perfect security for the remainder of the rebellion, for with a force of 30,000 trained militia in arms, and occupying advantageous positions no foe will dare to advance so far North. We know that the periodical alarms and spasmodic efforts to prepare for danger which succeeded them have made people somewhat callous to the calls for defence from Harrisburg, but the fault is with the people themselves, that this state of affairs should exist, for they are as much bound as the Governor to look the danger in the face and prepare to avert it. It is their property which is stolen and their houses which are burned therefore it is they who should stimulate the Governor to action and not leave it to him to apply the spur to them. The Governor probably is as tired of making these appeals, as they are of hearing them. Let the people then go to work and render them hereafter unnecessary.

Reports from Hagerstown.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 5.—Despatches received here by Governor Curtin this morning state that at half-past two o'clock this morning our troops evacuated Hagerstown.

Our pickets report the enemy on the Sharpsburg road. At five A. M. scouts came in reporting the rebel infantry pickets three miles below on the same road, when a general skedaddle of citizens ensued.

Up to eight A. M. of to-day nothing further has been heard in that direction. A gentleman, who is vouched for as reliable, says he saw the enemy crossing at Williamsport this morning. Two scouts report the same thing.

The impression in official circles is, that the enemy is approaching in force. This opinion is backed by testimony which is now in the possession of the authorities.

Rebels entered Hagerstown at nine o'clock this morning, at which hour Wm. B. Wilson left. Mr. Wilson is an operator belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 5.—Despatches received here early this morning state that the rebels were crossing at Hancock, and that they had driven Averill's pickets into Cumberland.

Semi-official despatches received at 9 o'clock convey the information that the rebels occupied Hagerstown this morning.

The greatest consternation once more prevails along the Southern portion of the Cumberland Valley.

The farmers are hurrying from their homes with their stock, and the population generally is reported to be panic-stricken by this sudden (and to them an expected) occupation of their country by the rebels. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling out thirty thousand militia.

REPORTS FROM M'CONNELLSBURG.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 5.—Five of Gen. Averill's messengers came into McConnellsburg, Fulton county, last night, and report that the rebels are crossing at Hancock, 3000 strong. They state that Averill is at Cumberland and his pickets have been driven in by the invaders.

STAGE OF THE RETREAT OF EARLY UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BALTIMORE, August 5.—A person who left Charleston, Virginia, early yesterday morning reports that a rebel force, composed of Mosby's and Imboden's cavalry and mounted infantry, estimated at 7,000 strong, were at that place, about to make a feint movement on Harper's Ferry, whilst Early, with some 12,000 infantry, guarding the trains of plunder and grain was at Bunker's Hill, about starting up the Shenandoah Valley.

Parties were scattered at different points up the valley gathering in grain and cattle, who would join Early in his march.

They had conscripted all the men and even boys of sixteen years, but many had escaped and were hiding in the mountains.

The belief was that as soon as the trains were well advanced, the entire rebel force would retire up the valley.

FIGHTING AT NEW CREEK.

Harrisburg, Aug. 5.—There has been fighting since 4 P. M. of yesterday, at New Creek. The enemy did not cross at Hancock, but was seen moving towards Williamsport from Martinsburg, with a brigade of infantry, whilst a large body of his cavalry were at Hedgesville, in Berkeley county.

THE LATEST REPORTS OF THE INVASION.

Harrisburg, Aug. 6.—A despatch from Somerset received at 10 o'clock this evening states that the Federal loss in the fight at New Creek yesterday was 29 killed and 50 wounded. Gen. Kelley defeated the rebels.

A despatch from Green Castle at 8 o'clock this evening states that a gentleman had just arrived there who reports that the rebels were crossing at Williamsport between 6 and 12 o'clock this morning, and that they consisted of between 6000 and 8000 infantry and cavalry.

THE LATEST.—Telegraphic communication from this point with the State line was had up to 8 o'clock this evening. It does not extend beyond Greencastle.

The rebels have entered Middleburg eleven miles north of Hagerstown. In what force they entered Middleburg is not known.

It is presumed that they have moved the five regiments which entered Hagerstown this morning.

The movements of the rebels are entirely inexplicable, and they seem determined to invest their operations with as much mystery as possible, both as to their numbers and the columns in which they are advancing as well as the points at which they design to deliver their blows. As an evidence of this fact, and at the same time that the five regiments are advancing toward Chambersburg, another column is reported to be moving up the Potomac in the direction of Chambersburg.

None of our officials have been able to obtain the strength of this column.

A report has just reached these head-quarters to the effect that passengers by stage who had reached that borough reported that a fight had taken place at Cumberland on Thursday, resulting in a loss of 20 killed and 30 wounded of the U. S. forces. No other particulars are given.

The Siege of Atlanta.

RESULTS OF STONEMAN'S RAID—THE RECENT CAPTURE OF GEN. M'COOK.

Nashville, Aug. 4.—General Stoneman sent a force of cavalry, consisting of Long and Lagrange's brigades, 2,200 strong, on the 28th ult., under the command of General Edward McCook, to destroy the Macon and Western Railroad.

They had destroyed eighteen miles of the road and started to capture a train of five hundred wagons going from Atlanta to Macon or Columbus. McCook captured the train near Newnan, with five hundred men including one hundred and twenty seven officers, and wagons laden with valuable stores including [illegible] and valuable papers of General Hood and others.

After possessing themselves of what they wanted, the wagons were burned, and McCook started to return with the prisoners and 3,000 mules, but was overtaken by a rebel force, under General Ransom so large as to completely surround him. A desperate engagement followed during which many of McCook's men escaped and found their way to Marietta. The number of Federals will, it is believed, reach 2,000. This disaster is attributed to the troops partaking too freely of the liquors found in the captured train.

Long's brigade consisted of the 3d and 4th Ohio, 2d Indiana and 1th Regulars, and part of Lagrange's brigade was composed of troops who were with Rousseau in his late expedition.

Forrest is reported at Atlanta, with Hood.

Two hundred and thirty-seven rebel prisoners reached here last evening, including eleven commissioned officers.

SAFETY OF COL. M'COOK.

Nashville, Aug. 5.—Col. McCook, supposed to have been killed or captured near Newnan, has come in with 120 of his men. Five hundred had previously arrived at Marietta. He was successful in breaking the Macon road and capturing and destroying a wagon train. He captured 72 officers and 35 men, but was obliged to let them go. His safe return with so many men reduces his loss very materially. More of his men will probably come in.

Department of the Gulf.

WASHINGTON, August 8.—The Richmond papers of Saturday announce that Farragut had taken possession of Dauphine Island which is southeast of the harbor of Mobile, and to the rearward of Fort Gaines.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

To Major General Dix, New York:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8—9 P. M.—The following announcement of the successful operations against Mobile appears in the Richmond *Sentinel* of this morning, and was transmitted by Gen. Butler to the President, and received at 7 P. M., August 8.

HEADQUARTERS MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER,
August 8—3 P. M.

His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President:

The following is the official report, taken from the Richmond *Sentinel* of August 8th.

B. F. BUTLER, Major General.

"MOBILE, Aug. 5.—Hon. J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War: Seventeen of the enemy's vessels—fourteen ships and three iron clads—passed Fort Morgan this morning.

"The Tecumseh, a monitor, was sunk by Fort Morgan.

"The Tennessee surrendered after a desperate engagement with the enemy's fleet. Admiral Buchanan lost a leg and is a prisoner. The Selma was captured, and the Gaines was beached near the hospital.

"The Morgan is safe and will try to run up tonight. The enemy's fleet has approached the city. A monitor has been engaging Fort Powell all day.

"D. H. MAURY, Major General."

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

SECOND GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, August 8.

To Major General Dix, New York:

Major General Sheridan has been assigned, temporarily to the command of the forces in the Middle Military Division, consisting of the Departments of Washington, the Middle Department, and the Department of the Susquehanna and Northwest Virginia. He transmits the following:

"HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE DEPARTMENT,
"HARPER'S FERRY, August 8—4.10 P. M.

"To Major General H. W. Halleck, chief of staff:

"Brig. Gen. Kelley reports that a scout has just arrived at New Creek, and reports that General Averill overtook the enemy near Moorfields yesterday, and attacked him, capturing all of his artillery, and five hundred prisoners. Nothing official has been received from Gen. Averill, however.

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"Major General Commanding."

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILA. MARKETS.

The markets generally have been very inactive during the past week, partly owing to the extreme heat of the weather.

COAL is in demand, and prices are better. Cargo sales are making at from $11@11.50 ₿ ton, delivered on board at Port Richmond.

COFFEE.—There is very little doing in the way of sales, and the market is dull. About 600 bags sold at 48½@49c for Rio, and 48c ₿ lb for Laguayra.

COTTON.—Prices have advanced about 5c ₿ lb, and there is a firmer feeling in the market, with sales of about 300 bales of Middlings at $1.66@1.57 ₿ lb, cash, and 69 bales by auction at $1.49@1.63 ₿ lb. Small sales, at the close, were made at $1.70 for Middlings.

FLOUR.—The market continues dull but prices are without change; sales comprise about 12,000 bbls, mostly city mills and high grade extra family on private terms including 3,000 bbls extra family at $11@11 ₿ bbl for common to good. The retailers and bakers are buying moderately at from $9@9.25 for superfine; $9.37@9.75 for extra; $10@11 for extra family, and $11.50@12.50 ₿ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality.

Rye Flour is scarce and in good demand at $9 ₿ barrel.

Corn Meal is also scarce and firmly held.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in steady demand at former rates, with sales of about 35,000 bus at $2.25@2.50 for fair to prime old reds, $2.55@2.65 ₿ bus for prime new do. White ranges at from $2.60@2.75 ₿ bu as to quality.

Rye is selling in a small way at $1.75@1.80 ₿ bu for old and new.

Corn is in better demand with sales of 20,000 bus prime yellow at $1.73@1.75 ₿ bu.

Oats are firmer, with sales of 23,000 bus at 83@85c for new, and 85@90c ₿ bu for old.

The following are the receipts of Flour and Grain at this port during the past week:

Flour,	10,520 bbls.
Wheat,	27,800 bus.
Corn,	30,300 do.
Oats,	13,900 do.

HAY is firmer, and held at $28@32 ₿ ton for baled.

HOPS.—Small sales are making from 27@30c ₿ lb.

LUMBER is in steady demand at former rates with sales of Yellow Sap Boards at from $28@30, and Laths at from $1.75@2 ₿ M feet.

METALS.—Pig Iron is firmly held, but there is very little doing. Small sales of Anthracite are making at $70@75 ₿ ton for the three numbers, and 1,500 tons of Forge at $65@69 ₿ ton.

Scotch Pig is held at $80 ₿ ton.

Manufactured Iron is firm and in demand.

Lead is firmly held, but there is little or nothing doing.

Copper is firm but quiet.

OILS.—Lard Oil is firmly held at $1.70@1.75 for No. 1 Winter.

Linseed Oil is selling at $1.75@1.78 ₿ gallon.

There is more doing in Petroleum at former rates; about 10,000 bbls sold during the week at from 49@51c for crude, 80@85c for refined in bond, and free at from 90@93c ₿ gallon, as to quality.

The following are the receipts of crude and refined at this port during the past week:

Crude,	1,960 bbls.
Refined,	4,320 "

SEEDS.—Clover is very scarce and in demand at $12@14 ₿ 64 lbs.

Timothy is selling in a small way at $5 ₿ bus.

Flaxseed has declined, sales are making at $3.60 ₿ bus.

SUGAR.—The market continues quiet; small sales of Cuba are making at 20@22½c ₿ lb.

WOOL.—The market continues quiet and the receipts are light, with sales of about 200,000 lbs at 72@75c for unwashed, and 100@108c ₿ lb for medium to fine fleece.

VINEGAR.—Corn Vinegar is selling freely at 26c ₿ gallon in bbls.

Philada. Cattle Market.

August 8—Evening.

The arrival and sales of Beef Cattle at Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard are large this week, reaching about 2,000 head. The market is dull and prices have declined. First-quality Pennsylvania and Western Steers sold at 11@16½c, second do at 11@13½c, and common at from 10@13c ₿ lb as to quality. 180 head sold, to go to Baltimore, at 7½@8c ₿ lb, gross. The market closed very dull, and sales were made at lower prices than the above. About 400 head were left over.

Cows

Are without change, 150 head sold at $30@65 ₿ head, as to quality.

Sheep

Continue dull, with sales of 8,500 head at 6@7½c ₿ lb, gross.

Hogs

Are unchanged, 1,300 head sold at from $15@16.50 the 100 lbs, net.

The cattle on sale to-day are from the following States:

840	head from	Pennsylvania
800	do	Ohio.
700	do	Illinois

Married.

GRANDERSON—MITCHELL.—In Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday, August 9th by the Rev. Samuel Watts, Mr. JEREMIAH GRANDERSON, of St. Louis Missouri, to Mrs. JANE MITCHELL, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARRIS—DILL.—On the 6th day of August, 1864, by Rev. William Murphy, Mr. JAMES HARRIS to Miss SALLY DILL, both of Waterville, Del. Co.

REED—HUNTINGTON.—On the 3d of August, 1864, by the Rev. Thomas Jones, Mr. JONATHAN REED to Miss ANN HUNTINGTON, both of Philadelphia.

HOPKINS—BENJAMIN.—On the 28th of July, 1864, by the Rev. J. Hollen, Rev. Wm. H. HOPKINS, of Havre de Grace, Md., to Mrs. ELIZABETH BENJAMIN, of Bordentown, N. J.

Rev. H. Davis and the Rev. T. Catto were among the guests.

JACKSON—BROWN.—On the first day of August, by the Rev. J. B. Trusty, Mr. BENJAMIN JACKSON, of Richmond, to Miss EMALINE BROWN, of this city.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

MRS. SARAH CARTER,
President.

MR. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

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A COLORED TAILOR, SCOURER AND DRESSER,

(*Male or Female.*)

One who understands the Business can get constant employment.

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NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ADDRESS

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been taxed almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN.
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
WILLIAM BUSH,
JOHN A. SIMMS,
} *Committee.*

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BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEAPOLITAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—cleansing, [illegible], softening, [illegible], invigorating, beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair, removing dandruff, preventing grease, eradicating [illegible] from garments, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, Tetter, &c. apr 1y

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Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

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New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Among the many publications from the press this is eminently timely. Setting out with the idea that the present calamities upon our country are the just judgment of God for our national sins, it faithfully proceeds to show the prominent ways by which as a nation, we have sinned, viz.—By adopting a national Constitution which makes no formal recognition of God; by not regarding as a nation, civil government as an ordinance of God; by disregarding the law of God in relation to the moral character of our chief rulers; and by maintaining slavery, and refusing to try it by the word of God. These are its leading positions, and they are generally well maintained. We would rejoice to see this pamphlet have a wide circulation.—*Christian Instructor.*

It is a sound, earnest, patriotic plea for national righteousness, and it should be read and circulated over the land by the hundred thousand. What our nation needs now, more than increased forces or able generals, is a reverent recognition of the authority, sovereignty, and holiness of Jehovah of Hosts.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A vigorous and earnest appeal for national repentance and amendment. We are refreshed in turning from Bishop Hopkins' sophistical arguments to the straightforward doctrines of the pamphlet—"There is no small measure of guilt incurred by justifying slavery from the Bible, and at the same time refusing to try our slavery by the Bible."—*American Presbyterian.*

It is pious and patriotic, and has, in opposition to its long-winded rival ("Hopkins on Slavery") the rather important advantage of truth.—*The Lutheran.*

⁂ Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price.

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by applying it night and morning, after which you can use any kind of oil with the fluid, and as often as you think it necessary. Price, One Dollar per bottle. Orders and inquiries promptly answered. july 2—4t

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The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

SPECIFIC LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject in life. It will prove a cure to those afflictions if properly applied and attended to.

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth, and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.

For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water.

For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar afflictions, the Liniment is to be applied externally.

TESTIMONIALS.

PITTSBURGH, Penna.

I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the disease for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband.

MRS. C. YOUNG.

John Cook, of Washington City says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world. It is a perfect cure."

JOHN COOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have tried this Liniment, and I find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of an old person feel as if they were young.

MRS. H. A. LEE.

[illegible], Ohio.

This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it.

PROFESSOR DAVIS.

[illegible], Ohio.

This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pains in the head or limbs.

SUSAN RHODES.

[illegible], Ohio.

I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure.

E. J. [illegible]

[july 23 3mos]

MRS. H. A. LEE, AGENT.

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According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.

BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.

[illegible] PAGES, OCTAVO. PRICE $1.50. WITH MARGINAL READINGS, $1.66.

WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is the assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables, and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker, contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without [illegible] and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading twice about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such places as Phil-ip-pi and Thes-sa-lo-ni-ca, or such personages as Eli-am, Meph-i-bo-sheth, and Tro-phi-mus. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families of their domestic devotions. It finds its way into our school-houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, as long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great body of well educated Christians, much will be gained when one less [illegible] classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c.,
B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON.
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have at least been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in *this* books and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the *Pronouncing Bible* may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted.

A true copy

Attest. JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

For sale by

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,
No. 619 Pine St. Phila.

JOSEPH BRISTER,

DENTIST,

NO. 841 LOMBARD STREET,

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Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms, in a superior manner, and at prices ranging from 50 cents to $5 per tooth, upon Gold, Silver, Platina, Vulcanite, or of Continuous Gum work.

Also, the Filling, Extracting, and Cleansing of Teeth attended to.

Patients visited and attended to at their residences when requested.

References.

Dr. James H. Wilson, 907 Lombard Street.
Dr. Hudson S. Burr, 1810 Walnut Street.
Dr. James H. Griscom, 920 "
Drs. Rumstein & Son, 913 "
Dr. Cardwell, 539 Pine Street.
Dr. Avery, 223 North Tenth Street. 1y

AVERY COLLEGE,

Allegheny City,

PENNA.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition fee for term in the several departments embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal. apr 1y

GEORGE B. VASHON, A. M.

If you wish your clothing made to look equal to new, go to the Old Established

STEAM-DYEING, SCOURING, AND REPAIRING WORKS,

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SEA BATHING.

THE BANNEKER HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND.

Is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to maintain the reputation of this well known and favorite resort.

☞ TERMS MODERATE.

AMY WILLIAMS,

jly 2 2mos Cape May, June 28th

A NEW

BOARDING HOUSE AT CAPE ISLAND.

MRS. H. LUNN has opened a private Boarding House in North Street, 5th house from the Bridge.

It is hoped our colored friends, as Christians, will give us their patronage.

BOARD—$7 50 for Ladies, and $8 for Gentlemen. MRS. H. LUNN.

Cape Island, August 9th, 1864.

[aug 8 1m]

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair,
If I try to escape, they surround me
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

The Family.

HOW TO MAKE A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

Annie was to take her first railroad journey alone. She had been over the road several times before with her father, and having made good use of her eyes, was well able to take care of herself on this occasion.

"Your baggage is all checked through, Annie," said her father. "So you will have no care about that. Keep your eyes open—don't read in the cars—trust in God to take care of you, and you will be sure to reach Milton safely before night. If no one is at the station to meet you, you know the place so well you can go at once to your aunt's. Good-bye, daughter, a pleasant visit, and be sure you write on Monday."

So Mr. Andrews stepped off the train just as the conductor called out "all right," and in a minute the Express was thundering on through the peaceful meadows, and over the graded hills, passing by dwellings both lowly and stately, and causing the occupants to pause a moment and gaze at the train, familiar as the sight was to them all.

Annie settled herself comfortably for her day's ride, and then did what all travellers are quite sure to do next—take a survey of her travelling companions. The cars were pretty full, and just opposite her was a tired-looking mother with three little children. It was plain she had been travelling all night, and the little ones were weary and fretful. They were plainly but neatly dressed, and the mother's face wore a look of deep anxiety. Annie watched them a little while, and saw how crowded they were in the two narrow seats, and acting on the impulse of her warm, generous heart, kindly invited the little girl to take a seat with her. A smile of pleasure lighted the sad face of the mother, and she gave a ready consent. That one little act of kindness had fallen like a ray of sunlight on her path. She did not feel so utterly alone among strangers. Oh, how blessed is even a word of loving sympathy, when the heart feels lonely and desolate! Do not be sparing of them, they cost nothing and are worth so much! Only keep on the look-out, and there will be abundant opportunities for bestowing them.

A haughty miss, who had appropriated two seats for the accommodation of herself, her travelling satchel, bouquet and books, gave a glance of contempt at the kind hearted girl, but it fell on a contented sunny spirit, and left no trace of shame or resentment. She knew nothing of the luxury of doing good and the joy it brings, and her frowning brow showed any thing else but a happy heart. A selfish nature never can bring any joy to its possessor.

A nervous old man sat in the seat before Annie, and consulted his ticket from time to time. He wanted to stop at a small way station and go on next day, as his "through ticket" permitted him to do so.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what that name is?" he said to the young lady with the books and bouquet. "My eyes are kind o' dim and 'pears as if I couldn't make it out rightly."

The young lady turned her head away with a scornful glance and looked out of the window, without giving the slightest heed to the request. Annie's heart was pained and indignant, for she had been trained from her infancy to "rise up before the gray head, and honor the face of the old man."

"Shall I read it for you?" said she, pleasantly, leaning forward. The old man's face lighted up as the woman's had done, and a look of surprise and pleasure took the place of the pained, disconcerted expression it had worn the moment before.

"I wanted to stop off at Aurora, you see," he went on to explain, "to see my grand-daughter, and stay overnight there and go on to-morrow. They are expecting of me, and I was 'fraid I should go past the place. My grandson he's gone to war, and Cynthy and the children are dreadful lonesome. I thought it might chirk her up a little to see grandpa. I have got some little notions for each of the children. They were powerful fond of me last summer when I was here to visit them. 'Taint everybody lives to see their great-grand children, is it, and such likely ones too as Cynthy's children are?"

Annie smiled as she listened patiently to the old gentleman's loquacity. It plainly gave him pleasure to talk, and she had plenty of time to hear.

She showed him the place he wanted to stop at—was four stations ahead, and assured him that she would tell him in time for him to be all ready. This was evidently a great relief to his mind, and he settled back quite contented, and enjoyed the remainder of the ride to the full. He knew he had found a friend in Annie. At the last station before the anxiously looked-for Aurora, she helped him gather together his luggage—the satchel with its precious "notions for the children," the basket with its abundant lunch which careful hands had put up for grandfather, and his trusty oaken cane, so he might be all in readiness when the cars stopped, as they only waited a moment at such little stations. He insisted on her taking a big, rosy apple, as he said they had "a sight of them at home," with a hearty "thank you kindly, young lady," he stepped off the platform and was instantly greeted by a very glad face, and both his hands were captured by two laughing, round-cheeked children. Annie's eyes grew bright with pleasure as she caught a passing glance of the group, and it did not detract from her pleasure in the least to remember that she had been kind to the poor old man.

Little Jane, who had fallen asleep with her head on Annie's lap, woke up about noon, and the big apple was divided between her and her little brother. The children had all slept and awoke in much better humor. Even baby Tommy must try his four white teeth on the apple, much to his delight. The children grew thirsty, and Annie walked to the farther end of the car, when the train stopped, and brought back the glass full of water twice for them, an act of kindness which seemed to be particularly irritating to her of the bouquet, who re-arranged her laces and shook out the folds of her dress very pettishly. No wonder she was in such an unhappy frame of mind. She had been nursing her peevishness all the forenoon, and she could not help feeling a secret consciousness that Annie's kindness was a rebuke to her selfishness.

A boy came into the cars with little paper boxes of strawberries. How wistfully the little children watched him, and turned their eyes pleadingly toward their mother. She shook her head sorrowfully, and the boy turned to Annie, who took four boxes, enough for herself and the little company opposite her. How refreshing the luscious fruit was on that dusty June day, and how delighted the little children were over their coral treasures! Annie thought she had never tasted strawberries so sweet before. They had the blessing of the poor upon them. That will sweeten the plainest repast. A delicate rusk, and a golden puff-cake dotted with currants, from Annie's well-stocked satchel, completed the comfort of her little new-made friends. She did not think it a hardship to confine herself to a dinner of soda biscuit, when the other stores her mother had so carefully provided for her would give so much more enjoyment to others. She knew a bountiful table awaited her. She could not be so sure of her little companions. The other young lady spread out a sumptuous lunch on her lap, and after eating a little of this and that, with the same discontented look, she ostentatiously gathered it all up in the paper and threw it disdainfully out of the window. With all her boasted refinement and delicacy, the wandering Arabs might have taught her a lesson. They never permit the smallest portion of those good gifts of God, which are made from the precious grain, to be wasted.

Who will say that Annie had not far the better journey of the two? Was it not worth all the pains she took to make the way more cheerful for others, to have her memory so pleasantly cherished afterwards in so many grateful hearts? And there was One who noted every action—who has said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

No doubt there are many Annies, Lizzies, Marys, who will make similar journeys this summer. What memories will you leave in the hearts of your fellow travellers, and what record shall the ascending angel make of your converse by the way?—*Mother's Journal.*

OLD CRUSOE.

BY THE REV JOHN TODD, D D

Just over the low, open fence, which separates me from my nearest neighbor, lives "old Crusoe," or "Cruse," as he is familiarly called. He is a large, heavy, powerful Newfoundland dog. His hair is long, black, and beautiful. In the winter, when the cold winds blow and the snows are deep, he is in the height of enjoyment. He will sit for hours facing the coldest winds, then roll in the snow and bound, and leap, and seem to say, "Now this is just the weather for me." But in the summer, poor Cruse has a hard time. He has dug a hole on the north side of the wood-house, next to the stones on which it stands, and there he creeps and lies all day, now and then panting forth, "O what weather for dogs!"

Cruse is tied with a long leather strap, perhaps twenty five or thirty feet long. The length of this is his boundary. He has a grave, but very intelligent face, and is a great favorite. The butcher always brings him a bone, or a nice bit of something, for which Cruse pays in leaping and barking, or "speaking," that is, asking very loudly for it. I seldom go past him without a little conversation, and he seems to consider me a friend. Sometimes, as I pass along in the dark, he roars loudly at me; but on hearing my voice, he hushes up and says: "All right, sir."

One day, as I leaned over the fence, Cruse came up and seemed to want a little conversation. I patted his great head and said:

"Crusoe, I am sorry for you."

"Pray why, sir? Because it is so hot?"

"No, but because you are a prisoner, and have to be tied up day and night, and that from year to year. Don't your master love you?"

"To be sure he does! I should like to bite the man who should deny that!"

"Then why does he keep you tied up so?"

"O, I don't know. Perhaps you do, sir?"

"Why, Cruse, I fear it's because you have a bad name!"

"A bad name! Why, sir, if any dog has a better name than 'Crusoe,' I should like to see him!"

"I don't mean that, my good fellow. But when you lived with Mr. Abbott, didn't you bite a boy, and so Mr. Abbott had to sell you?"

"I don't remember it. But if I did, the boy first plagued me, I have no doubt."

"And didn't you bite a boy since you have been here?"

"Possibly, sir, but you know boys should let dogs alone and not pester them."

"And didn't your master take the rope off you one day, and let you go up town with him to try you, and didn't you kill two dogs on the way, and cripple a third, perhaps for life?"

"Well, if I did, they insulted me first!"

"How did they insult you?"

"Why, one ran up to me and cocked up one ear, and said, 'you can't do that,' and the other ran just before me as if I was only good enough to take as much of the path as he left, and the third one said he was as good as I any day! I couldn't stand it, sir, though I don't suppose it was the wisest way. But to have boys and dogs pester you and provoke you! Did you ever have them do so to you?"

"Yes, Cruse, a great many times. And what is worse, I have had men do it, great, grown-up men! But 'anger resteth in the bosom of fools,' and you and I ought not to be fools. O Cruse, you see how it is, don't you?"

"I don't think I do, sir."

"Well, you are here tied up! You have lost character and the confidence of every body. No dog dares come near you. Your master dares not trust you to be loose a single hour. And you can't recall the past and regain your character. Just because you couldn't bear a little trouble, you must bring your great jaws together and bite, and cut yourself off from freedom for life!"

"Am I the only one who does so?"

"No, good fellow, no! there are many men and women who, years ago, gave way to wrong feeling, and have cut themselves off from others for life. Some are in prisons. Some have run away and are sailors without any home. Some are sulking by themselves. It takes a man, a boy, or a dog only a few minutes to do what will ruin his character as long as he lives, and perhaps forever. How long did it take Cain to kill his brother? If we must fly into a passion every time we are 'plagued' or insulted, we shall be doing wrong or foolishly very often. You are a dog, poor Cruse, and you can forget it all—even what freedom is. But the child or man that loses character among men, or loses the favor and blessing of God, *must suffer for it* beyond what any one can think."—*S S Times.*

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man, who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sabbath morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage. He was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

EXPERIENCE, I think, will show to us all, that man cannot battle and struggle with malignant enemies unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commanded by a hand that he loves.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

I AND PUSS

I just have come up from the cellar,
Where I went down "for to see"
Our old black cat, and tell 'er
She must give her best kitten to me.

There is one little kit that is spotted—
She is all very well but her face,
I don't mind the fact that she's dotted,
But everything turns on the place.

There is one that is dressed in light yellow—
Old Puss may have that for her own;
Though she makes quite a sweet little fellow,
She'll be such a fright when she's grown!

Miss Lillie is perfect in feature,
But alas! she's as blind as a bat;
Oh, I'm so tired of waiting for nature
To open the eyes of my cat!

There is one that is black, like her mother—
Miss Topsy, 'tis needless to say.
O dear! I hope Puss will not smother
Her babies while I am away.

She has such ridiculous notions;
I wish you had just seen the bed,
Which excited in me such emotions
That I formed a grave plan in my head.

I called Puss aside to her dinner,
Then properly made up the bed;
And considering that I'm a beginner,
'Twas very well done, Pussy said.

I hope she will bring up her kittens
To be quiet, and hate to do wrong;
And not to be losing their mittens,
Like the bad little kits of the song.

She is bound to obey my injunctions,
And mind that she always behaves;
Though I never have any compunctions
About begging for Puss and her babes.

And since from me comes all the booty
For her breakfast and dinner and tea,
I think it is plainly her duty
To give her best kitten to me. SHIRLEY.

RIFLED GUNS AND COLUMBIADS IN NAVAL WARFARE

It was stated in the first accounts of the late naval fight, that Semmes depended upon his long range rifled guns for sinking the Kearsarge, but that the latter vessel ran into within five hundred yards and delivered shell from the columbiads, which settled the business for the Alabama. At a banquet given abroad by Americans to Lieut. Thornton, the executive officer of the Kearsarge, he alluded to the difference between these different kind of guns, and said rifle guns on board ship were not to be compared to the columbiads for usefulness; that however perfect might be the rifled gun, they always, or nearly always, missed their object at a mile; that the only gun to be relied on was a short-range gun, and that the larger the calibre the better. Thus the Alabama went into action with her rifled guns gauged at 2000 yards, while the Kearsarge went into action with the range of her guns fixed at 500 yards. The result was that the Alabama wasted a great many balls at long range which never touched the Kearsarge, while the latter was enabled to save her ammunition until she arrived in close quarters, and then her work of destruction was easily and rapidly executed.

This may be all correct as far as this naval action demonstrated, but if the Alabama had been a swifter ship than the Kearsarge the result would probably have been different. She could have kept exactly at such a distance as her rifled guns would have been most effective, and the shorter range columbiads of but little effect. It was superior speed as much as guns of larger calibre which gave the advantage to the Kearsarge, and greater coolness in action and better gunnery which gave the victory to her. Had the Kearsarge been a ram, with the speed and strength of the new cigar-shaped Winans steamer is said to possess, it would, in all possibility, have sunk the Alabama with a single blow, and could do so much for any other vessel depending only upon her guns for her offensive power.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

The lake from which the city takes its name is about twenty miles distant from the latter, by a good road across the level valley bottom. Artistically viewed, it is one of the loveliest sheets of water I ever saw—bluer than the intensest blue of the ocean, and practically as impressive, since looking from the southern shore you see only a water horizon. This view, however, is broken by a magnificent mountainous island, rising, I should think, seven or eight hundred feet from the water, half a dozen miles from shore, and apparently as many miles in circuit. The density of the lake brine has been under instead of overstated. I swam out into it for a considerable distance, then lay upon my back on rather than in the water, and suffered the breeze to waft me landward again. I was blown to a spot where the lake was only four inches deep, without grazing my back, and did not know I had got within my depth again till I depressed my head a trifle and touched bottom. It is a great mistake to call this lake azoic. It has no fish, but breeds myriads of strange little maggots, which presently turn into troublesome little gnats. The rocks near the lake are grandly castellated, and cavernous crags of limestone, some of it finely crystalline, but most of it like our coarser Trenton and Black River groups. There is a large cave in this formation, ten minutes' climb from the shore.—*Fitz Hugh Ludlow.*

THE ABORTIVE SHAKSPEARE CELEBRATION.

We believe that even at Stratford-on-Avon, all idea of raising a statue to the poet is abandoned. The loss on the Tercentenary celebration was heavy; and many of the sums subscribed for the statue will be carried to the purpose of defraying the celebration expenses. And many ask what is to be done in London. Our poor poet has had to submit to the last indignity—a waxen image of him, after the spurious Chandos portrait, having been set up at Madame Tussaud's. There, O "London Council," you may see your poet with a glassy stare, a wiggy wig, sparsely-sown eye-lashes, like mustard-and-cress after being cut, a very white forehead, very pink cheeks, and an excessively waxy nose. There is the Tercentenary statue of Shakspeare—there the *Ridiculus Mus* with which the mountain was so long in labor.—*London Illustrated News.*

STATUE OF WASHINGTON

The bronze statue captured at Lexington, Va., by General Hunter, has reached Wheeling, Va. It is the first bronze statue of Washington ever cast, and the accompanying tablet bears this inscription: "The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero, the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has endeared his name to his fellow-citizens, and given to the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ, 1788, and in the year of the commonwealth the 12th."

LIGHT BEFORE THE SUN.

Concerning the standing jest of the skeptic—"light before the sun," (Gen. 1: 3, 14, 18)—geology declares that "the plants of the great carboniferous epoch are such as have never been touched by a sunbeam."

A St. Louis paper notes a footprint in a rock, which is thus described: "It is the perfect impress of an Indian foot with the moccason on, and was taken out of a solid rock two and a-half feet below the surface of the strata, when quarrying the wharf at Arrow Rock, in Saline county. The impression is rough, because there had been no action of the water upon it. Mr. H C. Miller of Arrow Rock, who presented it to us, saw the foot print when it was excavated. When was the impression of the foot made?"

PAPER AND CLOTH FROM CORN HUSKS.

In Austria they make very superior paper out of corn husks, but we see by the Washington Chronicle, that the Commissioner of Agriculture has received some specimens of bleached and unbleached crash and oil-cloths made from the same material. All portions of the corn husk are converted into paper-stuff, spinning-stuff, or husk meal, which is mixed with common flour. Nineteen per cent. of paper fibre, ten of spinning material, and eleven for feed stuff are obtained, together making forty per cent., leaving a refuse of sixty per cent., much of it fine fibre and gluten, which may yet be filtered and utilized. The manufacture is said to be profitable. The paper is equal to the finest linen paper, and some of it thought to be a good substitute for parchment.

HALF A MATCH.

At a certain time, two gentlemen, in a city of Holland, had been appointed a committee of collecting money throughout the place, for some benevolent object. In their peregrination, they came to the door of a large, elegant dwelling. Hearing, through an open window, a loud, apparently somewhat angry voice; they listened for a few moments, when they clearly understood the gentleman of the house, scolding the maid for having thrown away half of the match, with which she had kindled a fire in the kitchen. The collectors looked at each other, whispering, that they did not expect to receive the worth of a match from such a man. Nevertheless, they pulled the bell. Forthwith, the master of the house himself appeared at the door, and, with a smiling countenance, very courteously invited the strangers to enter, and conducted them to a room. Having offered them seats, he politely inquired after their business. Not without some hesitation they stated the purpose of their visit, mentioning the Society which they represented. He listened with apparent pleasure to their statements, and approved, with seeming satisfaction, of the benevolent views of their Society. He arose, opened his strong box, and counted out upon the table, 600 silver guilders. With utter astonishment, the collectors looked one at the other and at the man, who was counting out the money. When he had finished, and requested them to take it as a cheerful contribution from him, they could not repress their feeling of surprise, and mentioned to the charitable man, what their expectations were, when they heard him express his dissatisfaction to the maid for having wasted half a match. "Ah! gentlemen," said he, "the practice of saving in such, and thousands of other small trifles in a family, is the means that enables us to perform the Christian duty of charity, in a becoming manner."

Note 1. A match at the time, some 60 and odd years ago, when the writer of this sojourned in Holland, was a thin stick of pine wood, 3 or 4 inches in length, having a little sulphur at each end, and would, of course, be used twice.

Note 2. A Holland guilder, is equal to 40 cents; 600 g., consequently, are equal to $240
W.

NEARLY TRUE.—Talking with the editor of an evening Journal, Quilp inquired: "What's the use of your second edition, coming out as it does so soon after the regular issue?" "Use!" replied the candid editor, "why, to contradict the telegraphic despatches in the first edition!"

MEN who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and lounges about, who thinks himself into the mad house or a premature grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is the mental and physical salvation of man.

A DARK HOUSE.

A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it. Three out of many negligences and ignorances in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens. First, that the female head in charge of any building, does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. Second, that it is not considered essential to air, to sun and clean rooms while uninhabited. Third, that one window is considered enough to air a room.—*Florence Nightingale.*

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

A merchant, in "leading a head" on board of one of his ships on a windy day, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted, and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years, and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposure than this has, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, pneumonia, ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatism, to be a source of torture for a life-time. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends the cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet while in a heat. It should be remembered by all, that a cold never comes without a cause, and that, in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.—*Edinburgh Paper.*

WHAT A GARDEN MAY BE.

Here let me outline, in brief, what a farmer's garden may be made, without other than home labor. A broad walk should run down the middle of either square enclosure, or long parallelogram. A box edging upon either side is of little cost, and contributes eminently to neatness; it will hold good for eighty years, without too great encroachment, and at that time will sell to the nurserymen for more than enough to pay the cost of resetting. On either side of this walk, in a border of six feet wide the farmer may plant his dwarf fruit with proper intervals, to climb upon a home-made cedar trellis, that shall overarch and embower that walk. If he love an evening pipe in his garden, he may plant some simple seat under one or more of these leafy arbors.

At least one half the garden, as I before suggested, he may easily arrange, to till—spring and autumn—with the plow, and whatever he places there in the way of tree and shrub, must be in lines parallel with the walk. On the other, he will be subjected to no such limitations; there, he will establish his perennials,—his asparagus, his thyme, his sage, and parsley; his rhubarb, his gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries; and in an angle—hidden if he choose by a belt of shrubbery—he may have his hot bed and compost heap. Fork culture, which all these crops demand, will admit of any arrangements he may prefer, and he may enliven the grouping, and win the good wife's favor by here and there a little circlet of such old-fashioned flowers as tulips—yellow lilies and white, with roses of all shades.

Upon the other half he may make distribution of parts, by banding the various crops with borders lines of China or Refugee beans; and he may split cross wise, by a walk overarched with climbing Limas, or the London Horticultural—setting off the two ends with an abutment of Scarlet-runners, and a surbase of fiery Nasturtium.

There are also available and pretty devices for making the land do double duty. The border lines of China-beans, which will be ripened in early August, may have Swedes sown in their shadow in the first days of July, so that when the Chinas have fulfilled their mission, there shall be a new line of purple green in their place. The early radishes and salads may have their little circlets of cucumber pits, no way interfering with the first, and covering the ground when the first are done. The early Bassano beets will come away in time to leave space for the full flow of the melons that have been planted at intervals among them. The cauliflowers will find grateful shade under the lines of sweet corn, and the newly set winter cabbages, a temporary refuge from the sun, under shelter of the ripened peas. I do not make the suggestions at random, but as the results of actual and successful experience.

With such simple and orderly arrangement, involving no excessive labor, I think every farmer and country liver may take pleasure in his garden as an object of beauty; making of it a little farm in miniature, with its coppices of dwarf trees, its hedge rows of currants and gooseberries, and its meadows of strawberries and thyme. From the very day on which, in spring, he sees the first faint, upheaving, turfed lines of green from his Dan-o'Rourke's to the day when the dangling Limas and sparkling, bloody tomatoes are smitten by the frost, it offers a field of constant progress, and of successive triumphs. Line by line, and company by company, the army of green things takes position, the little flowery banners are flung to the wind; and lo! presently every soldier of them all—plundering only the earth and sunshine, is loaded with booty.—*Ike Marvell.*

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN

Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much restraint, or too much forcing, or too much display, mars their chiefest charms. I love to associate them together, and win them to a love of the flowers. Some day they tell me that a violet or a tuft of lilies is dead, but on a spring morning they come, radiant with the story—that the very same violet is blooming sweeter than ever upon some far-away cleft of the hill-side. So you, my child, if the great Redeemer lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—in some other, sunnier ground.

We talk thus; but if the change really come, it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She, who loved their search among the thickets—will never search them. She whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery or of paths, will never open them again. She, whose feet would have danced along the new wood path, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths, will never set foot upon those walks again.

What matter how the brambles grow? her dress will not be torn; what matter the broken paling by the water?—she will never totter over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from a lower nail now—the little hand that might have taken possession of it, is still—is fast! God has it.

And when spring wakens its echoes—of the wren's song—of the blue bird's warble—of the plaintive cry of mistress cuckoo (she daintily called her "mistress cuckoo") from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—lifting the blue eyes—shaking back the curls—dancing to the melody. And the violets repeat the lesson they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and light-footed herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task!—who?

And the sweetest flowers wait for the dainty fingers that shall pluck them, never again!—*My Farm of Edgewood, by Ike Marvel.*

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CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DESMOND

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 18, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MOSES

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 16, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept 8, 1861

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 10, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing as effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a Doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause! Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicines that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer! Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured! The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so, what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretense, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensible requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. ly

SHROUDING.

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Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I take my pen to write a line
To thee, esteemed and honored friend;
May precious Truth my heart enshrine,
And Wisdom her sweet essence lend.

A question I would ask of thee,
Offend I may, but then I must:
Is 't true, my friend, imbibest thou free
In wine and low licentious lust?

Can it be true, that thou so brave,
One whom my heart e'er lov'd adored,
Art doomed to fill a bibber's grave?
O turn! Wilt thou not be restored?

I would not see the fatal seed
Of whisky sown within thy frame,
I would cut [illegible] this demon breed,
And lure thee to infernal flame.

Instructed, as I saw thee last,
That all was not as should have been,
Oh! bury such things with the past,
And turn thy back upon this sin:

Now, let not anger rest upon
That broad and manly brow of thine.
I wish thee to forever shun
The bowl that flows with damning wine.

Remember friend the fatal sting
This poisonous essence leaves behind.
Oh touch not the accursed thing
That makes the sense to reason blind.

My friend, I bid thee now farewell;
Remember that warning I give,
Renounce the cup escape from hell,
Revive or perish, sink or live.

RAYBORN.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM R H CAIN.

Washington—The Schools under the Auspices of the African Civilization Society—Their Workings—The Great Work to be done—The Expenses of Keeping Teachers in the Field—The Auxiliary Societies—their Workings—Georgetown—Association of Colored Gentlemen—Their Business-like Character.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been engaged for some months in the educational movement, in connection with the African Civilization Society, and having taken so active part in establishing the schools there, it is proper that a statement should be made public, as to how this work has progressed.

On the 15th of January, last the first teachers arrived in Washington, and on the 25th we commenced school with one scholar, which was increased to eighty within ten days. Since then the school has been steadily increasing up to the time of the close, till the register presented nearly two hundred scholars. There have been fluctuations—sometimes more, sometimes less. The first school was opened in the hall of the Union Bethel Church and an Auxiliary Society formed to help sustain the good cause. It was hoped that the good work would prosper in the [illegible] of the efficient gentlemen who composed [illegible] Association, and they have done something [illegible] meet the demands of the school. We rented [illegible] hall, at six dollars per month, from the church, we finding desks, coal and wood, and paying the sexton three dollars per month for keeping the room clean and making fires. We also furnished books and all stationery necessary for schools at reduced prices.

That school has done well under the direction of Mrs. Caroline W. Groves, Principal, who has managed the affairs of the Association with great credit, making satisfactory returns of all books committed to her care by the Society.

I regret that the Auxiliary Society in Union Church has not kept up its meetings and interested the public more in the good work. I regret it more because the officers were all members of that church, and had the school under their direction, and could have made it a very great strength to their church if properly managed; for, if the church-members would interest themselves more in the education of the young, we should have thousands more members in our churches; for, just in proportion as a community take interest in the rearing of the youth, they thereby indent the rising generation to their faith and views of religion and mode of worship. It is to be hoped, that, in the future, the leading men in our churches will look to this point. *Educate the children in your faith, and you will have your church filled with intelligent members.*

The leading men in our churches have got to learn, that, if they wish to be strong in the community, they must have large, liberal views—make all associations subserve the ends of forwarding the cause of Christ's Church. If they see a movement, which looks toward the elevation of our race, they must embrace it, and so seek to make it subserve the purposes of the Church, that, sowing beside all waters, they may be able to reap, in due time, to the glory of God.

This lesson our Union brethren have not fully understood, or they would have thrown open their hall-doors free to the *Free School* opened by the Society, formed as it is of Christian ministers at its head, leading in the movement of elevation.

In Georgetown we have a fine prospect set before us, and the progress of affairs there is cheering in the highest degree. The gentlemen who formed the Auxiliary Society there are men of nerve and progress. They formed themselves into an association for the purpose of purchasing a piece of property for school purposes. They called a meeting, and at once raised two hundred dollars cash on the house and lot, it costing five hundred dollars.

To show the spirit which actuated these noble men, I will relate the following circumstance: When they purchased the property, there was a poor woman and children, who had fled from Virginia to be free, living in the house. They wanted the house for school purposes; but the woman could not get a place to live in, houses being scarce. They must have the school-room by such a time. These Christian men went and bought seventy dollars' worth of lumber, built a small room on the back part of their lot, and moved her into it, rather than see her distressed for want of a place. They have not received a cent of rent for the room yet, and she was still in the house when the school closed, on the 21st of July. They have not charged a cent of rent to the Society for their house. They have expended over three hundred dollars for the school, and have paid one teacher's salary during the six months the school has been in progress, and are still willing to continue their labors for a cause so laudable as the elevation of their race. I regret that I have not all the names of the gentlemen connected with this Association, that the public might know the men who deserve to be honored. I give the President's, Secretary's and Treasurer's names, as I have them before me: Mr Clement Becket, President; Mr Alfred Day, Secretary; and Mr. Simpson, of Georgetown, Treasurer.

The energy and enterprise displayed by these men will hand their names down to future generations. When the history of the most important movements of this eventful century shall be written, these men's names shall have a worthy place, as those who comprehended the magnitude of the work to be accomplished for a down-trodden, but now rising race. Gentlemen, your memory shall live when you are resting from your labors.

The Auxiliary Society in Israel Church has contributed its share to the support of the school in Union Church, meeting part of the rent and expenses, and I hereby tender the thanks of the Society to them for the readiness with which they seconded our labors in Washington, in establishing the schools. All that is needed to make this a complete success is, for all colored ladies and gentlemen to take hold of this work, not because this or that man or woman is connected with it, but because the work is one which God and humanity demand at our hands.

Will not our thinking men and women look this matter in the face, and examine the interests of our people? In some future communication I hope to discuss this question more at large.

Yours, R. H. CAIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp near Petersburg, Va., Aug 13th, 1864.

DEAR BRO EDITOR.—You will probably remember me, when I tell you that the last time I wrote to your paper, was from Chicago, Illinois. Since that time I have been in various places. We have marched through thick and thin. The journey has been great, but thank God we have been able to pass and to endure it all without any personal injury to ourselves. It is true we have had occasion to weep and to feel badly; but, nevertheless, we are aware that God will right all wrongs. "Therefore, we are content and willing to suffer loss and bereavement for the sake of the cause in which we are enlisted, inasmuch as we believe it to be a righteous and just one.

It has been a long time since I have heard anything from you. I had no means of information, until I saw Bro Wm H. Hunter, the other day, Chaplain of the First U. S. Colored Troops, who told me of the doings of the last General Conference, and informed me of the appointment of Bishops in our connexion; and, what pleased me better than all, of your being continued as the editor of the *Christian Recorder*, which has been so greatly improved by your personal efforts and efficiency. May God spare your life the next four years, to make still greater improvements in your paper! In your efforts to do this, I know the greatest difficulty will be the want of means; but, may God wake up our people to supply you with the adequate means! I want that paper to live as long as we have a Church. I can say of it, as Pilate said of Christ, I find no fault in that good paper called the *Christian Recorder*. Let me assure you that, if the Government should pay me in the course of a day or two, you may look for the sum of three or four dollars for the support of it.

Dear brother, though in field in the service of my country and race, I have not forgotten our beloved Zion at home. I remember her and I feel deeply interested for her success and prosperity. Although I fell while attempting to build her up—yes, I fell into a snare of the devil—and was wounded, and dealt with according to her laws, I love her, to-day, better than I ever did in my life. I love every minister and member within her borders.

Will you please inform me by letter, as soon as possible, where Bros James A Shorter and John A. Warren, ministers of the Ohio Conference, are stationed this year? Also, let me have your address.

I am sorry to hear of the departure of our venerable Bishop Nazrey to the Canadas; yet it may all be for the best. I can only pray, that God will bless the two Bishops just made by the last General Conference, that they may work with our two senior Bishops, the Right Revs. Quinn and Payne, for the promotion and glory of our connexion, having the cause of God and the worth of immortal souls lying near their hearts, as I believe they have. And that the two junior Bishops, Revs Wayman and Campbell, whose untiring labors in our Zion for years has made them worthy of the promotion and office which they have received. May they ever be faithful to their charge and trust, feeding the church of God with the sincere milk and meat of his word!

I will now give you a brief and concise account of the battle of the 30th of July, in which our regiment was engaged. On Friday the 29th I called the members of my regiment together, and delivered an exhortation and held a prayer-meeting. Indeed, it was a solemn and interesting time among us. Many professors appeared to be greatly stirred up; while sinners seemed to be deeply touched and aroused to a sense of their danger and duty. Our prayer meeting was short, but not without good and lasting impressions being made upon the hearts and minds of many. About 12 o'clock, that same night, orders came to march. Our brave boys, as on all such occasions, were soon ready to move off. The direction soon proved to them that they were going in to contest the strength of the enemy; it was the first time, too. Did they flinch or hang back? No; they went forward with undaunted bravery! About 4 o'clock, on Saturday morning, the 30th, one of the enemy's forts, in which the garrison were reposing in pleasant slumber, dreaming of no danger, nor apprehending any, was blown up, destroying nearly all who were in it at the time. At this moment, the Union line for a mile opened upon the enemy with their batteries, and the most terrific cannonading continued until 10 o'clock, A. M. But about 9 o'clock, our brave boys, the colored troops belonging to the Fourth Division, Ninth Army Corps, made one of the most daring charges ever made since the commencement of the rebellion. The First Brigade, consisting of four regiments, namely, the Forty-third Pennsylvania, Twenty-seventh Ohio, and Thirtieth and Thirty-ninth Maryland, led in the charge. The first two named regiments drove the enemy from their breastworks and took possession of the blown-up fort; but while they did all, the white soldiers lay in their pits, and did nothing to support our men in the struggle: they lay as though there was nothing for them to do, for one hour after the explosion took place. The rebels deserted all their forts, fearing that some more of their works were about to be blown up.

How easily Petersburg could have been taken on the 30th of July, had the white soldiers and their commanders done their duty! But prejudices against colored troops prevented them. Instead of a general attack being made, as was contemplated, only a few men were taken in to be slaughtered, and taken prisoners, which is equivalent to death, for no mercy is shown to them when captured, although some still plead that the rebels are treating the colored prisoners very well; but before I can be convinced that this is so, I wish to hear one of the prisoners tell the story.

After our men had driven the enemy, and taken possession of a portion of their works, I cannot conceive of a plausible reason why it was that reinforcements were not sent to them. This neglect was the cause of their being repulsed with such heavy loss. I only conclude that our men fell unnecessarily in the battle of the 30th. In their retreat, they received the cross fire of the enemy, and no small number were killed by our own artillery.

Such was the terrible fate of the day. Time will tell who was in the fault, and who made the great blunder in the battle of the 30th of July.

Among the captured, was my brother-in-law, William Johnson, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, where my family now reside: but I can only give him up into the hand of God, who knows just how to deal with his case. If he is murdered by the rebels, all is right; his blood will speak for the cause in which he fell.

The rebels are still contending; but all at once the first thing they will know, as suddenly as the destruction of the life of Pharaoh and his power of oppression, will be their destruction. God has sent the gentle persuasion of Christianity, in her sweet tones of soft and gentle touch; but they heeded not: they drive her away as Pharaoh did Moses, saying, "Let us see your face no more." He sent them the plague of blast; their corn was nipped in the bud; snow and frost also came, their oranges and lemons were killed; yet they heeded not—they still oppressed His people. He sent them tokens in division of policy, or administration: He showed them plainly, that involuntary labor curses a land; that where free labor existed, the land flourished; but they would not heed, and the instruments of death are among them. But will He not send a disease among them that will hasten their surrender sooner than any means which man can employ? Let Christians pray a little more, and the work will be accomplished. Let God use his own means in whatever way he chooses, even though he should send starvation.

JAMES H. PAYNE,

Quartermaster-Sergeant, 27th Reg. U. S. C. T., 4th Div., 1st Brigade, 9th Army Corps.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM A. W. WAYMAN.

BRO. EDITOR:—It may be interesting to the readers of your paper, and the members of the Church, to hear from those who have recently been elected to assist in the superintendency of the Church.

At the meeting of the bishops of the A. M. E. Church, just before the close of the late General Conference, I was assigned to the 2d Episcopal District, consisting of the Philadelphia and New York Conferences.

After the adjournment of the New York Conference, our first visit was to New Brunswick, New Jersey. The congregation and people appeared to be much pleased at the re-appointment of the pastor, Rev Wm. A. Offer.

On the 26th of June we attended the dedication of a new church at Mount Holly. New Jersey, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Theodore Gould, who was blessed upon the occasion to receive a fine collection for his church, which for neatness has few equals on any of the circuits. After services in the afternoon we returned to Burlington, and had the pleasure of speaking to an interesting congregation.

Monday, June 27th, we visited Bordentown, N. J.,—Rev. James Holland's charge,—and addressed his people at night. The members are delighted with their pastor, and their spiritual condition appears to be good.

Tuesday, June 28th, we started homeward, and called at Port Deposit, Maryland. We found Rev. Stephen P. Byard very lame; so much so that he was unable to wear any shoe on one foot. Brother Byard is doing a good work in Port Deposit; he teaches a school all the week, and preaches on the Sabbath. On this circuit we spent many happy days in 1853–4. There was a large congregation out at night. We recognized some few familiar faces in the assembly But a great many have passed away.

On Thursday, July 7th, we left Baltimore to attend the trustees' meeting of the Wilberforce University, at Xenia, Ohio, where we arrived on Friday 8th, at 3 o'clock. Wilberforce is one of the prettiest places we have seen. The professor and scholars all seemed to enjoy the breezes which blow through the trees of the Wilberforce University. Sunday, 10th, at 11 o'clock, we attended ion service in the hall of the college, where there was a very attentive congregation—the most of them were students belonging to the college. At night, in company with the Rev. J. Davis, we visited the church in Xenia, where we found a fine congregation of religious intelligent people. The church is large and the members manifest the greatest regard for the pastor. On Wednesday, 13th, the commencement came off. The students acquitted themselves with great credit to themselves and their teachers.

At the meeting of the trustees, Dr. McCune Smith, of New York, was voted one of the professors, which position he is eminently qualified for.

Friday, 15th, we turned our face toward home, and arrived at Harrisburg, Saturday morning, about six o'clock. We spent Sabbath, 17th, in Harrisburg, where we held services morning and evening. Brother Joseph A. Nelson, the preacher in charge of Bethel Church, is regarded as a strong preacher, and all that he wants is a good church, and all will be right with him. On Tuesday, 19th, returned home, and found there had been great excitement in Baltimore on account of the rebel invasion. On Saturday, 23d, we left home for New York, where we arrived about 9½ o'clock, P. M. Sunday morning we visited Sullivan Street Church, Rev. R. P. Gibbs. The members and congregation were all up high spirits, believing that better times are coming. Afternoon and night we were at Bridge Street Church, Brooklyn, with Rev. J. M. Williams, who was making an extra effort for his church. He realized all he wanted for that occasion. Monday night, 25th, we visited Newark, N. J., Rev. L. Patterson's charge. His congregation very spiritual; indeed they seemed to possess a great deal of fire. Tuesday, 26th, we gave Rev. Wm. H. Ross a call at Rahway, N. J. The Church here is in a flourishing condition.

Wednesday, 27th, found us at Princeton, N. J., where we had not been for more than fifteen years. Many things looked strange. The old church is torn down, and new splendid brick is erected in its stead. Rev. Henry Davis, the pastor, is very highly esteemed by the entire community, as a Christian and a minister.

Thursday night, 28th, brought us to Trenton, N. J. The congregation turned out in their strength. Rev. Thos H. Cooper is the right man in the right place. Friday, 29th, we closed the week's labor at Freehold, N. J. Rev. A. Till has been appointed to this circuit in the place of Rev. John W Stevenson, who is removed to Oxford, Pa. Sunday, 30th, was spent in Philadelphia. Rev. Wm Moore, at Bethel, Rev. A. L. Stanford, at Union, and Rev. Jos. H. Smith, at Wesley, are all men of the right stamp.

Sunday, August 7th, we fell in the popular wake, and visited Cape May, N. J. Brother Jay is doing well, and laboring hard to pay off the Church. We next started for home; and visited Camden, N. J., and Wilmington, Del. on our way. The brethren at both of the last named places are doing well.

A. W. WAYMAN.

Baltimore, Aug. 13th, 1864.

We publish the following article by the request of a friend.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A TRUE MAN.

MR EDITOR:—"Appointed by God Almighty to stand for a fact," we said, quoting Emerson, when we read Rev J. W. Loguen's non-acceptance of the superintendency of the A. M. E. Zion Conference. The great Architect, at birth, confides to some men a mission. Surrounding circumstances may be the most adverse, yet if the Master-builder intends that a certain idea shall be demonstrated by an individual, a magnetic fate attracts that one straight onward to the accomplishment of the darling object. The most tempting positions which wealth or power could offer are spurned with stoical indifference, because God has a work for him, and "his time is not yet."

This sublime faith, in fact, guides one; we may not know how or why, when "gazing down the corridors of time," yet it is for a life purpose. This intuition that so relates the finite to the infinite, keeps such from accepting even very good situations for the God-committed trust. In science and art men accept the fact that men are born to certain avocations. But some seem to hesitate about acknowledging that a man must be born a worker for humanity, or an amount of ethics can make him a real one. Every one possesses benevolence and love for the species to a degree, but not in such a degree that they will be crucified in spirit a hundred times in one's life-time for humanity. Every one should love his neighbor as himself but he don't do it; so God has appointed some to that work.

The uninitiated wonder that persons know just what particular part in life they are to perform. They wonder that they, with reckless pertinacity, will unobtrusively continue in an unpopular work unappreciated. Such a class believe in hasty conversions to a popular and remunerative trust. But God calls up the right individuals to work for him and his poor. They may come nigh unto death before they get their due esteem, as did Beethoven, and then die at the first dawn of an estimate of their real value; but still God commands them to labor.

> "Wherever outraged nature
> Asks word or action brave,
> Wherever struggles labor,
> Wherever groans a slave."

Rev J. W. Loguen, when he was known only by that slave appellation *Jarm*, was wonderfully preserved and restored after a brutal castigation, for some great future work. When, in extreme physical suffering, he cried out in his wild delirium, "Kill me! kill me!" He, who will not let his elect die, [illegible], restored him to strength, that he might learn well the heart lessons, so that he could interpret for the dumb suffering ones. During all that strange slave life on Manscoe's Creek and the Little Tombigbee, where now waves for the first time with a semblance of truth the emblem of liberty, he was being fitted to accomplish by the deeper knowledge of the mysteries of the institution a mighty end. After he came boldly to the alternative, Freedom or Death, God must have detailed a galaxy of angels to have kept the future great souled worker.

During the patriot war, in 1838, which was waging in Canada, the Captaincy of a colored regiment was offered, but he refused it. Not that he loved freedom less; but that was not the call that he was to answer. About that time, when he left a situation that yielded him some five dollars a day, to enter Oneida Institute, was the decisive battle of his life, which changed the face of his future history. At other times in this man's life God has caused him to take very contrary steps to what personal emolument and ambition would have suggested. In '44 when he canvassed a part of the state for the election of Birney, how strange that he went not down into that fascinating political vortex which would have snatched him from the humbler Christian life. But what always characterized a great man was prominent in him—doing different from what others expected him to do. His devotion to the work of the underground railroad, in which he was enabled to pass to good homes over two thousand self freed slaves, was one in which his heart delighted. When this war began, with that strange insight into the future, he pronounced it a holy war long before the commander-in-chief knew its real nature. With eyes of faith, not flesh, he looked beyond the three-starred slave catchers for rebel slave holders, to the time when those officers would be enthusiastic defenders of the faith upon which rest all free governments. With his usual energy he engaged in the work of recruiting colored men to fight, and, if needed, to die for the cause. But when he discovered the treachery of the government in perjuring itself rather than recognize the manhood of the colored soldier; when he saw their families suffering in dire distress, he said he would not encourage another man to enlist. He looked with the deepest interest to the work in the newly emancipated South.

Never shall we forget our emotions at a meeting in Virginia when he addressed nearly a thousand freedmen. There he stood, a grand object-lesson to them, exhorting them to acquit themselves like men and disappoint the evil prophecies of their enemies.

Yes, Loguen, you are right; the freedmen need your untrammelled energies. It was really gratifying to Rev J. W. Loguen's large circle of friends, to see the merited appreciation of his conference brethren. It is pleasing to see how quickly he was promoted to the highest position in that ecclesiastical body. He was only a few years ago ordained a deacon and an elder the same day. Now when the consolidation of the Bethel and Zion Connections is so nearly effected, it was really an elevated position of promise, which they proffered him. While we most sincerely proffer our gratitude to the conference, we are proud that our friend pursued that course which plainly indicated "life's largest purpose understood."

AN OLD FRIEND

For the Christian Recorder.

SARATOGA CORRESPONDENCE.

MR EDITOR:—Since my departure from your city, I have travelled a great deal, visiting some of the most prominent places, and seeing nearly every thing that eye could wish. During my moments of leisure I have not only traversed the principal thoroughfares and highways extending through the heart of the village, but I have made my way far beyond her border, and, from all appearances, I think Saratoga has more attractions than any other inland town.

The *poet*, the *painter* and the *artist* may here find sufficient employment. The man of science and art may find employment to store his mind for future usefulness. This vicinity is neither a city nor a country, but city and country combined.

On the one hand, we have the gayety and fashion of the Quaker and Metropolitan cities, on the other we behold the immense forests with tall cedars, the different cottages scattered here and there, surrounded with magnolias and elms of half a century. We experience the gentle breezes wafted from the fan of Aurora. We behold the setting and the rising sun—the ushering in of day and its departing. How pleasant is it for one, who can sit at his bed-chamber window during the lonesome hours of night, when every thing is still, and imagine himself at home, conversing with his friends and relations! If the soldier has moments of gladness, it is when he dreams of sitting around his own fireside.

Though the shores of Saratoga are not washed by the briny billows of the Atlantic or Pacific—though her beauty has, in some degree, been marred by the great conflagration which took place during the previous month—yet these have no effect upon the surrounding public. From near and from far they come. Why this attraction? Nature can only answer. Her numerous sparkling fountains, her tall and wavy cedars, her cool and refreshing breezes, and her healthy climate have attracted the attention of the wondering multitude. Even her noble mansions, her neatly-trimmed gardens, and her elegant churches, in a greater or less degree, attract the eyes of the public.

The word Saratoga has never been altogether translated. The inflection *oga* means place, but the *Sarat* is undetermined. Her former inhabitants were Indians. During the eighteenth century Saratoga was in the possession of these people. Though many settlements had been made on the Hudson and the banks of the St. Lawrence, Saratoga was unknown to the civilized world. The first white man who visited this place was Johnson. He, while on his way home, was taken sick. The Indians carried him on a litter to High Rock, the most ancient and noted spring in this vicinity. After the space of six months, he returned home in a perfect state of health. So great was the change of his constitution, from the effect of the water of this spring, that people began to flock here in great numbers.

No beautiful buildings adorned Saratoga then. Where Congress and Union Halls now stand, the tall pines and lofty cedars waved their heads. No works of art about the different springs to mar the beauty which the hand of Nature had given. No public highways; nothing but a narrow path led the red men from one spring to another. But what a change! How great the contrast! Surely, "old things have passed away, and all things have become new." The red man has gone; his war-whoop is no more heard re-echoing through the forest. Every where we turn, we behold the works of the fairer race.

Though a century has scarcely passed since the aborigines possessed this place, yet the hand of progress and mental improvement has swept every evergreen within view of his residence, and those stately trees, old tenants of the forests, which had weathered the storm, and glinted the sunshine, and braced themselves against the wind of centuries, were felled and riven by the axe of the woodman, without a single thought of regret or a single sentiment of remorse.

UNION HALL.

August 10, 1864.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The gain of souls must animate the preacher, or he is not a true preacher.

For the Christian Recorder.

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. EDITOR:—Having presumed to take up my pen to indite a few lines for your valuable paper, I hope that they will meet with your approval.

The history of the past is too well known to need recital, but the history of the future is not yet known, and with it we have to deal at the present time. The future can, by the judicious working of the colored people of the United States, be made either a future of happiness or of unhappiness to the race. Upon them now depends the great responsibility of elevating their race.

If, as is natural, you would prefer happiness, we would say to you, that you must help pay for it. The kind of pay which is needed to secure this priceless boon does not consist of money, but in the concentration of all your energies for the education of the colored people. Educate, we say, if you would prosper. Education is the magic talisman by which all the world is governed. Without it, we are but as tools in the hands of the workman, with it, we are the workmen ourselves.

Every father and mother should, by all means, improve every opportunity to educate their children,—so that, when they arrive at adult age, they may make good parents, and, in their turn, instruct their children. The greatest inheritance that can possibly be bequeathed to any one is a good education. Money is as nothing when compared to it; for of what use is wealth without the knowledge of properly disposing of it? Money has been the ruin of many, but we have yet to hear of a single instance where education has, in the slightest degree, injured any one.

There is also another thing which most certainly tends to elevate the colored people in the United States namely, the bravery of the noble colored soldiers now in the Union Army. These gallant representatives of the colored people are performing their part towards the elevation of their poor, down-trodden and despised race. We have only to point the calumniators of the colored people to the heroic deeds of the sable warriors at Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, Olustee, and other places, and they must, if consistent, cease their idle pratings about the colored soldiers being cowards.

When the white soldiers have failed against overwhelming odds, they have always been excused by attaching the blame to the officers; but, when a failure occurs where colored soldiers are engaged, it would be "treason" to infer that the commanding officers (*who are white*) are to blame. The whole responsibility, in such cases, is cast upon the colored troops.

That the colored people are capable of improvement is clearly shown in such men as Frederick Douglass and numerous others. Some of the greatest artists in the country are colored men; and, indeed, they are beginning to fill every occupation and science with some of the most distinguished and able men.

Do not, we implore you, sit down and bewail your lot. Be up and doing. If you want the prize, you must win it. Let each one ask himself, whether he cannot improve, not only his own intellectual capacities, but also those of his brethren. Let us show the world that we are worthy to be called men. Bend all your energies towards the accomplishment of the elevation of your race, and, with the assistance of Divine Providence, you will most surely succeed in His own good time.

Yours, very respectfully,

SENAH

Philadelphia, August 4, 1864

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WILMINGTON, DEL.

MR. EDITOR:—At a meeting of the Colored Soldiers' Aid Society, which met on Monday evening, August 8th, 1864, in the M E Zion church, the Society of Young Rising Daughters of Wilmington, Delaware, presented to the above named Society the sum of twenty-three dollars and some cents—the proceeds of the Fair held recently.

The names of the young ladies engaged in the Fair are:

Committee—Miss Sarah Allen,
Adeline H. Bratton,
Esther R. Byard,
Rebecca J. Trusty.
Assistants—Mary E. Hamilton,
Mary R. Byard,
Mary R. Bratton,
Mary E. Mashipp,
Margaret Elias,
Rosa E. Trusty,
Delphine Rice,
Susan A. Denton,
[illegible] Dorsey,
Mary A. Dorsey,
Drusilla Webb,
Adela Jones,
Deborah Brown.

Notwithstanding these young ladies had but very little encouragement or assistance from the source they expected it from—and although they were much discouraged by the insults given by unprincipled persons, who would make use of such remarks or expressions as these: "Where are the wounded soldiers?" "Some one wants it will have a new dress," etc., they nobly persevered.

Even when these young ladies came in the church to present the money, they were insulted before they could get to their seats. They were called a pack of fools, simply because they wore head-dresses.

I mention these things to show how devoid of common sympathy and principle are the people who made use of the expressions we have referred to. We can attribute it to nothing but ignorance.

Such persons, instead of assisting and aiding such a good cause are found trying to discourage or insult those who are doing all they can to aid the sick and wounded defenders of our common home.

But these young ladies were engaged in a great work, and were determined not to cease their labors until their mission was accomplished. The Fair lasted a little over two weeks, and, although things are very high, they cleared twenty-three dollars and some cents, which was presented to the "Colored Soldiers' Aid Society" by Miss Allen.

Mr Frisby J. Cooper made the presentation speech in behalf of the ladies. The speech was very appropriate, and showed much merit and intelligence.

Mr. Daniel B Anderson delivered the reception speech, which was highly interesting. He spoke very commendatory of the young ladies. In the course of his remarks, he said their acts would have a place in history, and be handed down for the admiration of coming generations yet unborn.

There was a vote of thanks returned to the young ladies, and also a resolution passed, to the effect that a public meeting of the colored citizens of Wilmington be called, to raise a collection to purchase some things to send to the sick and wounded soldiers.

So you see, Mr. Editor, that the interest and welfare of the colored soldiers are engraved on the hearts of the colored citizens of this place, as well as elsewhere. May the good work speed bravely on.

H. J. R.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 13, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM CITY POINT, VA.

City Point, Va.,
August 6, 1864.

MR EDITOR:—Some time has elapsed since I have furnished you an article for your valuable paper. In the meantime I have been absorbed by the pressing weight of the future of my beloved race, who have demonstrated their manly courage on every battle field where they have fought. I cannot help feeling the great necessity there is now for united, Herculean efforts to crush this accursed rebellion.

I will now relate to you our casualties up to the present time. On the 26th of May the rebels attacked us, with great impetuosity, at Wilson's Landing; but we repulsed them, with great loss on their side. Our loss was small. Our second fight was on the 9th of June. On the preceding night we had been ordered to prepare to move, with one day's rations, to parts unknown to us. We started about eight o'clock that night, and marched about three miles. We then halted, and encamped for the night in a field.

In the morning we were joined by the Fourth and Sixth United States Colored Troops and several other regiments, the names of which I have forgotten. We then started for Petersburg, and marched to within two and a half miles of the city, without molestation. Suffice it to say, that it turned out to be a reconnoissance to find out the strength of the enemy. I will here say, that the bravery displayed by our boys before that doomed city needs no comment; for they have won for themselves great renown, which one day will shine upon the pages of history.

Our third battle was on the 15th of June. We received orders to march to Petersburg and take the works, if we could. When we came to the rebels' works, (which had hastily been thrown up in a few days,) we fought for about one hour, the rebels fighting like tigers; but we compelled them to retreat, and pursued them to their works before Petersburg, when a heavy battle ensued, and lasted from nine o'clock, A. M., until five o'clock, P. M. We routed the enemy, and captured all of their guns and a great many prisoners.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to know, whether, after doing such daring exploits, we do not deserve the rights and privileges of the United States of America? Are we to fight for the dastard sum of seven dollars a month, while our wives and children are starving at home?

I will now tell you something about the scenery around here. The birds are singing upon the trees, and every thing, animate and inanimate, is a lesson to me, that there is a God.

I must now close my letter, but you shall hear from me again soon.

Yours, for justice, T. E. W.
Co. K. 1st U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

WOMAN.

Woman, truly thou art a miracle! Place her amongst flowers—foster her, as a tender plant, and she is a being worth a princess. Give her a bird, a flower, a dog, or any thing she loves to protect, and see her lily and delicate arms raised up to avert a threatened danger. And she shrinks not back from the sight of blood, when man, brave man, though a stronger vessel, recoils in dismay.

What is dearer than woman's love? Place me in possession of a wife with that love! See how, at nightfall, when her companion comes home from his toilsome duties of the day—see her embrace him! But man, how different! With hardness of heart, at times, he leaves that dear and sweet beloved wife alone at late hours of night. The clock strikes One, Two, Three, and still his voice can be heard in the drinking saloon, at the gaming table. He returns home intoxicated. See that slender form, with tears of anguish in her eyes, embracing the prostrate form of him whom she loves!

A woman's love is so much like Eden's grove: What is dearer than woman's love?

Well might the poet say of woman,

> "She's both vigilant and strong;
> Woe to him who doth her wrong."

Again:—

> "So virtuous, true and kind—
> So strong her love for man."

W. H. J.

Block Island, July 30th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

INJUSTICE TO COLORED TROOPS.

MR EDITOR:—During last January some of our colored men volunteered from New Jersey, leaving wives and children. They were promised the same State allowance (six dollars) as the white men.

After waiting four or five months, they made some inquiry for their money. when they got the following answer from Judge Wm. Moore: "I am sorry to inform you that the authorities at Trenton have decided that colored volunteers are not entitled to any State pay."

Yours, for my race, R B

WHERE the gospel is not rightly understood, it makes people sour; but where it is, and believed, it makes people pious and godly.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Aug. 20, 1864.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of the two brothers, Jordan Shepherd and Randell Shepherd, who left Norfolk, Va., some 18 or 20 years ago, or more. They are my brothers, and I shall be under many obligations to any one who can give me any information concerning them.

Word can be left at the Office of the *Christian Recorder*, or to the undersigned, at Portsmouth, Va. RACHEL SHEPHERD.

August 1st, 1864 6w.

NOTICE

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir: You will do me a very great favor if you will publish this statement in your paper:

Andrew Baylis, a freedman, who left, in Dover, Tenn., a wife by the name of Betsy Robinson, is now in West Jefferson, Madison County, Ohio.

Any information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received.

Direct to West Jefferson, Ohio,

ANDREW BAYLIS.

August 5th, 1864.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Boston, Mass.	
Rev. G. A. Rue,	3 00
Pittsburg, Pa.	
Per Rev. S. Watts:	
Mrs. S. Gaiter, to send the Recorder to soldiers,	2 50
Rev. S. Watts,	50
Cannonsburgh, Pa.	
Rev. S. T. Jones,	7 85
Glen Mills, Pa.	
C. W. Beachem,	3 25
Milton, Del.	
A. Young, per Rev. Turner,	1 15
Columbus, O.	
Rev. G. Graham, on account,	10 00
Chester, Ills.	
Rev. B. L. Brooks, on act.,	2 00
Washington, D. C.	
G. Lancaster,	2 00
Miss L. Simms,	4 50
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,	1 00
Penningtonville, Pa.	
Rev. J. V. Pierce,	1 15
Hudson, N. Y.	
Mrs. Tilmen,	2 00
Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Mrs. M. A. Richardson,	30
Clarendon, N. Y.	
Abbie A. Myers,	2 50

HARVEST HOME.

The members and congregation of the A. M. E. Church at Burlington, intend to celebrate a grand Harvest Home on Thursday, September 1st, at which time the Sabbath-school will go out for a day's pleasure. There will be a grand concert, given by the Sabbath-school in the evening, of vocal and instrumental music, under the direction of Professor A. Burris, of Philadelphia. Dinner and refreshments will be prepared in the grove, for the accommodation of all present. The proceeds for the benefit of the church.

REV. T. GOULD, *Pastor*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We publish the following from the *Anglo-African*, by special request of the author:

Balfour General Hospital, Va.,
Aug. 2d, 1864.

DEAR ANGLO:—Permit me to acknowledge, through the columns of your paper, the receipt of a box from Mr and Mrs. D. B. Bowser, of Philadelphia, filled with all the luxuries the heart could wish, and sincerely hoping that they may be always able to gladden the heart and strengthen the arm of the soldier. Also, allow me to acknowledge, in behalf of my suffering comrades in arms, the many acts of kindness bestowed upon us by our Northern friends, for right nobly have they responded to the call made on them by the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Association in Norfolk. Great praise is due to Mesdames Magens and Smith; also to Misses Frances E. Williams, E. G. Highgate, and a host of others, for the able manner in which they disposed of the many articles sent to them.

The boys are all getting along finely; some sixty of them have already gone to join the ranks of those brave ones now fighting for the right.

I have the honor to be,
Yours, respectfully,
THOS. R. HAWKINS,
Sergt. Major 6th U. S. C. T.

IS REV. MORGAN DEAD?

This question is being asked us daily and hourly. The only answer we can give is, that we cannot say for certain. Our correspondent, who furnished us the list of casualties for our last edition, will probably enlighten us on that point in his next letter.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S LETTER TO THE TRIBUNE.

We call special attention to this letter, which will be found in our columns this week. It is of great moment to the many soldiers and others who are continually sending us letters in relation to their pay, and so on.

ANOTHER MASS MEETING.

We understand that there was another Mass Meeting of our colored citizens held in the Masonic Hall on last Thursday evening; but, unfortunately, as our reporter was not present at the meeting, we are therefore unable to furnish our readers with any material account of the proceedings.

OUR NEW DISCIPLINES.

After a vast amount of labor and expense, we are glad to inform our brethren and the connection in general, that we have a few of our new Disciplines now ready.

Owing to the great advance in every article needed in publishing such a work, we are obliged to make a slight difference in the prices.

Those bound in cloth we will sell for 40 cents, those in sheep for 45 cents, and the extra ones for 60 cents.

THE Lord takes none but the forsaken, makes none healthy but the sick, gives sight to none but the blind, makes none alive but the dead, sanctifies none but sinners, and gives wisdom to none but the foolish.

THE DELAWARE CONFERENCE.

Many criticisms and much conjecture have arisen concerning this new body; the greater part of them, however, among those who have merely a slight understanding concerning its objects in general.

Many faults (as is always the case when a new society is being brought into existence,) are found with their regulations. One, which at first seemed plausible, has been settled, in our mind, by an article in the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, which thus speaks:

"So the new movement among our colored members is starting. It is deemed objectionable in some quarters that the members of our Colored Conferences are entitled to no representation in the General Conference, and have no claim on the proceeds of the Chartered Fund and Book Concern. But it is a sufficient supply to all such objections that our Mission Conferences, composed of white ministers, are under the same disabilities. All these Conferences are in some sense recognized as in a probationary state. The distinction is not made, therefore, as against color, but on the ground of a novitiate. Whether this is defensible is not now raised as a question for discussion. All that we propose is to relieve the General Conference from the charge of making any distinction against any of its members simply on the ground of color. Indeed, we have departed from our long established usages in the reception of members into our Annual Conferences to favor and help along the colored Conference movement. Our rule of Discipline requiring a probation of two years is so far suspended as to admit to membership such colored elders as have travelled two or more years under a presiding elder, and who shall be recommended by a Quarterly Conference, and at least ten elders belonging to an Annual Conference. The movement can never provoke criticism unfriendly to the church when all the facts in the case are known, unless it shall be from men, proslavery in their feelings."

Many other objections are urged, but we hope that as its aims are made known, they may vanish.

Our good wishes to the members and worthy bishops.

PAYMENT OF COLORED TROOPS.

To the many soldiers in the field, and to their friends at home, we call attention to the following extract from the Tribune. It seems as if it were a voice from one who ought to know, and it will be read with interest by many. Those who complain will do well to note it.

No one can possibly be so weary of reading of the wrongs done by Government toward the colored soldiers as I am of writing about them. This is my only excuse for intruding on your columns again.

By an order of the War Department, dated August 1, 1864, it is at length ruled that colored soldiers shall be paid the full pay of soldiers from date of enlistment, provided they were free on April 19th, 1861—not otherwise; and this distinction is to be noted on the pay-rolls. In other words, if one half of a company escaped from slavery on April 18th, 1861, they are to be paid $13 per month, and allowed $3.50 per month for clothing. If the other half were delayed two days, they receive $7 per month and are allowed $3 per month for precisely the same articles of clothing. If one of the first class is made first sergeant, his pay is put up to $21 per month; but if he escaped two days later, his pay is still estimated at $7.

It had not occurred to me that any thing could make the pay-rolls of these regiments more complicated than at present, or the men more rationally d[illegible] I had not the ingenuity to imagine such an order. Yet it is no doubt in accordance with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the final bill which was adopted by Congress under the lead of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens.

The ground taken by Mr. Stevens apparently was, that the country might honorably save a few dollars by docking the promised pay of those colored soldiers whom the war had made free. *But the Government should have thought of this before it made the contract with these men and received their services.* When the War Department instructed Brig. Gen. Saxton, Aug 25, 1862, to raise five regiments of negroes in South Carolina, it was known very well that the men so enlisted had only recently gained their freedom. But the instructions said: "The persons so received into service, and their officers, to be entitled to and receive the same pay and rations as are allotted by law to volunteers in the service." Of this passage Mr Solicitor Whiting wrote to me, "I have no hesitation in saying that the faith of the Government was thereby pledged to every officer and soldier enlisted under that call." Where is the faith of the Government now?

The men who enlisted under the pledge were volunteers, every one; they did not get their freedom by enlisting, they had it already. They enlisted to serve the Government, trusting in its honor. Now the nation turns upon them and says: Your part of the contract is fulfilled; we have had your services. If you can show that you had previously been free for a certain length of time, we will fulfil the other side of the contract. If not, we repudiate it. Help yourselves, if you can.

In other words, a freedman (since April 19, 1861) has no rights which a white man is bound to respect. He is incapable of making a contract. No man is bound by a contract made with him. Any employer, following the example of the U. S. Government, may make with him a written agreement, receive his services, and then withhold the wages. He has no motive to honest industry or to honesty of any kind. He is virtually a slave, and nothing else, to the end of time.

Under this order, the greater part of the Massachusetts colored regiments will get their pay at last, and be able to take their wives and children out of the almshouses to which, as Gov. Andrews informs us, the gracious [illegible] of the nation has consigned so many. For so much I am grateful. But toward any regiment, which had been in service and under fire months before a Northern colored soldier was recruited, the policy of repudiation has at last been officially adopted. There is no alternative for the officers of South Carolina regiments but to wait for another session of Congress, and, meanwhile, if necessary, act as executioners for those soldiers who, like Sergeant Walker, refuse to fulfil their share of a contract where the Government has openly repudiated the other share. If a year's discussion, however, has at length secured the arrears of pay for the Northern colored regiments, possibly two years' may secure it for the Southern.

T. W. HIGGINSON,
Col. 1st S. C. Vols. (now 33d U. S.)

Col. Higginson is a model officer; one who is endeavoring to show that if one party fulfils one side of the contract, the other part will endeavor to do its share—that is, when the colored volunteer does what the Government requires of him, the United States, in turn, will satisfy him. All hail to him! He is truly a man worthy his position.—ED.

For the Christian Recorder.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Who has considered the influence of the female? Let us cast the mind's eye back for a few moments, and take an observation of the beginning of Creation—the formation of each being, beast, bird, and reptile; then to the formation of man, whom God made after his own image, and then to get subject—last, but not least of all creation—the *female*. We glean from the pen of the inspired writer, that God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, during which time he made woman; consequently, she is considered the weaker sex, both mentally and physically. But when we consider the influence she wields in society, we are almost persuaded to speak in behalf of women's rights. To continue, we must of necessity refer to the Garden of Eden, if we dare meddle with so sacred a subject, and see what marked influence was exercised there by the female over the opposite sex; then trace the remainder of Divine writ, and we find quite a number of similar events; and at the present day, who can enumerate the many passing instances of female influence! Now, the question arises, why is it that strong men—men of intellect, power, and talent, should be influenced or persuaded by the female to abandon one project or scheme, and repair to another?—to flee from one city to another? and many other circumstances too numerous to mention—some pertaining to very great good, while others are the reverse? Do not imagine me to be insinuating upon the female. Not so; we are of the same sex. But argument calls for language, and language for facts. But again we say, why is the influence so strong? Surely the female must have been created for some greater and more eminent position than she has yet attained. There is nothing the female undertakes, no matter how difficult, that she does not by some means perform. Should she fail on one hand, she quickly turns to the other, adopting the old adage, "Try, try again." Both the learned and unlearned women exercise a great influence.

We will conclude by saying, that there is a great field of labor opening, and the influential female is called to perform a great portion of the work; therefore, let us rally to a post of duty, and help to burst open the dark prison-doors of Ignorance, that the light of intelligence, mental and moral improvement, may break forth and shine into the minds of our once down-trodden and oppressed, but now freed race.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. AMANDA TURPIN.

Williamsport, August 8th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE REV GARLAND H. WHITE, CHAPLAIN OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH UNITED STATES COLORED REGIMENT, RAISED IN INDIANA.

Near Petersburg, Va.,
August 8th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I should remain perfectly silent, so far as the action of the 30th ult. is concerned, but for one reason, which, when presented, I hope the public will accept as being philanthropic, as well as patriotic.

It is said by a large number of cowards at home, that the colored troops under General Burnside, who participated in the recent attack on Petersburg, acted cowardly. This slanderous language I first saw in the New York Herald of the 6th inst, it being a paper familiar with political corruption. It did not astonish me to find such calumny heaped upon an innocent and brave people, laboring under disadvantages unparalleled in the history of civilized warfare. These colored troops, who were from New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and several of the Slave States, were led by as brave white men as the country affords. Our friends at home need not think that the failure to accomplish the design of that memorable event or day grew out of neglect or incompetency upon the part of our regimental or company commanders, nor even the men themselves, for, as an eye-witness of the whole affair, I am compelled, from every consideration of justice to my profession, my God, my country and my regiment, to make some statement respecting the true nature of the case.

At a given hour all the officers of the colored troops were notified to have their men in readiness and at a certain place. This order was carried out to the crossing of a T. Afterward a charge was made, every officer heading his men; and the troops seemed as though they were going to camp-meeting or to a lot of August dinner. I was with the boys, and intended to follow them to the last. Just at this juncture the earth began to shake, as though the hand of God intended a reversal in the laws of nature. This grand convulsion sent both soil and souls to inhabit the air for awhile, and then return to be commingled forever with each other, as the word of God commands: "From dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." By this time the colored troops had seen sufficient to convince them of the mighty struggle which would soon follow, and many began to make preparation accordingly, some by saying to me: "I want you, brother White, to write to my father and mother," in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and other places, "that George, (Thomas, John, or Peter, as we call each other out here) died like a man; and, when pay day comes, if it ever does come, send what money is due me to my wife, and tell her to raise Sally and Mary in the fear of the Lord."

The Colonel gave the order: "Fix bayonets; charge bayonets!" The last words to me were: "Brother White, good-by. Take care of yourself,—for to-day somebody must die, and, if it be me, I hope our people will get the benefit of it."

I must be plain in my remarks, though it should offend somebody. The First Division of Colored Troops, who led the charge, were those who were principally raised in Slave States. They did not stand up to the work like those from the Free States; for, when the Second Division of Colored Troops went into the action, they charged over the First and carried two lines of rifle-pits. They made no stop there; for our Colonel (Charles S. Russell, of Indiana,) who led the gallant Twenty-eighth, told the boys, that he intended leading them to Petersburg that day. Colonel Bross, who led the Twenty-ninth, or the Illinois Colored Regiment, told his boys the same thing.

Now, I would have the people at home, both white and colored, to understand, that the victory of that day was as certainly ours as any thing could be. I call upon all candid-hearted men, who stood and saw the affair from beginning to end, to corroborate what I say in making this statement. When I saw our colors waving over the enemy's works, I, with numbers of others, said: "Boys, the day is ours, and Petersburg is sure."

For several rods the dead lay thick, both white and colored, Union and rebel. It was a sad sight. Recollect, the colored troops went as far as they were ordered to go, and did just what they were told to do, both in going in and remaining there; and, in coming out, the brave officers who led them in, when they saw that bad management had taken place somewhere, and thinking that remaining longer would endanger that portion of the army, through wisdom and good policy, ordered the retreat.

This statement is truth, to which I am willing to take my sol ath. Leave no ground for a set of cowar home, like Bennett and other foul hearteds, to attribute the loss of that day to the a of the colored troops. None of the troops, white or colored, are responsible for the action of the Generals. Let every man answer before tribunal of his country for himself—Gen as well as privates—for their errors and akes. Let no man think he has grown too to be responsible for his conduct in commandi all men.

I hold that there be no higher sin in all the world, than [illegible] innocent people for consequences for which they are not responsible. I care not who it, whether king or subject, General or private makes no difference with me in a point of position of truth. What was lost by the F Division was amply recovered by the Seco

I have already swered all the allegations coming from our mies in tones like thunder, and, therefore, sheathe my pen to give rise to some other exc sions, involving the interests of the color-portion of our army. I came here to look after the interests of my regiment, and I will do at all hazards, God being my help. Let mothers and fathers, whose sons now sleep in the soil of old Virginia, not despair of reaping their re d. I fully appreciate and acknowledge the hand of a good and gracious God being at work taking side with the oppressed and [illegible] It is with tears I pen these things, knowing how the fair ones at home must receive them. Let all of our people understand that this is an association of the death of many a father, brother and son. They are gone, and now sleep in this cursed soil of Virginia. I am happy to say, that some of our troops fell in the harness of faith and hope in Christ, and to-day I believe that they are far away from a land of battle, carnage and blood, where prejudice and scorn are known. They now live in the sunlight of the Redeemer's kingdom, awaiting the welcome arrival of their comrades, who are to-day battling for the Lord and down-trodden humanity.

Heaven bless the efforts of the Union Army, and, ere long, crown them with abundant success! Thursday, the 4th inst., we assembled, in accordance with the President's Proclamation, calling upon the nation, over whom he presides, to engage in fervent prayer to God for Divine assistance. We had a great day and a good time; for the Lord was with us. Several joined with us to go to Canaan. I have organized a thorough church system in my regiment, and large numbers are coming in every day; but one thing I dislike, which is, that none of our Bishops pay us that attention which might be extended toward us. We get no books, tracts, periodicals, nor any thing at all from our colored religious associations. In the brigade to which we are attached there are some four or five thousand colored men, and I am the only man who has any thing to say to them concerning their souls' salvation.

All the white regiments are provided with chaplains, and we could have the same if our Bishops and leading men were actively engaged in bringing about such a result. We will never get any thing more than we ask for. Then do not be reluctant in asking. May the Lord send me help!

It would pay some of our young people to come out to teach and write for the troops in the contraband regiments. If a man would furnish paper and stamps, he could do well at it. Any one will pay one dollar a month. In our regiment there are a thousand men, a large number of whom would employ such a person. Let our people open their eyes.

Your brother in Christ,
GARLAND H. WHITE.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BRO. MOORE.

To the Editor of the Christian Recorder:—*Sir:*—I saw in your paper, of the 6th inst., something purporting to be the doings of an Annual Conference of Colored men, held in your city, under the supervision of the M. E. Church, with the Revs. Bishops Janes and Simpson presiding.

The writer remarked that there was something very peculiar about this body of men. He says, one would judge, from their appearance, that all, or nearly all of them, ranged from fifty to seventy years of age.

Those gray-headed and aged sires, ought to have been well-versed in what is comprehended in the term Methodist, as it is used by that denomination founded by John Wesley, and used by the M. E. Church, before they object to a brother's ordination on the grounds of his not being a good Methodist.

Mr. Wesley in his appeal to men of reason and religion, thus declares his sentiments: "All I teach respects either the nature and condition of justification, the nature and condition of salvation, the nature of justifying and saving faith, or the author of faith and salvation.

That justification whereof our articles speak, signifies present forgiveness and acceptance with God. I believe the condition of this is faith; that the moment any one has true faith, he is justified. Good works follow this faith, but cannot go before it; much less sanctification, which implies a continual course of good works springing from holiness of heart."

But it is allowed that sanctification goes before our justification at the last day (Heb. xii. 14) Repentance and fruits meet for repentance go before faith. Repentance must absolutely go before faith; fruits meet for it, if there be opportunity. By repentance I mean conviction of sin, producing real desires and sincere resolutions of amendment. By salvation I mean not merely deliverance from hell, but a present deliverance from sin.

Faith in general is a divine supernatural evidence or conviction of things not seen, not discoverable by our bodily senses, &c., &c. Whoever embraces these points of doctrine, and conforms to the rules of class-meetings, love-feasts, and leads a holy life, obeying the Discipline of the M. E. Church or the A. M. E. Church, I reckon the M. E. Church would pronounce a good Methodist, and the A. M. E. Church would do the same.

If the above Annual Conference was so ignorant of the declarations as made above, by John Wesley, they were not and are not good Methodists themselves.

Brother S. Jackson, who was recommended to that Conference for Elder's orders, is well known by the colored people and the itinerant preachers, who have travelled in the southern portion of the Philadelphia Conference. It was only by men who were ignorant of Jackson's reputation as a Methodist—not to say his character—who opposed him.

Bro Jackson is of the old stamp Methodists. He became one when the M. E. Church was pure, or struggling to become so. He caught the spirit that was then glowing in her, and is no doubt in possession of the same now, and believes, as every right and intellectual-minded colored Methodist should, that the entire colored Methodists in this country ought to be united, for in union there is strength.

Mr Editor, there must have been a great amount of ignorance—respecting what it takes to constitute a good Methodist—in that Conference.

Jackson's great fault for not being a good and true Methodist is, that he holds so much with the Allenites, as though Allen made Methodism. Whereas, the Methodists made Allen, and he never would have left them, but through force of circumstances.

When he left he carried with him the principles of Methodism, and we yet retain them.

Sir, I truly hope they may learn a lasting lesson from the expressions of Dr. Durbin to them in that Conference, if not from Bro. Jackson's principles.

D. W. MOORE.

For the Christian Recorder.

U. S. NAVAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Steamer Com. Reed, Potomac Flotilla,
August 11th, 1864.

MR EDITOR—*Sir:*—I feel it my duty to write to you, to inform you of a most singular incident of drowning on board this ship. The circumstances are as follows:—Isaac Smith, a colored man, formerly from Virginia, but recently a resident of Washington, was drowned, on the 10th of August, from this ship. We have been in the habit of letting all hands go in to bathe after work is done in the evening. Previously to his drowning, he tied a strong rope around his body, and was let down into the water to learn to swim. The next day he said he would be drowned some day. Little did he or I think it would come true so soon. The same evening, when the word was passed, "All hands to bathe!" he immediately produced a small key from his pocket, remarking to me to keep it, and if he should be drowned, to get his box which the key belonged to, and keep it for his sake. He immediately sprang overboard and swam for some minutes, when he became tired, and commenced to cry out, "Come here. I am giving out!" Every exertion was made to save him, but all in vain; he sank to rise no more. Mr. James Holland, an officer on board, seeing his condition, immediately sprang overboard to try and save the poor man; but, as God intended, he met a watery grave.

In conclusion, I must say he was beloved by all, both white and colored officers and men; and we mourn his loss deeply. He had no family; but he was engaged to be married at the expiration of his term of service, which was in three months.

There is nothing new worth communicating to your paper at present.

Yours respectfully,
GEO. W. READ, *Drummer.*

For the Christian Recorder.

AN APPEAL

ON BEHALF OF "THE LADIES' SOLDIERS' RELIEF ASSOCIATION" OF ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, A. M. E. CHURCH, NORFOLK, VA.

FRIENDS:—The din of war is constantly sounding in our ears; the battle-cry is re-echoing sadly through the avenues of our hearts, and we are daily, yea, almost hourly, beholding our husbands and friends leaving their "loved ones at home," to participate in the great drama of the day.

To-day, before Petersburg stand thousands of our *brave boys*, experiencing all the fearful horrors of war; and while they are sacrificing their all upon the altar of freedom, it remains for us to do our part in this direction.

The ladies of the several churches in this city, and in Portsmouth, have organized societies for the relief of our soldiers, and we have felt it to be our duty to assist in bearing the burden. The first offer of assistance was made us from the ladies of St. Thomas' E. Church; and we hope others will feel it incumbent upon them to do all in their power to aid us in affording relief to the needy.

'Tis true we are not all called upon to enter the field; but each has a duty to perform equally important.

In a few days, hundreds of our sick and wounded soldiers will be brought into our midst, to be cared for; and we appeal to your sympathies to aid us in carrying light, comfort and consolation to those, who are so nobly battling for rights which few of them will ever enjoy; but which, when obtained, will be received by others at the cost of many a precious life. Then let us have the assurance that we, too, have contributed in a measure to the greatest object of our lives.

We who are here, beholding the sufferings of these brave, noble fellows, and endeavoring to administer to their necessities, can realize the truthfulness of the adage, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Could you, dear friends, but with us stand around the couches of the ill and dying, and witness the expressions of joy and gratitude beaming from their countenances, as they receive some little delicacy from the hands of the ladies, you would not for a moment hesitate to contribute your mite toward a cause so noble. And while these love not their lives unto death, may it be said of you, "Ye have done what ye could," and remember

> "The drying up a single tear has more
> Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

We earnestly beg that the pastors of all churches will lend their aid and influence in obtaining funds, and such articles as the necessities of our soldiers demand.

All donations sent to "The Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association," care of Rev. J. M. Brown, Norfolk, Va., will be thankfully received, and most faithfully applied.

MRS. J. M. BROWN, *President*
SALLIE L. DAFFIN, *Secretary*

Norfolk, Va., August 15th, 1864

For the Christian Recorder.

FOOLISH PREACHING.

"It pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." It was not by foolish preaching that God saved the world; but by preaching Christ, and Him crucified, which was foolishness to the Gentiles, when compared with their teaching, which they called wise.

Dear brethren, (for it is unto you I write,) I fear that we have understood the above passage to mean foolish preaching; for many of us take very foolish texts when we preach the gospel; not that the texts are foolish in their interest or in their meaning, but the folly is in us for having taken them. Let us note a few of such texts: "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on? and I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?" "One sea and twelve oxen," "A stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer;" "There is death in the pot;" "We have a little sister, and she has no breast;" "I have compared thee, my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot;" I have written these as the sample of the many.

Such texts, taken in these our days by our ministers, and not always by the unlearned, but by some that are styled doctors, is unpardonable. I have been informed, that the preaching from the sixth to the sixteenth century was unprofitable to the world, and I fear that sermons from such texts as are above-named, will, like those of that age, be likewise unprofitable; for some of the preaching of that age was void, having neither food nor medicine for the soul.

We will notice the topics of one or two sermons: Was Abel slain with a club? Of what sort of wood was it? Of what sort of wood was Moses' rod? Was the gold that the magii offered to Christ coined, or was it in a mass?

Yours, for a plain text and a plain gospel sermon,

J. H. SMITH.

For the Christian Recorder.

MEETING OF THE A. M. E. ZION CHURCH

Bridgeport, Connecticut,
August 10th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—At 8½ o'clock, P. M., the meeting called by Rev. Wm. James Fuller, Professor Barclay and Travelling Preacher Isaac Emory, was assembled in the A. M. E. Zion Church.

The meeting began by Pastor Fuller lining and singing,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Prayer by Bro. Emory. After which the meeting was permanently organized, thus:

Pastor J. Emory was elected and took his seat as President. Mr. Madison Stocks was elected and took his seat as Secretary.

On motion, that Mr. Blake be the Marshal. Carried.

On motion of Rev. Wm. James Fuller, and seconded by Mr. H. Brown, that the "call" for a National Convention of Colored Citizens of the United States, be read to the Assembly.

By Mr. Nelson W. J. Davis, *and that we respond to the call and elect delegates.* Carried.

Mr Pitts, on this resolution, expressed a desire for an explanation, and the above gentlemen put their motion on the table, and passed a resolution that Professor Johnson define; and here the "African Milton" was *sublime* in behalf of his *down-trodden race*, and the motion was taken up from the table, by the Assembly, and passed.

Professor Johnson began the John Brown ballad, and the people joined in and made the church ring.

On motion, that we elect four delegates, and furnish them with "credentials" to the National Colored Convention, to be held in New York City, October 7th, this year, and that they be signed by the President and the Secretary. Carried.

On motion, that we appoint a Nominating Committee, and that Mr. H. Brown, Augustus Holly and Nelson W. J. Davis, nominate four delegates, to be elected, to represent the colored inhabitants of this city, in said National Conference. Carried.

During the absence of said Committee, Prof. W. F. Johnson interestingly entertained the Assembly, which was received with enthusiastic expressions of delight.

In the Assembly appeared a large number of the fair sex, prominent among which was "Widow" Madam James, of Philadelphia Union A. M. E. Church, on a visit to this city; also Miss Elizabeth Handy, the scholar and vocalist of the Keystone State.

The report of the Nominating Committee was as follows:

To the Assembly now in session assembled:—

We, your Committee, beg leave to make the following report:

We, by the authority of the citizens of Bridgeport, Connecticut, do nominate four delegates to represent us in the National Convention, to be held in New York City, N. Y., October 7th, A. D., 1864. The following gentlemen were selected as their representatives: Professor W. F. Johnston, Rev. W. J. Fuller, Pastor, Isaac Emory, Prof. Geo. T. Barclay

All of which we most respectfully submit.

(Signed,)
WM. H. BROWN, *Chairman.*
AUGUSTUS HOLLY,
NELSON W. J. DAVIS, *Sec'y*

On motion of Mr Blake, and seconded by Mr. Vandyke, that the Report of the Committee be received. Carried.

On motion, that the report be adopted. Carried.

On motion, that Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Money, Mrs. Ellen Deming, of Zion's Church, and Miss M. Flynn, Miss H Flinn and Miss Freeman, of Bethel Church, be appointed as a Committee, and that the Committee be empowered to add Martha Hubbard, or any other ladies, in reference to the financial matters of the Delegation. Carried.

On motion, that the Minutes of the Meeting be read, corrected, and approved. Carried.

On motion of Professor Johnson, that the Minutes be published on the first page of the *Anglo-African and "Christian Recorder."* Carried.

On motion, that we adjourn (*sine die.*) Carried.

The Assembly then sang,

"Together let us sweetly live."

Isaac Emory then pronounced the benediction.

(Signed,)
WM JAMES FULLER.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM SERGEANT HANCE,

4th U. S. C. T.

Bermuda Hundred,
August 13th, 1864.

DEAR RECORDER:—After twenty-three days in the rifle-pits, fronting Petersburg, Va., our regiment—4th U. S. C. Troops—has been relieved, and while writing, I find myself near Point of Rocks, enjoying the rest which we greatly needed.

Since my last to you, we have been in almost every hole and corner of this district, crossed more streams than I can recount, have met the enemies of our country, and fought them on their would-be sacred soil.

We have proved to the world that we are men. Soldiers, not slaves!

In my last letter I told you that Colonel Samuel Duncan, 4th U. S. C. Troops, had left his regiment and was commanding the 2d Brigade U. S. C. T., and that Lieutenant-Colonel George Rogers was in command.

Since then Colonel Rogers has left the regiment, and proceeded to Newbern, N. C., to raise a regiment of Colored Troops in that section.

The regiment was sorry to part with one so noble, gallant, dashing and brave, and whose joy and delight was to hear or receive the order for his regiment to go to the front, or lead the advance.

One who could always speak kind words to the wounded or the wearied soldier, because he knew that sympathy for the suffering was meet. May success attend him in his new undertaking. I will here take occasion to say to any man who wishes to serve his country, that he cannot serve under a better, or more skillful and brave officer than George Rogers.

Major Boernstern is in command of the regiment; so, as it is, we are all right yet. But I fear if he has two or three more horses shot from under him, and three or four more swords severed by shells, or a shoulder strap shot off, Edward Stanton will deprive us of him.

The command is in good health and fine spirits.

JOHN HANCE,
Sergt. Co. A, 4th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

GOOD NEWS AT LAST.

Camp in front of Petersburg, Va.,
August 13th, 1864.

DEAR RECORDER:—I again take my pen in hand to inform you how we are coming on. Yesterday was a joyful day in our brigade, on account of the presence of the Paymaster. We had been expecting him for some time, and at last he came, with greenbacks in abundance. He commenced immediately to pay us off—that is, early the next morning after he arrived on the ground.

The boys fell in the ranks with more alacrity than they ever did on any other occasion. They were paid at the rate of sixteen dollars a month, that is, the privates were, while the non-commissioned officers were paid more according to their rank.

The boys had heard a great deal of talk about seven dollars a month, but they never believed that they would be offered such wages. So the Paymaster told us. He said that we received the same pay as any other soldiers since the 1st of January; and as none of our regiment was enlisted before that time, we all received the full complement of Government pay. Every regiment had a Paymaster. Consequently our brigade was paid off very quickly.

We had been on the skirmish line ever since the battle of the 30th of July, and only got relieved from our arduous post there a couple of days ago.

Yesterday, by some means or other, the rebels discovered our camp, and at once commenced to shell us. They made it so uncomfortably hot for us that we were obliged to find another stopping-place.

Our thinned ranks have been filled up by the reinforcement of three more companies, among whom we were happy to find our old friend, James Hardin, Quartermaster-Sergeant of the 43d, adding one more to the non-commissioned staff of our regiment.

There is one more thing I wish to speak of, as I believe that a large number of those who have friends in this regiment are readers of your paper. Will they please, in directing their letters, be careful to state the Company to which their friends belong? This will save a great deal of trouble and time.

I must now come to a close. So, adieu, dear Recorder, until the next time.

JOHN C. BROCK,
Commis. Sergt. 43d U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Camp Wright,
Point of Rocks, Virginia,
August 9th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR—Sir: I again take my pen in hand to write you a few lines upon a subject quite different from the one on which I wrote you last. I now intend expatiating a little on the theme of Slavery and Liberty—and, now, to begin.

If slavery exists, freedom of speech and of the press must be utterly trampled upon as a forbidden thing. There is no fact admitting of clearer demonstration than this one. One of the two must perish. Now, then, if slavery is abolished, there must be freedom of speech, as well as a proportionate advance and onward progress in worldly prosperity, while the press would have unbridled sway.

Then look at it in a different light, if you please. Now the war has proved, so far, an essential antagonism between slavery and [illegible] peace; but it is no less evident in th[illegible] things, that, without freedom of spe[illegible] the press, this can never be called a [illegible] ple in truth.

There has indeed been an apparent union of freedom and slavery in our political system; but it has been only apparently so. If the veil could be lifted, what corruption and deformity would we behold!

I may be wrong in my conceptions, Mr. Editor; but I am a young man, and therefore hope you will excuse me.

You shall hear from me again at a convenient opportunity.

Yours with respect,
T. S. W., of Company H,
First U. S. C. T.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in informing the public through the columns of the Recorder that the United Conventional Minutes will be ready this week.

We also say that the person or persons who have had said Minutes prepared and sold before us were not authorized, and have been deceiving the public merely to gratify their own avaricious and most reprehensible propensities, as will be seen from the names of the following Committee on Publication:

Signed, A. L. Stanford,
J. B. Trusty,
Henry Davis,
Joshua Woodlyn,
S. T. Jones.

The Minutes will be for sale at the office of the Christian Recorder.

CAMP MEETING

At Carpenter's Landing, Gloucester County, New Jersey.

There will be a Union Camp Meeting held, commencing August 22d, 1864, in the woods at West Jessup, Carpenter's Landing. Distance from the cars, one mile.

All religious denominations are respectfully invited to attend and unite with us.

This camp is held under the supervision of Rev. J. B. Trusty, A. L. Stanford, and oth prominent speakers.

All persons who may desire to hold boardi tents, or any other kind of tents, on the ground upon this occasion, will please call at once upon J. H. Trusty, at Wesley church, Lombard St., where all business pertaining to the meeting may be transacted without delay, and where every facility and information will be afforded to those wishing to attend.

All persons intending to be present will take the boat at Walnut Street Wharf, and, after arriving on the other side of the river, will take the Woodbury cars, which will take them within one mile of the woods. The fare on the cars is but thirty-five cents. Let all who can, attend the meeting.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH AND CHAS. SMITH

West Chester, August 8, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—The Court in which the Trustees of the A. M. E. Church had a suit pending, held its session, and decided in our favor.

The circumstance was as follows:

Charles Smith, once a member of the A. M. E. Church, was expelled, Nov. 4th, 1858; since which time he has been disturbing our Class Meetings.

Last May, George Dennis and myself put him out from said Class, and in so doing, he fell down stairs; upon this he entered suit against us for assault and battery.

He argued that neither a Class-leader nor trustee had any right to lay hands upon his person.

In this he was upheld by many old fathers of the church, and they claim that our Discipline is lame and weak on that point, although it tells what shall be done with a leader who suffers an expelled member to stay and enjoy privileges of membership.

Now, I mention this to you for a two-fold cause: first, you are editor of our noble paper; and secondly, you are presiding Elder over our circuit, so you may know what we have to contend against.

This argument is advocated by our Recording Steward, who professes to know all our laws. It has now been decided by the judge, that both Class-leaders and Trustees have full power to remove any person from the room, who has no right there.

I wish you to publish this, so all may know it.

Yours respectfully,

G. W. PETERSON.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

54th Regt Mass Vol.,
Morris Island, S. C., Jan 28, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER:—It is with pleasure I write these few lines to let you know how we are getting along.

When we enlisted, we were to get $13 per month and clothing and rations, the same as white soldiers, and also the same treatment, and now they want to pay us off with $10 per month, and taking three out of ten for clothing, leaving us $7 per month, when we are entitled to $12 a year. Why are we not worth as much as the white soldiers? We do the same work as they, and do what they can't. We fight as well as they. Have they forgotten James' Island?—And just let them think of the charge at Fort Wagner, how our men were cruelly murdered by these notorious rebels.

Why is it they do not want to pay us? They say we are not United States soldiers—no, they want to come around and say we are laborers. If we are laborers, how is it that we do soldiers duty—stand guard and picket—form a line of battle when the long roll is called? No, because we are men of color.

We could have staid at home with our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and dear ones, and got from $1 to $1 50 per day.

Your kind and affectionate brother,

ISAAC WHITE.

N. B.—This letter has been published once before, but by special request of the parties we insert it again. [ED.]

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Brother: We have again to record the death of the wife of one of our ministers, namely, Rev. John W. Malone, who is on the Belleville circuit.

Sister Emeline Malone departed this life on the 7th of July last, in the 30th year of her age. She was the daughter of Brother Simes, of Vincennes, Indiana. She professed a hope in Christ some time in February, 1854, in the city of Terre Haute, Indiana—but she, like many others, had grown cold. Yet the chastening rod of affliction brought her to seek pardon and forgiveness at the shrine of her offended God. He bent near in mercy to catch her earnest and penitent prayer, and restored back her straying soul to himself.

Hence, in her last hours, she became submissive to his will, and besought her Saviour to come and take her home.

She leaves a husband and three dear little girls to mourn her loss.

B. L. BROOKS, Elder in Charge.

Chester, Ills., Aug. 10th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY

Died in St. Louis, Mo., July 20th, 1864, *Maria Gibson Revels*, aged 2 years, 10 months and 20 days.

Also on the 31st of the same month, *George Wallace Revels*, aged 11 months and 21 days.

The deceased were the son and daughter of Rev. Hiram R. and Phebe Ann Revels.

These sweet ones were not only the blooming roses of loving parents, who hoped to rear them to full bloom in their earthly flower garden, but they were also the "children of the heavenly *King*," who has, in wisdom, taken them from this thorny garden of earth, to the blissful garden above, where they are transplanted to bloom forever, amid innumerable infants like themselves, far, far away from all evil to come.

Sleep, happy ones!
Amid the tombs,
Till the trumpet's
Sound shall wake thee,
Then, with father, mother,
Sisters, brothers, shake thy
Dust, and mount the sky
To glory, bliss and joy.

M. M. C.

OBITUARY.

BAXTER.—On the 5th instant, FRANCIS A., only child of John and Clara Baxter, departed this life, aged 1 year and four days.

Once more has the angel of death discharged his deadly shaft into the very bosom of a pious and God-fearing family—once more has the glad dwelling-place been transformed into the household of mourning and despair. But He will be done.

Though but a short time with us none knew him but to love him. But he has gone to a better world.

Death has claimed our little Frankie,
See his seal upon his brow,
And his face, that shone so brightly,
Dwells in heaven with Jesus now.

The above touching little stanza was jointly composed by Mary Emma and Robert Miller. Springing up impulsively from the sympathising hearts of sorrowing friends, and yet breathing the spirit of true poetry, the lines are indeed beautiful in their simplicity. They point us away to the promised land—to our beautiful home beyond the bright blue waves that ripple o'er the bosom of the glad Jordan.

DIED.

PLANT.—In Key West, Florida, on Monday, July 11th, of yellow fever, Mrs. SUSAN PLANT, of Brooklyn, New York.

COMFORT IN TRIAL.

[From the Sunday School Times.]

God's people are often apt to be "discouraged because of the way." There are times of such overwhelming grief that the soul passing through them would answer to every possibility of peace and joy in religion, "I cannot *feel* it." Yet even then, when the poor soul out of the depths cries aloud, as if the blessed Saviour were out of hearing, when, by the inscrutable purpose of the Almighty, we lie prostrate in darkness, ready for the enemy to insult with terrible suggestions of unbelief—even then let us take the words which God hath given us, and plead with him still.

Though only uttered in sighs and groans, the petition of the feeblest believer will not be disregarded. Our Heavenly Father clearly discerns all our affliction and all our dismay. He is as near and as mighty to save when the due time of trouble is ended, as he seems to be in those calm hours of prayer, when, before we have done seeking, he answers, and he will infuse comforts more than equal to the sorrow which has intensified the ardor of supplication.

David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, says:—"This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me." While performance of God's promise is delayed, we may be "rejoicing in hope," and the promise is our comfort in affliction.

This comfort will not, like all others, fail us when we most need it, in the day of sickness, darkness, distress, and at the hour of death, but will always keep pace with our necessities, increasing in proportion as the pleasures of the world decrease, and then becoming complete when they are no more. So powerful is the word of God to revive us, when dead either in sins or sorrows. "Thy word hath quickened me."

Reader, art thou now weary or desponding? Is some cross heavy on thee—some trial oppressing thee—some thorn in the flesh sorely lacerating thee? Jesus says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He has an antidote for every sorrow, a balm for every heart, a comfort for every pang. "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." Have faith in this "afterward."

Believe. In the darkest hour of trial look unto Jesus. From him every promise is derived. In him every promise centres. Pardon, peace, adoption, consolation, eternal life, all "in him." To you is given present grace here, and for you shines eternal glory hereafter. "He is faithful that promised."

S. A.

NOTHING TO EAT.

A man's family may consist of a wife and several daughters, for whom he provides by arduous daily labor, and yet his comforts, the very necessities of his existence will be dependent on the capacity of one general servant, who must wait upon and attend to the orders of her mistress and the "young ladies," as well as cook the meals, "iron master's shirts nicely," and do the drudgery. If she turns out an ignoramus, as is often the case, when changes are so frequent, there is a chorus of lamentation from the whole family. The new girl cannot wash and iron, cannot broil properly, cannot make biscuit, or dress poultry, and the entire household must, therefore, be put on short and vile allowance, and submit to other inconveniences, until a substitute is found better informed as to her duties. Such a thing as dividing up the work of the house and performing for themselves some of the nicer culinary operations, so that the regular machinery of the establishment shall not be interrupted, seems never to enter the heads of the female members of the family. The "young ladies" exhibit their ill-dressed hair and unbrushed nails at the late breakfast-table, and complain loudly of the short comings of that unfortunate meal, but they would be amazed if even "papa" were to dare hint that they held the remedy in their own hands.

This dependence upon "help" is disgraceful to American women. There is no necessity for all doing what is technically called "their own work," but every mistress of a house should understand how to practically operate in every department, and be able and expect to instruct her daughters, so that health and comfort may be quite independent of a servant's ignorance or caprices. A man has a right to demand this as a return for his labor in providing for their wants; and it is a great proof of forbearance on the part of men in general, that they submit to so much discomfort, the result of laziness, ignorance and false pride on the part of their wives and daughters. Nothing to eat, could be as often and as truthfully placed over the comparatively rich man's dining room door as over the poor man's cellar, all for want, not of raw material, but of cooks.—*Jenny June.*

RELIGION IN FRANCE.

Some modern writer has complained bitterly of the separation of the sexes by their different systems of thought and education. In France the separation is very wide. The women, generally, are Catholics—the men, generally, Deists. I have often tried to get accurately at their real state of opinion, but it is not very easy. This much, however, is certain, that most educated Frenchmen are Deists of a type not unfairly represented by M. Renan, and that nearly all Frenchwomen in good society observe the rites of the Church of Rome. The boys are Catholics when in petticoats, but turn Deists generally between fifteen and seventeen, and remain so all their lives. This difference is of course, a cause of much estrangement in families, because a Catholic lady finds on certain subjects a companionship in her confessor which she lacks in her husband. These facts may serve to account for what may seem such strange contradictions in modern France. The position of the Church, for instance, is both very weak and very strong. The direct power of the Church of Rome in France is indefinitely smaller than that of the English Church in England, because the men are openly against it; but its direct power, through the confessional, is very considerable. For instance, the English Church in England is strong enough to repress the utterance of heterodox opinions in general society, but in French society such opinions are discussed with perfect freedom. On the other hand, such is the influence of the Roman Church in France over the women, that fathers who hate the priests find themselves nevertheless compelled to let their daughters confess themselves to priests, because a girl who should omit the *premiere communion* would find her position amongst women perfectly unendurable. And as Catholicism in women is *comme il faut*, many men in France like girls for being Catholics, the more bigoted the better, though it is difficult to see how any union can be intellectually complete between persons who differ so widely on such an important subject as religion.—*Macmillan for June.*

RICH CONVICTS.

The hull of the old line-of-battle ship Santi-Petri, which caught fire two or three years back, while serving as a floating bagne, at Toulon, and was obliged to be scuttled in order to extinguish the flames, has now been broken up, the water in the basin having been let out in order to enable the workmen to carry on the operation. The catch of fish, which had established themselves in the vessel, as in a reservoir, was exceedingly abundant, but the most curious discovery is the quantity of gold coins found in her. The circumstance has not caused much astonishment at Toulon, where it was known that the vessel, having for twenty years served as a prison ship, must be full of hiding places, ingeniously formed by the convicts to conceal their money. The large sums which have been already found, lead to the supposition that several hundreds of thousands of francs disappeared in the flames. One prisoner is mentioned who, in his moments of repose, constantly occupied himself with reading in an old prayer book, little calculated, from its appearance, to excite the cupidity of his companions, but in which he had skilfully pasted between some of the leaves a sum of 30,000 francs, in bank notes. Among the curiosities of the bagne, may also be seen ten-centime pieces in copper, hollowed out, and containing a twenty-franc gold coin, the presence of which no one would ever discover, unless the secret was made known to him.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A TALL MAN.

On the morning of July 26th, persons who were passing along the Strand, were amused and astonished by the appearance of a man of immense height, who was walking along that thoroughfare, accompanied by a friend, with whom he was in earnest conversation. The gentleman in question, was at least eight feet and a half high, of smoish build, and well-proportioned. He came through Temple-bar, at about a quarter past ten o'clock, taking the south side of the Strand, right away to Charing-cross. So novel a sight, in the streets of London, attracted the attention of passers by; omnibuses pulled up as he passed, to enable their passengers to have a good stare at the giant who topped Hales, "the Norfolk giant," and all other tall men who have appeared in London for years past. Indeed, he was so tall that it was difficult to believe some trick was not being played off upon a too credulous public. But close scrutiny showed that he was a real man, and that he was using no artificial means to produce the appearance of extraordinary height. Crowds of boys and men followed him along the Strand, and no doubt accompanied him throughout his journey, wherever that might ultimately tend. The giant appeared quite unconcerned at the excitement he was causing, and took no notice of the multitude of people who feasted their sight on so entirely novel a spectacle.

PEACE CONFERENCE.

The Peace Conference for settling the Schleswig-Holstein question, held its first sitting at Vienna, on the 26th of July. Nothing is yet known about the terms on which the peace will be concluded; but it is regarded as certain, that the Conference will soon come to an understanding, as the Danes will agree to almost any demand the allied Powers will make.

While the conflict between the Danes and Germans is drawing to a close, the internal dissensions in Germany again become very threatening. The feeling in the smaller States against Austria and Prussia is intense. In the city of Rendsburg, in Holstein, which is occupied by Federal troops, actual hostilities took place between the troops of Hanover and those of Prussia. The commander of the Prussian forces took possession of the city, notwithstanding the protest of the commander of the Federal troops. The Federal Diet also contented itself with protesting against the act; but the Chambers of Wurtemberg unanimously resolved to request the government to unite with other German governments for the purpose of preventing the recurrence of such acts by force of arms.—*Methodist.*

A CURIOUS LAWSUIT.

A farmer in the vicinity of Mulheim, on the Rhine, has the right by the terms of an ancient lease to let the waters of a neighboring stream overflow his meadows on all Apostles' days. This arrangement is very unpopular with the millers of the district, who are obliged to stop work whenever the flooding occurs. What, however, has especially irritated them is, that the farmer makes use of his privilege thirteen times a year, insisting that Barnabas is called an apostle in several passages of Scripture, and, strange to say, the question whether there were twelve apostles or thirteen, is now before the Court of Appeals, at Cologne, Germany.

EDITORS BECOMING BISHOPS.

An editorship seems to be the straight road to preferment in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Conference have appointed to the Bishopric Dr. Thomson, of the *Advocate and Journal*, Dr. Clark, of the *Ladies' Repository* and Dr. Kingsley, of the *North Western Advocate.*

Our Country.

A Noble Spirit of Self-Sacrifice.—A New Hampshire regiment, in the Army of the Potomac, had been engaged in several successive battles, very bloody and very desperate, and in each engagement had been distinguishing themselves more and more, but their successes had been very dearly bought, both in men and officers. Just before taps the word came that the fort they had been investing was to be stormed by daybreak the next morning, and they were invited to lead the "forlorn hope." For a time the brain of the colonel fairly reeled with anxiety. The post of honor was the post of danger, but in view of all the circumstances would it be right, by the acceptance of such a proposition, to involve his already decimated regiment in utter annihilation? He called his long and well-tried chaplain into council with him and asked him what was to be done, and the chaplain advised him to let the men decide it for themselves. At the colonel's request he stated to the regiment all the circumstances. Not one in twenty probably would be left alive after the first charge. Scarcely one of the entire number would escape death, except as they were wounded or taken prisoners. No one would be compelled to go if he did not go with all his heart. Think it over, men, calmly and deliberately, and come back at 12 o'clock and let us know your answer. True to the appointed time they all returned. '*All?*' said I. Yes, sir, *all, without exception*, and all of them ready for service or for sacrifice. Now, said the chaplain, go to your tents and write your letters; settle all your worldly business, and whatever sins you have upon your consciences unconfessed and unforgiven, ask God to forgive them. As usual, I will go with you, and the Lord do with us as seemeth him good. The hour came, the assault was made, and these noble spirits rushed into "the imminent deadly breach," right into the jaws of death. But, like Daniel, when he was thrown into the lion's den it pleased God that the lion's mouth should be shut. [illegible] an hour before the enemy had secretly evacuated the fort, and the forlorn hope entered into full possession without the loss of a single man!

Alien Conscripts in the Rebel Service.—A case pending before the "Confederate States District Court" in Richmond has developed the fact that there are some twenty thousand foreign conscripts in the rebel service. The case alluded to is that of an English alien named R. D. Ogden, an actor by profession who was drafted and forced into the ranks while performing an engagement at the Richmond theatre. He presented a paper from the British consul at Mobile, showing that he was an alien, but as Jeff Davis refused to recognize British consuls, the paper was rejected, and Ogden had to go into the army. The matter has been brought before the courts, and here the Confederate Attorney Mr. Aylett, took the ground that domiciled foreigners were liable to military duty, and should be held to service. The release of Ogden, it was stated would cause the discharge of *twenty thousand foreigners now held to involuntary service* in the rebel ranks, most of whom probably hold consular certificates of their nationality which are pronounced by the War Department at Richmond utterly without account. Thus it appears that twenty thousand foreigners are forced into the rebel service by Jeff Davis and are kept there in violation of all usages of nations. Complaints have been made to the British Government, but there seems to be no movement on its part, as yet, to protect its subjects who are thus dealt with by Jeff Davis.

Northwestern Pennsylvania.—Few of our readers are aware, unless they have extended their summer rambles through the Northwestern portion of our state, how much our interests in that quarter have suffered and are suffering, through the remissness of our capitalists as compared with those of New York. It is almost a case of annexation and of the purloining of the most valuable of all earthly territory, that of the oil regions. Let any one visit Meadville, Franklin and Titusville, and they will see at once how the rapid and judicious application of a greater amount of capital than our capitalists have been willing to invest, has given New York the control of trade and travel of oil and all institutions, civil and even religious.

Forty years ago, and Meadville was a little village of Northwestern Pennsylvania, beautifully situated, of a most thriving stock, chiefly celebrated for a few wealthy and highly cultivated gentlemen who built up the Allegheny College and furnished it with a very valuable library of old, rare and standard works some years since made over with the buildings by the Presbyterians to the Methodists and under the care of Rev. George Loomis, D. D., with a corps of able professors. In those days Lafayette and his son, and De Witt Clinton visited the town and college, and their names are left on the records shown at this day. Since then some of the prominent men of the place, becoming Unitarians, established the Meadville Theological seminary with a model of a building, and teachers, library funds and pupils, all largely drawn from New England and New York. The Great Atlantic and Western Railroad, with its broad track from New York to St. Louis was the next and greatest act of annexation. This passes through Meadville, with branches to Titusville and Franklin complete, and a railroad hotel at Meadville, equal, for size, cleanliness, comfort and convenience, to almost any New York first class hotel. Here the tide of oil speculators bring their families, and the great bulk of the oil trade is being driven to New York, because our own Philadelphia and Erie Railroad has been too slow, and is only just now coming into running order.

The Fruit Market.—Already the market is glutted with all varieties of fruit of the best qualities. The prices asked for the fruit in comparison with other articles of food are remarkably low. Peaches can be bought as low as twenty-five cents by the basket. Apples, water-melons, cantelopes, plums, &c., are all to be had in great abundance at low prices. If the price of sugar were but half as reasonable, large quantities of fruit would be preserved this season; as it is, there will no doubt be immense quantities canned. These canned fruits command in winter high prices. The process is simple, and can be gone through with by any housekeeper.

Oil Discoveries.—The Pittsburg *Post*, speaking of oil discoveries, says: The frequent important discoveries of oil wells, and these yielding a large quantity, will doubtless add a new stimulus to that lucrative business, which has contributed so much wealth to this city and surroundings. Discoveries have been made in places where oil was never suspected to be, and it emanates in such large quantities and such record quality that we can easily make large fortunes by putting the wells in operation. A recent discovery was made by Capt. James Scott, on his premises at Sharpsburgh, in a manner truly extraordinary. The Captain observed one day oil arising to the surface of the water, near the edge, and in order to discover the source of the precious substance prepared five small basins, into which the oil flowed. In six days he took up from the basins four barrels of oil, but the sudden rise of the river overflowing the basins, operations were suspended. The oil is represented as very pure at a deep reddish color, and burns with great brilliancy in its crude state. Another discovery, it is stated, was made by Messrs. Tack & Brother, of a rich well at a depth of about four hundred feet from the surface, and the flow is so large that it is estimated at 300 barrels per day. This is very encouraging news for our stockholders. If the new system which was recently proposed in England be adopted, that of using petroleum as a substitute for coal, the future prosperity of our district will be unparalleled.

A Heroine.—There is in the 3d Michigan Infantry a real heroine of the war, Anna Etheridge by name. Her father was formerly a man of wealth and influence in Detroit and Anna in early youth was reared in the lap of luxury but misfortune overtook him, and broken down in fortune and spirit he removed to Wisconsin, where he died leaving our heroine, at the age of 12 years penniless and almost friendless. At the outbreak of the rebellion she was in Detroit on a visit, and with nineteen other girls volunteered to accompany the 2d and 3d Michigan Regiments to the seat of war as nurses. All the others have long since abandoned the field but she manifests her determination to remain with her regiment until it returns home. She has been with it in nearly every fight—not in the rear, but in the front, under fire, where she assists the wounded as they fall, and has doubtless been the means of saving many valuable lives. She is provided with a horse, and when the battle commences gallops to the front, and there remains until it is ended. When the regiment or brigade to which she is attached moves, she rides with the surgeons or ambulance train, and at the bivouac wraps herself in her blanket and sleeps on the ground like a true soldier. So far she has made several narrow escapes—at one time, while engaged dressing a man's wounds on the field, a shell striking him and tearing his body to atoms.

At Bull Run, unaided, she removed a number of our wounded, under a cross fire, to a place of safety; staying by them until after our rear guard of cavalry had left, when she made her way on foot to Centreville, walking all night, and eluding the enemy, who were all around her. Gen Birney, at one time her commander, mentions her for distinguished bravery in general orders, and caused her to be decorated with the Cross of Honor, which she prominently wears. Gen. Berry at one time commanding a brigade to which she was attached, spoke of her as having been under as hot fire from the enemy as himself. She is scarcely ever absent from the command, when it is in camp, usually superintending the cooking, &c., at brigade or division head quarters.

From her associations of the last three years it would be natural to suppose she would lose much of her femininity of character, which she has not. She is quiet, modest, and unexceptionable of deportment, and exemplary in character—no vulgar word passing her lips. She is 24 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches in height, complexion fair, though now much bronzed, hair light and cut short, and altogether decidedly good looking. She has numerous tokens and letters of acknowledgment from those she has assisted at perilous times, one of which, just shown to me, is a letter from a dying private of an Ohio regiment, containing expressions of the most heart-felt gratitude for her efforts to ease his life when surgeons and others passed him by, refusing him assistance. It contained a pressed flower, which, he remarked, was all he had to give, "precious to him as the gift of a sainted mother."

Wm. F. Hinkle of Fort Wayne, Indiana and formerly a student of Pennsylvania College, has been appointed a cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. We understand his appointment was made on account of gallant conduct at the battle of Shiloh.

Retreat of the Rebels—A Battle Expected at Strasburg.—Winchester, Va., Aug. 13, 10 P. M.—The last of Early's rebel forces left here yesterday morning about ten o'clock. His train was over three miles long. Our cavalry charged into the town yesterday as the rebel rear guard went out. Early established his headquarters last night at Newtown.

Yesterday morning there was heavy skirmishing between our forces and a portion of the Rebels, on the Milford and Front Royal roads, at a point two miles from this place. We drove the Rebels.

Early is still protecting his front and rear, and making up the valley as fast as ever he can go. I cannot learn that he expects to be materially reinforced. His train is very heavily loaded.

Early will make a stand at Strasburg, if he must; but he is trying hard to reach a point where the valley is narrower.

Every thing is very quiet here to-day. There are no Rebel forces between here and Martinsburg and Hagerstown and the road from here to the above named places is clear.

BALTIMORE, August 14.—Charles H. Pitts, a prominent Baltimore lawyer, died to-day of acute consumption. He was a member of the special State Legislature, elected soon after the nineteenth of April riots, in 1861, and had long been a prominent politician. Mr. Pitts was about fifty years old, and was much esteemed.

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILA MARKETS.

COTTON.—There is very little doing in the way of sales and the market is dull at 171@172c ℔ lb. cash, for middlings.

GRAIN.—The demand for wheat is limited, but prices are unchanged. About 10,000 bushels sold at from 250@255c for good to prime old reds, and 263@264c ℔ bushel for new do. White ranges at from 270@290c ℔ bushel as to quality.

Rye is in demand, with sales of 400 bushels at 180c ℔ bushel.

Corn is dull and prices have declined with sales of 3,000 bushels of prime yellow at 167c afloat.

Oats are in steady demand, with sales at 90c for new, and 92@95c ℔ bushel for old.

The following are the receipts of Flour and Grain at this port during the past week:

Flour,	1,500 bbls
Wheat,	6,900 bus
Corn,	4,000 do
Oats,	3,900 do.

GROCERIES.—Sugar is held firmly, but there is very little doing. Coffee is very dull.

HAY is held firmly, with sales of baled at $28@30 ℔ ton.

IRON.—There is very little doing in Pig Iron, but the market is firm with small sales of Anthracite to notice at $65@75 ℔ ton for the three numbers.

Scotch Pig is held at $80 ℔ ton.

PETROLEUM is selling at about former rates; sales of crude are making at 40@46c, refined in bond at 80c@83c, and free at from 87c@90c ℔ gallon, as to quality.

PROVISIONS continue dull at about previous quoted rates. Small sales of Mess Pork are reported at $47@41 ℔ bbl. Bacon Hams are selling in a small way at from 20@24c ℔ lb for plain and fancy bagged. Solid packed butter is selling at 34@45c ℔ lb. Lard continues scarce, with sales of prime tierce at 20@22c ℔ lb.

RICE continues very scarce and firmly held, with small sales to notice at 14c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—Clover is scarce, with small sales at $13@16 ℔ 64 lbs, the latter from second hands.

Timothy is selling at $5.50@$6 ℔ bus, the latter rate in small lots.

Flaxseed sells on arrival at $3.60 ℔ bus.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH CARVER, President.

Mr. I. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will aid and turn her not away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ADDRESS

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. OSARU.
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. TOOMES, HILLARD BURR, JOHN A. SIMMS, } *Committee.*

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

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LADIES' HEAD DRESSERS,
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WIGS,
BRAIDS,
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PUFFS,
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED.
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Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEBOLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Pimples, Eruptions, Softening, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for eradicating the hair [illegible] grease spots, [illegible] and curing rheumatic pains, Tetter, &c. apl 9

HAIR BOUGHT.

Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
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A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling. Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had of the old sale [illegible]

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☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

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The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of the very best patterns of Stoves, made in Philadelphia.

THE WILLIAM PENN,
THE NOBLE COOK,
THE NIAGARA,
THE WELLINGTON,
THE BANNER COMPLETE,
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12mo Pamphlet 25 Cents

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Among the many publications from the press this is eminently timely. Setting out with the idea that the present calamities upon our country are the just Judgment of God for our national sins, it faithfully proceeds to show the prominent ways in which, as a nation, we have sinned, viz:—By adopting a national Constitution which makes no formal recognition of God; by not regarding us as a nation, civil government as an ordinance of God; by disregarding the law of God in relation to the moral character of our civil rulers; and by maintaining slavery, and refusing to try it by the word of God. These are its leading positions, and they are generally well maintained. We would rejoice to see this pamphlet have a wide circulation.—*Christian Instructor.*

It is a sound, earnest, patriotic plea for national religion and national righteousness and it should be read and circulated over the land by the hundred thousand. What our nation needs now, more than increased forces or able generals, is a reverent recognition of the authority, sovereignty, and holiness of Jehovah of Hosts.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A vigorous and earnest appeal for national repentance and amendment. We are refreshed in turning from Bishop Hopkins' sophistical arguments to the straightforward declaration of the pamphlet—"There is no small measure of guilt incurred by justifying slavery from the Bible, and at the same time refusing to try our slavery by the Bible."—*American Presbyterian.*

It is pious and patriotic, and has, in opposition to its long-winded rival ("Hopkins on Slavery") the rather important advantage of truth.—*The Lutheran.*

⁂ Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

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The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

SPECIFIC
LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject to life. It will prove a cure in them affections if properly applied and attended to.

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth, and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.

For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water.

For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar affections, the Liniment is to be applied externally.

TESTIMONIALS.

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the disease for which it is recommended. I was dimmed in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband. MRS. C. YOUNG.

John Cook, of Washington City, says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world. It is a perfect cure." JOHN COOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
I have tried this Liniment, and find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of an old person feel as if they were young. MRS. H. A. LEE.

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This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it. PROVIDENCE DAVIS.

CAYTO, Ohio
This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pains in the head or limbs. SUSAN RHODES.

[illegible], Ohio
I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and face, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure. E. J. HALLENAVE.
[July23 3mos]

MRS. H. A. LEE, AGENT.

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THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, ARE DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.
[illegible] PAGES, OCTAVO. PRICE $1.50. WITH [illegible] $1.88.
WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is [illegible] the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such phrases as [illegible] Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our school-houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when [illegible] of our vernacular tongue shall be [illegible] upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well-known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man, and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to Dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON.
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words, but in first books, and especially to the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy.
Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

For sale by
REV. ELISHA WEAVER.
No. 619 Pine St. Philada.

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DENTIST,
NO. 844 LOMBARD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms, in a superior manner, and at prices ranging from 50 cents to $5 per tooth, upon Gold, Silver, Platina, Vulcanite, or of Continuous Gum work.

Also, the Filling, Extracting, and Cleansing of Teeth attended to.

Patients visited and attended to at their residences when requested.

References.
Dr. James H. Wilson, 907 Lombard Street.
Dr. Hodson S. Burr, 1310 Walnut Street.
Dr. James H. Briggs, 920 "
Drs. Rinaldo & Son, 913 "
Dr. Cardwell, 539 Pine Street.
Dr. Avery, 223 North Tenth Street. ly

AVERY COLLEGE,
Allegheny City,
PENNA.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this Institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition for term in the several departments, embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal, ap8 ly

GEORGE B. VASHON, A. M.

If you wish your clothing made to look equal to new, go to the Old Established

STEAM-DYEING, SCOURING, AND REPAIRING WORKS,
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SEA BATHING.
THE BANNEKER HOUSE,
CAPE ISLAND.

Is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to maintain the reputation of this well known and favorite resort.
☞ TERMS MODERATE.
AMY WILLIAMS,
jy 2 3mos Cape May, June 28th.

A NEW
BOARDING HOUSE
AT CAPE ISLAND.

MRS. H. LUNN has opened a private Boarding House on North Street, Third house from the Bridge.
It is hoped our colored friends, as Christians, will give us their patronage.

BOARD—$7 50 for Ladies, and $8 for Gentlemen. MRS. H. LUNN.
Cape Island, August 9th, 1864.
[aug 8 1 mo]

Poetry.

THE FIRST FOND DREAM OF LOVE

Sweet as the bloom of Spring to one who feels
His life no more may know a spring time there;
Pure as the snow on highest mountain peak
That glistens mildly 'neath the morning star;
So sweet, and pure! the first fond dream of love.

Wild as an untamed bird that haunts the shade
Of some far island in the Southern Sea;
Deep as the soundless depth o'er which it soars
To sun its plumage in the light of day;
So wild? so deep! the first fond dream of love!

Confiding as a child that rests its head
Upon a Father's breast secure from ill;
Immortal as the fount from which alone
All love in life—*all perfect* love—is drawn;
Oh *life of life!* the first fond dream of love!

A. E. C.

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to thee to-night
In my lone closet where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee—
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour—
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And th' earth's orisons, so profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray;

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy than of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father! take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

The Family.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Many years ago, the community of a hamlet in the south of France, was startled by a crime, rare, indeed, in their quiet, agricultural district. A wealthy farmer was found dead, at early morning within one hundred yards of his own house. He had been killed by blows administered with a heavy stake, which lay near the body, covered with blood, and all his pockets had been rifled of their contents, including a considerable sum of money, which he was known to have received the previous evening for some sheep sold by him in the neighboring market town.

When the awe and excitement created by this event had subsided a little, every exertion was made by the authorities to ferret out the perpetrator of the crime. A reward was offered for the discovery of the murderer, proclamation of which bounty was made for several successive Sundays at the church door. At last some disclosures were made implicating a young man named Laroche—a stripling of eighteen years.

The person who brought the charge against young Laroche, was a man of the name of Landry—a stranger in the district, but who had lately been appointed, by the lord of the manor, as one of the keepers of his game preserves. Landry testified that he had seen Laroche cutting a stake from a hedge, on the afternoon previously to the murder, and that he had reproved him for it, and, taking the stake from him, had stuck it in the bank of the hedge at a particular spot. The stake was the same one that was found lying near the body of the murdered farmer. Landry could swear to it, because, after taking it from Laroche, he had nicked it in a peculiar way with his knife.

Now it so happened that the murdered farmer had many influential friends, while Laroche had but few. Therefore Laroche was convicted of the murder, and sentenced to be hanged on a certain day, at a certain place; until which time he was placed in the jail of the district—the third floor of a large stone building, the lower part of which was a mill. The prison consisted of a single apartment, lighted by one small window at the height of about sixteen feet from the floor. The side of the building from which the window looked ran sheer down to the water of a dark and deep river, which crept lazily by the mill, but quickened its pace a little lower down, until it gradually became a rushing torrent, leaping wildly on to its fall over a perpendicular ledge of rocks. Bodies carried over that fall were said never to have been recovered; and it was a fixed notion among the country people that there was a force in the whirlpool below, by which every thing falling into it was carried down into the unexplored abysses of the earth.

It was the day before that fixed for the execution of young Laroche, and the priest of the parish, Father Allard by name, had been left alone with the prisoner, in order to prepare him, by the consolation of religion, for his approaching doom. To his words of comfort Laroche listened with humility and in silence, until the good Father began to dilate upon his chances of forgiveness in the next world for the terrible crime committed by him. Then the prisoner electrified him by declaring his perfect innocence of the crime—a position which he meant to maintain, he said, with his latest breath.

To be brief, the youth of the prisoner, his earnest asseveration of innocence and a wavering doubt of his guilt, which had all along troubled Father Allard's mind, so wrought upon that worthy man, that he at last consented to commit himself to a plan for giving the prisoner a chance of escape, if not from death, at least from the ignominy of dying by the hands of the accursed hangman.

"If I die by the gallows, most reverend Father," said the young man, "a great sorrow will some day fall upon all concerned in my death. The real murderer is sure to be discovered, sooner or later, and then I shall have been a murdered man, and the just retribution of Heaven will pursue my murderers. Aid me to escape, rather than risk a great stain upon your conscience. Stand upon this chair, which I place upon the table, thus, and then, by mounting upon your shoulders, I can reach the window and drop from it."

"But the river below!"

"I swim like an otter; and, at any rate, it is better to be drowned than hanged."

Convinced of the young man's innocence Father Allard consented to aid him in his escape. A moment sufficed to carry the plan into execution. The prisoner gained the window, and disappeared.

Parading in a straggling way outside the building, went one of the minor officers of justice—a stolid peasant, who had been placed there by way of sentry, and who at this moment happened to be looking towards the river wall of the mill. His sight nearly left him, as he afterward stated, when he saw a man drop from the window, strike on to a platform that protruded from a doorway in the second story, and, rebounding from that, fall into the water with a heavy plunge, reappearing at intervals, until he was carried away into the rapids below.

The alarm was at once given. Village officials rushed to the prison room, where they found Father Allard alone, seated in the chair, pale, and as if just recovering from the sight of some supernatural vision. To the questions put to him he replied, that as he was administering the consolation of his holy office to the prisoner, a voice sounded through the apartment, accompanied by the shadow of a mighty pair of wings, on which the prisoner mounted to the ceiling of the apartment and was no more seen by him. The voice he added, proclaimed the prisoner's innocence and that the real circumstances of the murder would soon be made manifest. It was a miracle and the good country people, ever ready to accept that form of interposition, were easily persuaded to do so on the present occasion.

Meantime, Laroche, when he leaped from the window, had forgotten all about the platform. As he fell upon it, he displaced a sack of grain which splashed into the dark waters of the river, appearing to the eyes of the bewildered sentry to be the body of the man who had dropped from the prison window. Laroche lay upon the narrow platform, stunned by his heavy fall. Spiride, the miller's daughter, saw him fall. There was no one else in the mill at the time. She drew him quickly behind the sacks and great heaps of grain on the floor, and, having administered to him such restoratives as her young experience suggested, threw some loose sacks over him, and told him to lie still.

That night Spiride and her lover—Laroche and she had been lovers for about six hours only—made their way to where a boat lay moored below the falls, and, embarking in it, were soon carried beyond the reach of pursuit. It was supposed by the affrighted villagers that Spiride must have been carried from the platform when the body from the window above had been seen to strike upon it, and, as the whirlpool below the torrent had never been known to give up its dead, but little search was made for her, and her friends resigned themselves to mourning for her awful fate.

Less than six months after this Landry was tried for the murder of a brother keeper, and was convicted and hanged accordingly. Previously to his execution, however, he made a clean breast of it to Father Allard, confessing that he had murdered the farmer for his money, killing him with the stake cut from the hedge by young Laroche, which, as he stated, singularly enough, suggested to him the idea of committing the crime.

Two years elapsed, and Father Allard had been promoted to a parish at a distance of some fifty miles from the one of which he had been pastor for so many years.

Shortly after his arrival there, his duties led him to take a journey on horseback, some miles into the interior of the parish of which he had charge. Part of the road travelled by him wound through a swampy forest region, and, after a ride of several miles, he came to a sluggish stream that had formerly been spanned by a bridge, of which nothing but the abutments now remained, however. The priest turned his horse's head, and rode along the bank of the river, hoping to find another bridge, or, at least, a ford by which he could cross to the further side; nor had he gone far when he discerned, by hoof-marks, a place where cattle seemed to be in the habit of wading through, or coming to drink. The water appeared to be shallow, so he urged his unwilling horse into it, and got about half way across when the animal began to plunge and struggle violently, sinking at the same time, as if drawn down by some invisible power. Aware, now that he had fallen into one of those quicksands which are not uncommon in that part of France, the good Father knew that to throw himself from his horse would be certain death, as the water was not deep enough to swim in, and the hungry sand at the bottom was gaping for him. He held his horse, therefore, and shouted for help.

The water was gaining upon him, as the terrified horse sank deeper and deeper in the treacherous stream. Up, up it came, until it reached his saddle flaps, and then his knees, and he gave himself up for lost, when distant shouts came in response to his, which were growing feebler with each repetition. And now a man bursts his way through the brushwood on the river bank, and, laying his axe upon a tall, slender, young tree, cuts it down with four or five rapid strokes, leaning it so that it falls out upon the waters, its topmost boughs just brushing the sinking horseman in its fall. Grasping the boughs with all his remaining strength, the priest was drawn to the bank by the woodman, fainting and senseless, however, and with hardly a visible spark of life.

When Father Allard recovered consciousness, he found himself in a small but comfortable room. Seeing him open his eyes, a buxom young woman, who was bathing his temples, uttered an exclamation of joy, calling him by name; and now, as his drowsy senses brightened, what was his surprise to recognize in his attendant the lost Spiride! Explanations ensued, and all was made as clear as day, without recourse to marvel or miracle.

Presently Laroche, who had been engaged, with the assistance of some neighbors, in extricating the priest's horse, came in, and the meeting was an affecting one between the two, each of whom had been thus wonderfully appointed by Providence to preserve the other.

"My conscience is clear now," said Father Allard. "Heaven has surely pardoned the little fiction framed by me, else why—"

"But hold, reverend Father," cried Laroche, interrupting him; "there was no fiction in the case; you said that I was carried away by an angel's wings; and so I was, and this is the angel that saved me!" And he laughingly threw his arms around his pretty wife, and hugged her to his side.

Poetical justice might now have been well satisfied, but I have a few words further to add upon the subject.

Laroche, who was now employed as forester upon an estate, was enabled by the assistance of Father Allard to return to his native village, where, not long after, he obtained an appointment to the very keepership formerly held by the assassin Landry. The mystery attending his miraculous escape and reappearance gave him an extraordinary influence among the peasantry. Stories lose nothing by circulation. He eventually became a sanctified personage in the community; and a rudely carved effigy of him is still to be seen in the chapel of the parish, with a pair of angel's wings hovering over him, and a cross at his head and feet.

THE POOR-RICH AND THE RICH-POOR.

It was on the early dusk of a cold November afternoon that a child, poorly clad, and carrying a big bundle in her arms, knocked at the side door of a large and elegant house in F—— street. The door opened, and in answer to her question, she was directed to a room up stairs, warm and light as summer.

There sat a lady in her easy chair, talking to two women sewing near her. A young girl stood fingering the rich silk upon which the women were at work, with a face which wore a look of extreme discontent.

"I can't go!" she cried in an angry tone; "I am sure I cannot. I have nothing fit to wear, mother; I am destitute of everything decent."

At that moment a servant came in and handed a paper to her mistress, who, on looking it over, "Tell her *Nothing*," she said. "I have not a farthing to spare; and do not bring subscription papers to me again, for I have *nothing to give*."

Nothing to wear, nothing to give! that is being poor indeed. Turning round, her eye fell on the little girl with the big bundle.

"Ah, here comes Mrs. Brown's work! she is so prompt. Bring it along, Nelly." The child laid the bundle on a table before her which she unpinned, bringing to view a great pile of children's clothes. "So beautifully done!" she said, taking up one seam after another. Nelly looked gratified, and waited. At last the lady looked up, as much as to say, "You may go." But the child wanted something more substantial than mere praise to carry home to her poor, hard working mother. Praises would not buy flour and tea at the grocer's.

At last she said, hesitatingly, "Mother wants to know if it is convenient for you to let her have a little money."

"Ah, that indeed," said the lady; "but I am afraid my purse is empty, Nelly. Can't your mother wait? I cannot spare any thing now, I am sorry to be so out of funds. Next week, tell your mother, I will satisfy her."

The little girl was too timid to urge her immediate wants, and with a heavy heart she turned to go, while her mother's employer said to her women, "I get this beautiful work done so cheap. Mrs. Brown is glad to do it almost at any price."

Nelly had a good mile to go to reach her humble home, and she ran as fast as she could through the deepening dark and cold.

"Back quick, daughter!" whispered a sick man, bolstered up in a chair, when the child came in.

"I did not buy the things you wanted, father," she said in a mournful tone. "She did not pay ma, she said she had no money."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, stopping her stirring of the kettle on the little stove; and I hurried so to get it done! "No money!" she repeated bitterly. "What are we to do?"

"You forget that Nelly has been to the poor-rich after money," said the sick father, smiling and warming Nelly's little cold hand in his.

"Poor-rich, father!" said she; "that's odd. We are poor."

"We are *rich poor*," answered he.

"Not very rich, father," said the little girl.

"Yes, daughter; rich in having a precious Redeemer; rich in His grace, 'which can save to the *uttermost* all who come unto Him,' rich in a title to 'a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.' We are rich in God's promises. We can trust Him, whose are the silver and the gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills, who invites us to come to Him without money and without price. Yes, daughter; the world may call us poor, but we are among the *rich poor*." The child looked at the sick man as he spoke, then threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with the tenderest affection.

Mrs. Brown put the contents of her kettle on the table—a dish of rye pudding, which, with a pitcher of milk, made up their frugal supper.— The sick man was drawn to his place, and the little family sat down with hungry stomachs and thankful hearts.

"O mother," said the little girl, "how old Mrs Starbo would like some of this! I am pretty sure she has not had much to-day."

"Take her some, Nelly," said the sick man; "we have enough and to spare."

And Mrs. Brown presently filled a small bowl with pudding and milk, and sent it to her poorer neighbor.

"Mother, she was so glad she could say nothing but 'God bless you, child,'" said Nelly, bounding back from her angel errand.

Sometime in that evening there was a knock at the poor man's door. It was a friend come to say, that arrangements had been made that they should receive a cord of wood and a sack of flour each month during the winter. "O God, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast wrought for them who trust in Thee before the sons of men!" exclaimed the sick father, with folded hands. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

"I had rather be rich-poor than poor-rich," whispered Nelly, leaning her head on the good man's shoulder.—*Child's Paper.*

BABY'S WRONGS.

I heard my papa reading the complaint of a little cousin of mine in his paper to-day, and I can bear witness that every word is true. I know very well how aggravating it is to have "your nose washed up instead of down every morning;" and haven't I tired myself out this very day creeping across the carpet to pick up my mother's bright thimble, and then just as I was going to try how such a pretty thing would taste, had it snatched away from me!

I never crept to the top stairs yet, "just to look about me a little," and tumble head over heels to the bottom, as my little newspaper cousin did. But it was almost as bad, that day I rolled over and over on the nice bed, where nurse had laid me a minute, to talk with the cook, and the first thing I knew, I struck so hard on the floor, I did not know but all my bones were broken.— Then because I screamed as loud as I could to let them know how much I was hurt, she tossed me up and down in the air until I was out of breath and could not cry, so my mamma never found it out.

My papa is the nicest man I know, but even he does not understand a baby's feelings always, or I am sure he would not brush my tender flesh with his big whiskers so roughly every morning and night. He thinks it very funny to see me throw out my little arms when he tosses me up "sky high," but he does not know what a fright I am in.

I like very well to have on my pretty embroidered dresses and blue sash, and to be taken into the parlor when the ladies call, but it is very trying to be held up to the *etagere* and shown all the pretty things on it, and then just as I reach out my little hands to feel the bright pink shells and flower vases to be suddenly whisked away, or have my arms held down tight. I wonder what they build such a playhouse for, unless for a baby to play in.

The nice ladies talk very sweetly to me, but if I offer to touch a rose or a cherry in their bonnets, I am forthwith imprisoned again. I heard one say the other day, when my mamma was out of the room:—"The little fright has ruined my bonnet strings." I only took my fingers from my mouth and clutched hold of the ribbons when I thought she was going to let me fall.

If it were not for my dear mamma, I do not think I could possibly live in such a world, where nobody understands a baby at all.

J. E. M'C.

A DEAR BABY SONG.

In Tennyson's new work, "Enoch Arden," occurs the author's famous baby song:

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer
Baby too shall fly away.

This song occurs in "City Dreams," for which the poet was paid by his publishers one hundred dollars a line. So the price of the above very natural and pretty song was sixteen hundred dollars. It is a pity editors are not so well paid. But the line is not a minute enough division for some authors; they charge by the word. Dumas is one of these.

WILLIE'S PLAYMATES.

Willie's home is in the country; and, as no neighbors live very near, he has no little boys to play with, unless occasionally when some little friend comes to visit him, or he gets permission to pass the day with his friend. So he cultivates the acquaintance of all the little birds, the butterflies, and various insects which make their home around the old parsonage. He is on intimate terms with the swallows who build their nests high in the old barn, and often, when he runs out and turns his bright eyes up to see what they are doing, down they swoop, just giving his head a brush with their wings, and twittering away, seeming to say, "Well, little boy you can't get at our nest, can you?" But Willie feeds them and tries to be content watching them from a distance. However, the friendship of the old robin is far more satisfactory to the loving little fellow. She does not build her nest so high. Then she sings us sweeter songs in the morning, from the top of the old apple-tree, and really seems to be glad that we do not keep a naughty cat to eat up her young birds as soon as they are hatched.

Willie calls the robins all his. A few days ago he came running into the sitting-room, his happy little face glowing with pleasure, and exclaimed, "Oh, ma! you must come and look. One of our old robins has built her nest right in our grape-vine!" So his mother followed the earnest little boy out to the old arbor, where, with the aid of a high chair, Willie could easily look in and see the four large blue eggs. He raised the large leaves, and displayed his new discovery with as much delight as though each pretty egg were a lump of gold. Willie said he did not mean to touch the eggs, for he wished them all to hatch. Then he could help old Mrs Robin feed the young birds, for Willie is self appointed commissary to the small army of birds encamped around the old parsonage, and he is very glad to find them now recruits so much more easily reached than those in the old apple tree, who are now large enough to do their own foraging. "Isn't it nice," said Willie, "that the dear old bird built near the strawberry bed and currant bushes? She will not have far to carry her fruit. Then I can help her dig what worms they will need."

Sure enough, in a few days the old nest contained, instead of pretty blue eggs, four tender, unfledged birdlings, with their eyes shut. But as soon as they heard any stir among the large leaves, which kept out sun and rain, they at once reared their heads and threw wide open their great mouths, ready to swallow whatever was put in. Willie takes great pleasure in dropping into their hungry mouths any thing he thinks he should like if he were a young robin. He does not see how they can like worms so much as they seem to, neither can he find out how the old robin gets so many; for he has never yet seen her dig, and he is sure there are none above the ground. So he asked his mother, one day, how it was the old robin found so many worms. But she had never watched them enough to see how they get *all* their supplies, and could only assure her little boy that God has given sufficient knowledge to guide them aright in supplying the wants of their little families. She also told him they were welcome to a free pass into the garden, as a small reward for their delightful morning music.

Thus Willie enjoys the love of his feathered friends, who have now become so accomplished that they can jump on his finger, when he holds it near the nest, and then fly to the ground; and he says they are just beginning to pipe out the first note of a pretty little bird-song. Soon they will fly, but will always be tame, Willie says, and he shall know them, and love them, and they will be good singers, too.—*Independent.*

VIRGINIA BUGS.

An army correspondent in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina thus explains why he did not write a letter on a certain night:

"Bugs were the sole and insuperable cause. Not the sort of midnight marauders which were my pest and abomination in years long ago, when my lot was cast in a respectable New York boarding-house. There are none such here; but bugs of a larger and less odious kind—Virginia bugs, candle-bugs the native Virginia negroes call them—bugs of every possible variety—bugs with long legs and hard backs—bugs with short legs and sheathed wings—bugs with slender, whip-like antennæ, and bugs with short serrated feelers—yellow bugs, green bugs, red bugs, variegated bugs, bugs with all the colors of the prism, beautiful bugs, and black, repulsive, hideous bugs; in fact, all the bugs, and more besides, that were ever seen in the best entomological collection, with a large sprinkling of broad-winged, and stout-bodied moths.

Professor Agassiz would, doubtless, like to have secured these demons of the night for his cabinet; but we, having no time to devote to natural history, positively dislike them. Their unruly habits make sitting in the open tent at candle-light almost impossible. Without warning they dash head foremost at our faces, plunge madly into ink-bottles, drown themselves in the water-pail, bury themselves in our hair, immure themselves between our necks and shirt-collars, eclipse the candles, cause more dodging of heads than cannon-balls are apt to do, and make us shrink, with a flesh-creeping feeling, beneath the shield of our musquito bars, where we find refuge in sleep from their miserable droning.

Last night there was an Egyptian plague of them. They swarmed about our camp in myriads. In the words of Jeff Davis, we beseech them to 'let us alone.'"

A MOUSE ON THE WIRE.

A very little matter will gather a street crowd. One stops to look, another stops to look at him. To these twain others are added apace, until, from small beginnings, a street has been blockaded. But think of Clark Street being blockaded by a mouse. This is how it happened. On Saturday afternoon a mouse made his way out of the telegraph building over one of the wires, and soon had a street crowd of two hundred gazing up at him, as, *a la* Blondin, he crept along his slender footway. He did it in brave style, steadily passing from post to post, carrying a full consciousness of danger, and resting every few yards to recover from fatigue, and resist a tendency to topple over.

On such occasions it was curious to notice how instinct taught it all the arts of the human wire-walker, for its tail did duty as a balancing staff, and flew from side to side with lightning rapidity, to maintain equipoise. The whole distance travelled by the little animal, and returned, was some six hundred feet, which brought it back to its starting point. The feat was accomplished in spite of the tendency of small boys to interrupt the performance with stray missiles and amid a fusilade of puns that rained from every side of the delighted crowd.

Thus it was suggested that somebody must be mousing for contraband war news; that this might be the way in which newspaper dispatches got "moused;" that there was a "mous" being telegraphed West. But even the puns failed to throw the small rodent off its balance, and it returned to the building, whisked its tail saucily, through the fingers of an attendant telegrapher, who thought to Barnumize the artist, and the crowd dispersed with a yell of delight that would have repaid Blondin himself, though, like this item, it was all about a mouse.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LORD NORTH AND THE DOG.

Once, when speaking in the House, he was interrupted by the barking of a dog which had crept in. He turned round and archly said, "Mr. Speaker, I am interrupted by a new member." The dog was driven out, but got in again, and recommenced barking, when Lord North, in his droll way, added, "Spoke once."—*Harford's Wilberforce.*

THE SPRINGS OF BEDFORD.

The Springs were to me great curiosities, for within a few hundred yards gush out five totally different springs. Directly fronting the hotel is the large *Mineral* Spring, the "Bedford Water" *par excellence*; a spring resembling the nature and properties of the famed Congress Spring of Saratoga. On the same hill-side, only a few yards distant, is the *Iron* Spring, most clear and transparent, and also most *bitter*. In the other direction, yet still on the same side of the creek, is the large Limestone Spring, (there is a smaller one within the hotel enclosure,) the water of which is truly "sparkling and bright."

Now you cross a little bridge thrown over the creek, climb a most awkward stile—very diverse, I trust, to those English stiles poets and novelists have made famous—and a few steps across the sward bring you to the *White Sulphur* Spring—also a very clear, bright spring, with a strong sulphur odour and taste, yet a water one soon learns to like extremely. The *fifth* variety of water is a large, pure *mountain* spring, cold and clear, without tincture of any kind. Does it not seem a curious provision of nature that has thrown within so small a space waters of such vastly different medicinal properties?

The "course" at Bedford, for one who goes hoping to derive benefit, and determined to give the waters a fair trial, is *rather* hard work, methinks.

Rise early, repair to the *Mineral* Spring forthwith, drink four or five glasses of water, according to *capacity*, walk up "the mountain," or on a level for a mile or two; return to the spring, imbibe three or four glasses additional, (good size, the tumblers are,) and then—ho for breakfast! which, by this time, has a good appetite brought to bear on the discussion.—*Presbyterian.*

THE GREAT TWENTY INCH GUN.

The Pittsburgh *Gazette* says:

"We learn that the great 20-inch gun, which was shipped from this city about ten days ago, has reached the town of Phillipsburg, N. J., just across the Pennsylvania line. It has progressed at the average rate of about thirty miles per day. The first day's run, however, brought it to Altoona, and when the journal boxes of the trucks were examined, they were found to have been very much worn—in fact, almost used up. They were refitted and the trucks strengthened, after which the journey was renewed. The gun now lies at Phillipsburg, where it will have to remain until some of the bridges between that place and Jersey City are strengthened. The gun is upside down on the trucks, and two men sleep directly underneath it every night, so that there is no danger of its being spiked.

A QUIET MEDIATOR.

A young Englishman, while at Naples, was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman: while he was there, his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"

"Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality."

"I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman, "I must have my snuff-box again; I will go and ask for it."

"Pray be quiet," said his friend, "and leave it to me to get back your box."

Upon this answer the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and, as he entered, said, "There, I have brought you your snuff box."

"Well, how did you obtain it?"

"Why, I did not wish to make *any noise* about it, so I picked his pocket of it."

LOVE OF FIGHT.

An Irishman entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well defined form of a large head bulging out of a tent. The temptation was irresistible, up went his shillelagh, down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows, to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their surprise when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Och Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know that it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"

"Troth, I did not," says he, "bad luck to me for the same; but sure if me own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convanient, I could not have helped myself."

Advertisements.

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EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, & proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of [illegible] in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it and it has successfully cured my corns. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.
Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and soreness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which affected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 16, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE S. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
Rev. Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 3, 1861.
Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, tenderness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN ORDINES.

PROVIDENCE, Benefit Street, Aug. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs MARY S. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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Oriental Acquaintances,
Political Essays,
Letters from Switzerland,
Mabel, or Heart Histories,
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,
In and Around Stamboul,
Trifleton Papers,
A Life Struggle,
Two Eras of France, by Auber,
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,
St. Paul to St. Sophia,
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions,
Home Life, by Hague,
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WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of [illegible], and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause. What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs the patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? With doctors scarcely. Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial: all which having failed, he then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable. If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. He perfectly knew the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worse than ever and discouraged. If he had known the actual character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ in subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change, decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. ly

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 9, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Norris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Powell; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

O. P. P., Sister E. Roberts, O. P. P. Sister Anderson
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POETRY AND POETS. PART IV

CONCLUDED.

Some power unseen beyond the scope of sight,
Did shed on *Pope* its mystic ray of light;
The treasure house of Knowledge opened wide,
And bathed his reason in its swelling tide.
Earth holds within her bosom one whose name
Shall ever float upon the sea of fame,
A family word, kept dear in every breast,
Shall be the name of him that's flown to rest.
As calm, as meek, as placid as a child,
His natural mood, (although so helpless) mild;
When roused a lion in its might of power!
His nature changed within the fleeting hour.
Great *Dryden*, like the lurid lightning's flash,
Burst unexpected with a fearful crash:
He seldom swam in sweet tranquillity,
Or bowed to sip the stream humility.
The strain of *Wallace*, filled with fire
From nature's spark but not with dire
Essays and words that oft inflame
The passions—*Dryden!*—honored name!
Saxe oft excites our merry mirth,
And wakes our dulness to new birth;
His briefless *Barrister* in rhyme
Is filled with wit and thoughts sublime.
Prentice was truly on the wing of flight,
And gleamed upon him that great orb of light;
His lines on "Time," remorseless, flying thing,
Doth tell me *Prentice* once was on the wing.
But sensual pleasure oft destroys the man,
And leads him captive to destruction's van.
What pleasure men, endowed with God's great gift,
Can find on folly's fitful sea, and drift
Down with the swell
Of ruin's dismal, howling wilderness,
Where God forever will their souls dismiss,
I ne'er could tell.
Thus many, stored with knowledge rich and rare,
Have thrown aside the pearl, and sought the fare
Of fools, though hardly fit for heav'n nor hell!
Our greatest bards, and men of priceless worth,
Were meanest worms that ever pressed the earth.
I could, nor would not give my soul to hell,
For all the knowledge that could in me dwell.
While God is master of this sinking world,
Shall I into the depths of hell be hurled?
No; hell may rage in vain; I have a place,
Not made with hands, but in the realms of grace.
But I digress; I wander from my theme;
The sword of truth hath waked me from a dream.
But I must cease—my poet's lay is done;
Alas! 'tis plain, no boasting fame I've won.

HAVRONE.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

Progress—Alarms—Pirates near the Harbor of New York—Capture of Pilot Boats and other Vessels—Great Stir in the Navy—Colored Men Enlisting—Wounded Colored Soldiers at Newark, N. J.—Contrabands in Brooklyn—Results of Party Spirit in Societies.

MR. EDITOR:—If the life of man be short, it is eventful. His aspirations are ever crowding him forward in the march of events, and he eagerly grasps every means to forward his purposes. The history of nations is the history of men. The tracing of the various characteristics of a few representative men in States is an exhibition of the progress of nations. The history of kingdoms and empires is the history of a few leading minds in those States, who have given laws to the masses, fixed their modes of government, and given an impetus to their future development.

Lamartine defines history as "the legitimate repository of the records of the civil, religious and moral condition of nations, at various periods of their existence. It is the written world, human nature in relief, evoked from its ashes, resuming soul, life, motion and speech before us and before posterity, and affording for our instruction a lesson and example for the future in the eternal drama of humanity, represented in this vast arena, girt with tombs, of which the dust is the ashes of what once was men."

Happy for the world of mankind, if they would learn well the lessons which history teaches, and "evoke" from these ashes that life and soul of greatness which the knowledge of the past, gathered from the tombs of what once was men, now presents to their gaze. History is the basis of all our experience; without it there would be no social advancement, no progressive civilization in a nation. The sad experience of this nation will, doubtless, teach the present generation a lesson, which their children will not forget; and, when the history of this bloody rebellion, with all its causes and horrors, shall be recorded and handed down to coming generations, they will hardly believe what they read—hardly believe that their ancestors, who claim such high civilization and superiority in government, science, art and religion, could have been so false to themselves, to their children, and to their God.

But we are progressing. These very incongruities—these seeming anomalies in nature—are the very means by which the world is, by Divine Providence, to be regenerated and made pure. Public sentiment is changed the more suddenly when it is the most shocked by glaring outrages. There must be some power of friction to move the body politic, there must be some mighty concussion to purify the moral atmosphere.

The nation is slowly learning to do justice, and we are gratified to read, that the ex-slaves on the plantations are to receive compensation for their labor. Eighteen to twenty-five dollars per month is to be paid them for their faithfully discharged duties in the field. Thanks to the Treasury Department, those robbers on the plantations will have to pay those men and women, instead of hoarding all they can make; but no thanks to the *tyrant, General Banks*, the renegade son of Massachusetts, who inaugurated a system of serfdom worse than former slavery.

The copperheads of the metropolis here been scheming the overthrow of the Administration, and, to this end, have assisted blockade-runners and secessionists to accomplish their designs.

The pirate Tallahassee has been capturing vessels within sixty miles of our city, destroying them by fire, and taking the pilot boats and turning them into decoy-vessels to deceive the craft coming into the harbor. The Navy Department is all astir and many vessels have departed in pursuit of the Confederate.

Large numbers of colored men are enlisting in the navy, preferring the ocean, with its chances, to waiting for the draft, with seven dollars per month.

Large numbers of colored soldiers are in the hospitals in Newark, New Jersey—over two hundred, I am told. They are well cared for; so says report.

The quiet of the City of Churches has been disturbed, of late, by the arrival of a large lot of freedmen, under the direction of the Freedmen's Friend Society, through the agency of Mr St John's, (white,) who is the *soul and life of the formerly dark body* of gentlemen who began the Society, under so grand a display of *colored grandeur*, yet mistrusting the ability of colored men to do any thing without the aid of the Saxon brain. The fallacy of their position is clearly demonstrated in the fact, that the whole Society has passed out of the hands of every colored man who was identified with it, and two white men now govern the whole thing. They have moved the office of the Society to No. 18 Court Street, and are now dealing extensively in "*Bleeding Africa*," at five dollars a head, while the colored "Freedman's Friends" are rusticating in the cool shade of one thousand dollars, the proceeds of the great Fair in the Academy of Music last year,—yet the freedmen, who are here under the Society's protection, cannot get sufficient food during their stoppage till they can get comfortable homes.

It is reported, that there is a rupture among the sages of this combination, which has closed the purse against the new proselytes, who now run the machine at No. 18. This one stroke of policy at least demonstrates the ability of the Anglo-African to cope with his Saxon brother's Indian shrewdness: "I'll take the turkey, you take the buzzard; or you take the buzzard, and I'll take the turkey." Such are Fate's decrees among men. "Dim thoughts here come."

JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN TURNER.

Headquarters 1st U. S. C. Troops,
In the field near Point of Rocks, Aug 14th 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—It has been some time since I have written any thing from this part of the country. This has been mainly owing to my absence from the army on extra duty. Having, however, returned for a few days, I was glad to see every thing have so cheerful and hopeful an aspect as were exhibited upon the countenances and seen in the general out-goings (whether spoken or acted) of the thousands here assembled for the defence of the nation.

Quietness, as a general thing, prevails throughout the army, with the exception of an occasional shell, which may be seen or heard splitting its venom through the air, or hurling its vengeance in shattered missiles over or in some camp, startling for the time the one nearest its approach, and making laughter for those who saw others dodge or squat behind some supposed breastwork or defence.

The most disagreeable feeling that we now experience is, that which grows out of the protracted dryness of the weather, the intensity of the heat, the clouds of dust, which neither respect eyes nor clothes, and the swarms of flies, some of which, I learn, can draw their ration of vital wine through a fellow's coat, waistcoat and shirt, without any apparent incumbrance. If rebel flies are specimens of themselves, they are pretty rocky Johnnies.

Nothing of much importance has taken place lately in our noble 3d Division, 18th A C., more than that we have another division commander, Col John H Holman, who has been in command since the retirement of General Hicks, having taken sick and gone home, was soon succeeded by General Payne, who is, to all appearance, the man for the place.

I had the pleasure of conversing with him for some time, and found him to be very approachable, affable and mannerly; perfectly unassuming, and seemingly awake to every motion and gesture that a man might make.

He presents no great physiognomical wonders to the ordinary spectator, nor assumes a dictatorial majesty upon an introduction, but with eyes that sparkle with evidences of a superiority over mankind in common, you can see in him a mind highly intensified with the elements of an intellectuality, measuring credibility, if not completely with his arduous responsibilities.

I cannot speak of his philanthropy, and the principles of his humanitarianism, for hereafter I do not intend to call any man even a gentleman, in public print, until I have proved that fact sufficiently. I have been so often deceived on that point, that I think it is now time to think twice and speak once. I only grant that God may bless our commander, and grant him great success in all his efforts.

Last Tuesday, City Point was made the theatre of an awful carnage, by the tragic display of opposing elements. A boat loaded with ammunition lying at the wharf, through some stealthy artifice, took fire and exploded. My attention was first called to it some fifteen miles below the Point, on the James River, by a dense column of smoke, the base of which, in exciting grandeur, seemed to rest upon the bosom of the river—and in length stretching across both the river and its adjacent plains.

No one on the boat at the time appears to know the cause but speculations are rife. What interpretation to give it no one knows, so we comforted ourselves with supposition till we arrived near the point, where we saw thousands on the wharf and upon the hill, as well as the effects of some desolating sweep, which seemed to have completely demolished the grandeur and effaced the beauty of the former site.

Many then supposed that General Grant was about to retreat and was destroying the place. In this state of boiled curiosity we soon ran up to the wharf, and learned that an ordnance boat had been blown up. To attempt a description of the frightful scene would be assuming to do what our ability would be inadequate for. But the long line of store-houses,—many of which were blown to distant quarters,—the immense quantity of guns, saddles, harness, wagons, tents, express and mail matter, and the terrible effects produced throughout the neighboring vicinity by the awful atmospheric concussion, is not to be compared with the loss of life which followed the august battle which matter had with nature.

A pile of dead men had been collected and placed on the hill, some of whom looked frightfully mangled, while pieces of human bodies lay in terrific profusion in every direction.

Some dear wife will anxiously await her husband's arrival; some father his son; some sister her brother, and so on, but they never will come. The place was crowded with people as is always the case, therefore they suffered irrespectively.

Before closing this letter, I must remark, in honor to certain friends, that it has been my privilege to visit Washington recently in connection with certain duties, which I was ordered to perform. It was my privilege to get several important articles for the benefit of our soldiers, besides bringing with me a large quantity of personal packages for several different regiments.

Without intentional disrespect to any person, however small and inconsiderable they may be, I will mention the names of Mrs Henry Cover, who presented me in behalf of the Colored Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association in Georgetown, D. C., $30 in money and several articles to be given or administered as the case might be, to such cases of necessity as might come under my personal observation. To say this was noble, would be to use an epithet entirely inadequate. Let the act then speak for itself.

I take pleasure also in mentioning the name of Miss Laura Simms, who is better known as the agent for the *Recorder*, in Washington, D. C. She is a lady of splendid literary attainments, and an indefatigable advocate of educational development. She also presented me with eight or ten dollars' worth of literary matter, sundry in its nature.

There is another I would like to mention: he is a large, fat gentleman, but his name is beyond my recollection. Should his name come to my memory, I will mention it at some future time. He visits Israel Church. My thanks, however, to all parties in behalf of those who shall be benefited by them.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
H. M. TURNER,
Chaplain 1st U. S. C. Troops.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE 54th MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

Morris Island, South Carolina,
August 3d, 1864.

DEAR EDITOR.—I now, in making my first attempt at correspondence with you and your paper, write you a few lines concerning things in general that have transpired of late under my own observation in this department of military affairs.

We returned from the James Island Expedition. It was indeed a most perilous undertaking, and the prompt performance of the duty assigned us necessarily involved much hazard and difficulty, as the numerical strength of our troops was much inferior to that of the rebels; but although inferior in numbers, we were vastly superior in point of courage and discipline. We had a great advantage in acting under the guidance of brave and skilful officers, who well knew how to dispose and handle the heroic band under their command.

Our forces were advanced in a most judicious and cautious manner. Heavy lines of skirmishers were thrown forward and across the entire Island, intending to present the appearance of a strong force, and succeeded in keeping the rebs at bay until we were reinforced by seven additional regiments.

We were securely intrenched, and our boys had been anticipating an attack every hour, but the rebs failed to make a general attack on our lines. Nevertheless, General Hatch succeeded in completely surprising them on John's Island. The astonished rebels at that place were rudely awakened from their morning slumbers by a loud salute from our artillery-men in the shape of a perfect shower of singing shot and screaming shell! With true cordiality and feeling the rebs returned our warm greeting, but they were soon compelled to fall back beneath the furious assault and impetuosity of our troops. In the attack, General Hatch was most ably supported from our right. Having effected the design of the expedition, our brave General withdrew his trusty forces.

I shall now endeavor to make a few remarks in reference to the condition of the 54th. It has been sixteen months since we were mustered in as a regiment, and fourteen months of that time have been spent in active service. We have been on a great many arduous and dangerous expeditions, fought three hard battles,—and yet, after all this, we have not received one cent of remuneration from the Government. We now would ask the Christian and law-abiding citizen, and all dignitaries in authority, if we have not performed our duty as soldiers, and maintained our dignity and honour as citizens? and have we not borne a patriotic part in every campaign, and ranked in discipline, bravery and heroism with the first regiments in the Southern department? Why, then, is it that we are not recognized as true and lawful citizens, and receive our pay as soldiers? Why are we insulted and told by the paymaster that the negro is not considered as a soldier, but rather as an inferior sort of laborer, to whom he is to pay at most not more than seven dollars per month? I would respectfully ask the question, gentlemen of the city of Boston and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, if this is fit treatment for a brave and gallant regiment of men. Will the vast city of Boston, and the generous and sympathizing State of Massachusetts stand by unmoved, and with unpitying eye permit this foul opprobrium and scorn to be cast upon them?—or will they stand in our defence, even if that derision be heaped upon them which was cast upon that stern old patriot, Andrew Jackson, when he acknowledged the negroes as soldiers, as brethren, and as fellow citizens—to incur the same dangers and share the same glory alike with their white fellow citizens? The city of Boston has made the same kind of promises, guarantying that every colored recruit shall have all the rights and privileges, and receive the same pay, bounty, clothing, etc., as the white troops—but, alas! like Andrew Jackson, they too have promised the negroes every thing pertaining to a citizenship, in order to get them into the field, and then they keep them there, without pay, without the stipulated bounty, and not even deigning to treat them in a Christian and civil manner. No promise has been regarded by them.

Now, Boston and Massachusetts want to shift the responsibility of this inhumanity from their door, and cast it on the shoulders of the general Government. They now say that there has been no law passed in reference to the pay of colored troops.

The educated negro does not enter into contracts without knowing what recompense he is to receive or is promised for his services. The State of Massachusetts has agents in the county of Suffolk, and some one of these parties is responsible.

We are fully satisfied that our debtors are solvent, and we are determined to get all we have enlisted for, when we get back to prosecute the matter, those of us, at least, who may live to come back.

Twenty thousand dollars, over and above our three years, will be sacrificed by this regiment, in order that we may test the law upon this matter. We will have all or nothing. We will not tamely submit to the infliction of wrongs most foul, as did our forefathers, and go back to despondency and submission without even a single struggle.

We have sacrificed our homes and comforts, and even our lives, for the frivolous promise of the unprincipled recruiting officers of Boston and vicinity that we should have all the rights of citizens.

If I had not thought that there might be some truth or veracity in owl-leaders in cities, states, &c., I would have staid in England when I last visited that place—but God will avenge the wrongs of him who is oppressed—and no Government can prosper that is deceptive and false at its very foundation and rules of doing things. The Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the Boston authorities need not think that the negro, with his present greatly increased share of learning and wealth, will be satisfied with the easy, palm-off and shut-your-eye-up style of Andrew Jackson assurance, nor be content with any thing less than their just rights and privileges. If we fight to maintain a Republican Government, we want Republican privileges; if a monarchical Government, monarchical privileges.

If we are to be recognized as citizens, we want the rights of citizens. Have we lost ground or receded any in the advanced stage of this nineteenth century, or has our race degenerated on account of living in this enlightened and free country?

If we are less worthy as soldiers, as brothers, or as citizens, which has so nobly been set forth by Washington, Madison, Jefferson and Jackson, acknowledging our dignity, honor, bravery and love of country—if we have become so degenerated in this enlightened country that our ability is less worthy our acknowledgment as citizens than they were at the time of the Revolutionary War against Great Britain, it would be better if we had been left in the States of Barbary or on the coast of Niger. Much better would it have been.

But, gentlemen, I am gratified to know that the descendants of Africa, and the so-called adopted sons of America have more than kept pace with the Anglo-Saxon. We do not claim that we are more intelligent than our so-called superior race, but we are nearly equal in intelligence, and have acquired a knowledge of science and literature that would surprise the world, if they only knew of the difficulties we have had to encounter to acquire it for ourselves and for our children.

The Anglo-Saxon in America claims that if we are acknowledged citizens, we will covet their wives, daughters and sisters—but it is to the contrary. The respectable part of the colored race consider that their own kind would make the most affectionate companions, and in the case of the so-called aristocracy, if any were known to thus sinfully amalgamate, or should cause their race to be degenerated, the same should be cut off from his inheritance. We do not covet your wives nor your daughters, nor the position of the political orator. All we ask is the proper enjoyment of the rights of citizenship, and a free title and acknowledged share in our own noble birthplace, which we are ready and willing to defend while a single drop of blood courses through our veins.

The negro has a mind susceptible and alive to improvement, and a manly spirit that aspires to dignity and refinement, and is well competent to discern when his services or society are depreciated. These are true facts which cannot be denied.

We, as a regiment, have bound ourselves together with one accord and as one man to protect our own rights: those rights which are now denied us should be given us. There is but one course left for us to pursue. If we are still persistently held and treated as aliens, we must, as a necessary and inevitable consequence, apply to aliens for redress!

And now, Mr Editor, in conclusion, let me say that I shall correspond with you again, with your permission.

I will give you the whole particulars in reference to matters on the Island when next I write.

We have some good news to tell you. By the exchange of prisoners the following names were brought to light that were thought killed in the assault made upon Fort Wagner some time ago. General Seymour and some others were only exchanged:

Corporal Charles Hardy, Lemuel Hicks, Geo Connell, George Grant, Samuel Wilson, John Brown, William Rigby, Solomon Anderson, Alf. Green, Daniel States.

All these have been in the city of Charleston, and were engaged while there in waiting upon officers. They were all from the city of Philadelphia, and State of Pennsylvania. It will indeed be a joyful meeting when they all get home once more.

Yours, etc.,
J. H. HALL, Co. H,
Fifty-fourth Mass Col. Troops.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Morris Island, S. C., August 9th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR.—After long hesitation I came to the conclusion I would write something for your paper, which has so bravely stood up and argued in our behalf, for it is every whit worthy of it. I had read some noble letters in your paper: I have perused not only the letters, but the whole paper, and I find it to be a good work of its kind. But, as far as I can learn, this will be something new to your ears,—for we, as colored soldiers, have been neglected ever since we left our rendezvous in your city. There we were encouraged and consoled to an exalted height by the commanders of our company; we were told that we, as a colored people, had the privilege of coming out and showing our loyalty as men, and equalizing ourselves with the white man; that they had taken so much interest in our progress towards equality, that they had left their homes and wives, and come out to take command of the colored troops. They said our ideas were not as well based as they should be on the things belonging to military life; that we thought we were to be kicked and knocked about from one place to another,—but not so, we should be treated as men, and not as dogs; and that they saw we were capable of learning to drill and handle the gun, as well as the white men. Therefore we would be entitled to the same recompense, and not to cherish such opinions, but anticipate better things; that such chances for elevation were never known in America and that they harbored no doubt we would get the same wages as the white soldiers then in the field. All these things strongly tend to encourage, which they did, and we strove to obey all orders and instructions given to us, and honored and respected our officers. But things have changed since then, which is not quite four months. We arrived at Hilton Head, after a five days' voyage; and not being used to life of that character, there was some sickness among us. We were thence taken to this Island, from which I write. The worst has not yet been told; since then, things that were concealed at home, have been revealed. It was not their intention to have things so brought about, but that which is in the heart must come out before there is place for any thing superior to it.

Facts have presented themselves. I have kept a record of the treatment we have received since we reached the department. We were mustered in for pay at Hilton Head, and were not offered it till we came to Morris Island, but prior to it were told on company drill that we should prepare ourselves for being paid on a day specified by the colonel, and should come out in good shape on the day that pay would be offered, and we had better take that offered, which would be seven dollars per month,—not that it was any interest to him at all, for he would get his pay if we did not, and to take it, as we could not do any better,—the Government allowed no more for colored troops, and there would be no more appropriated for us. A feeling of despair passed over the whole regiment. There were but few to sign the pay rolls, and those who did a great many of us tried to influence to the contrary, but to no purpose; they, through ignorance, informed the Captain of it, to which he said, if he heard any one say aught against any one that would take, or had taken their pay, he would have him severely punished for it. He then had us fall in, and told us that if he heard any threats from any of us, he would inflict the punishment mentioned,—or if he saw any strike any of the seven D—boys, he would shoot them down as soon as he would a dog; yet it was no interest to him, according to his own assertion, though we could not see it. I consider this playing with us to a degrading extent; and then, to reprove us so, I never could, and never will tolerate such treatment. They try to perpetuate our inferiority, and keep us where we are. This regiment came out just as manfully as any other regiment now in the field; there was no compulsion in our rear at all; we came to have a more legal claim to equality,—we responded to the call unhesitatingly,—when we were asked to attend the rally for the preservation of the country, we did not falter, but came up with the expectation that we would be treated accordingly,—though, sad to say, we have been disappointed to some extent in it.

You may deem some of these things unworthy of notice; and many of my readers, too, may deem this fiction and haughtiness, but these are facts. I have persons that will come forward and substantiate my narrative;—in this there is no divisive quality whatever. Ever since we have been here, we have been doing the drudgery of this Island at the front, and most of that ofttimes under a destructive fire from the enemy's front. Our labors are picket at night, fatigue through the day, and as often the same at night on breastworks at Forts Putnam, Wagner, Chatfield, Strong, and all the forts at the front. We really do more Government labor than any other regiment that is in the field. I cannot discover, in any of the papers we get here, that any other regiment does as much work as we do, and yet we are so indifferently treated. I fancy, at times, that we have exchanged places with the slave,—never did the South ask slaves to work in more peril than they compel us to do, while they lurk in the forts, and over and anon urge the non-commissioned officers to keep us at work, and often under the influence of liquor.

O, shall the prize we are aiming for always elude our grasp? We are not rewarded as we deserve to be, and I fear we never shall be in our day,—and, from the aspect of things, I do not see that we are any nearer equality than we were when we started for the field. While I am writing, three men of our regiment have been brought in from the front, wounded,—one in the foot by a piece of shell, one in the head, and one in the leg. In the one wounded in the foot, the piece of shell was as large as the half of an egg; it entered the top of the foot, and went through. Poor fellow! I fear his wound is serious. The other two are not so dangerous. To all of these I am an eye-witness.

I wish to show the people the treatment they lavish upon us, and the feeling they have for colored humanity. If such characters were removed from their position, and if their places were filled with colored men of our own and adjacent cities, much better would be the state of things with us, and others of our race. I do not deem the Government wise in its choice of men to take charge of colored troops, for they just apply for situations, to fill their pockets, and to have an opportunity to knock and cuff us about, against whom they have always been prejudiced, and done all in their power to debase and demoralize the colored race. Away with such men out of my sight, for they are not loyal men. I call them traitors behind the door, nothing but fuel for the rebellion; and if such men had been noticed long ago, this war would have been nearer a close to-day, and many lives would have been spared that are now lost. My conscience tells me that this cannot last much longer, and they have their away as they have had it all their lifetime. In a mild sense of the word, we have been the instrument through which they have accumulated all their opulence. If there be a people that needs restoration from the impending danger of a future life, it is they. I could say more here than I would deem prudent, but truth should have free access to make ashamed the one that merits reproof. After all the indignities they inflict upon us they turn right about, and the precepts they give us they break themselves. Once a week they read the regular terms to us, and tell us that a private dare not do so and so, and an officer dare not do so and so to privates, and parts of the book that would be beneficial to us they omit, for fear we might learn too much. They curse us after telling us we should not curse. They have been seen to strike the man with their sword because they were sick, and could not keep up in the ranks. You do not call this humanity to soldiers. No; such is abhorred by me. Indeed, our regiment is to be pitied, for we are always ready to take hold of any thing we are ordered to do, and never have we refused to obey orders. This is why we are imposed on; for the horse that draws the most willingly, generally gets the lash the most freely, and the least recompense for it.

I do not believe I could say too much against the commanders of our company, for they are deserving of the severest censure. They do not give us the things the Government allows us, and what we do get is greatly curtailed in quantity. If a worm be trampled on, it will turn. I know that some of us have left our homes, only to be abused and knocked about; but one consolation is left us: we have their own club that they gave us, to break their own heads with, and, in short, they are making a trap to enslave themselves in. Let them go. I bid them a God speed to their place of destiny. Human sympathy is chilled in them; their minds are altogether fixed upon speculation and the bottle; and when it is issued for the regiment, we cannot have it; they use it themselves, because they can get away with it, and their faults are covered.

I do not think I have said any thing that I have cause to be ashamed of, or the public will not tolerate. There is nothing that I would not have the public to see. If I have said any thing that you do not approve, you will please erase it while revising this article for the press.

Yours with respect,
CLOSE OBSERVER,
Co. A, 32d U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

DO COLORED MEN MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS?

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me once more to encroach upon your valuable space, for the purpose of refuting a charge too often made, namely: that colored men do not make good soldiers.

For the purpose of answering this question, we will go back in history as far as the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, on the part of the American Colonies, to free themselves from the outrages and injustice of the English Government. We find, that, in the first blow struck for American Independence, the crowd were led on to the attack by a negro man, of gigantic size, named Attucks, who was killed in that engagement; thus proving, that the negro man was identified with the interests of the American people from the very first struggle for national existence.

Marion and his men, (who carried such terror into the British ranks,) have filled whole volumes of history with their heroic deeds and gallant achievements. No one thinks that the "*Swamp Fox*" can be praised too highly. Now, do you know of what material Marion's soldiers were composed? They were *white* men and *black* men, men on horseback and men afoot, some hatless, ragged, barefoot, one armed with a gun, another with a pistol, and yet another with a sword or club. They were, in appearance, the most motley crew imaginable. Sometimes they had a meal to eat, and sometimes they had none. They were men of nerve and patriotism, who could undergo great hardships and privations for their country's sake. Their deeds will be handed down, from generation to generation, as the deeds of a gallant band of *white* and *black* heroes and patriots.

In the Battle of New Orleans we also find the *black* men fighting side by side with the *white* man. General Jackson, who was a good and brave officer, must have thought that the colored men could be relied upon as soldiers, or he would never have called upon them. Here it was, that, on the memorable 8th of January, 1815, the British, numbering fourteen thousand, attacked the Americans, who had only six thousand men, and a part of these undisciplined. They assaulted three times with great spirit, and were three times repulsed by the well directed fire of the American marksmen. Sir Edward Packenham, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces, was killed, and two Generals next in command were wounded. The disparity of the losses seems almost incredible. While that of the British was two thousand six hundred, the Americans had but seven killed and six wounded.

The glory of this achievement must also be divided between the *white* man and the *black* man. General Jackson himself complimented the black soldiers for their bravery on that occasion, and thanked them, in the name of the nation, for the services they had performed.

In the present unnatural and fratricidal rebellion the colored men have added new laurels to what they had heretofore gained. Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, Milliken's Bend, Olustee, and numerous other engagements have proved what the colored soldiers are. They have been praised by all the officers who have had charge of them. We are all familiar with the speech of General Baldy Smith congratulating the colored troops on their bravery and soldierly conduct while under his command.

I have now before me a copy of a telegraphic dispatch from Major General Birney to Major-General Butler which says, that the rebels attacked his "line, in heavy force, last night, and were repulsed with great loss. *In front of one colored regiment eighty two dead bodies of the enemy were counted. The colored troops behaved handsomely, and are in fine spirits.* The assault was in column, a division strong, and would have carried works not so well defended."

After such evidence as we have here shown, which could be multiplied to any length, we think that it is foolishness for those who stay at home to prate about the colored men not making good soldiers. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." We ask not, that the colored man's achievements be magnified; they will bear inspection with the naked eye. He knows what he is fighting for, and he fights hard; and it is the duty of the United States Government to see to it that he receives the same treatment as the white soldier.

We know that there is a contemptible and mean set of people, who will not "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." They would rather keep from "Cæsar" what they now have, and watch for an opportunity to take more. To all this class of people we would say: The United States Government wants more soldiers, and, as it is such a great pity that the honor of the nation should be lost through the inefficiency of *black* soldiers, why don't you shoulder a musket and go to war yourselves? The Government has made every appeal and offered every inducement possible, but still you stay at home and calumniate those who are doing the best they can. You should, by all means, do something. If the *black* soldiers in the field are not good enough, perhaps you would be. Just try the experiment, and we will give you all the credit that you deserve.

To the unprejudiced there is no occasion to say any more than to request them to watch the movements and engagements in which the colored troops participate, and judge of them according to their actions. If you think they are good soldiers, concede it.

Yours, very respectfully,
SARAH.

Philadelphia, August 22, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

NEW HAVEN CORRESPONDENCE.

New Haven, Conn.,
August 18, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I take great pleasure in dropping you a line concerning the city and our Church. I get your valuable paper every week, and read it with pleasure. I find it teeming with interesting news from correspondents from the different circuits, stations and missions of our Church, also from our brave soldiers in the army, who are gallantly defending the flag of our country. I am glad to know, that the brave colored men of this State are among that number.

This pretty little city, of which I now claim to be a resident for nearly two years, is growing fast. Much improvement in street railways and buildings are being made, and I am happy to say, that our colored inhabitants are not behind in this direction. We have had quite an increase from the land of whips and chains, such as would be a credit to any community. There seems to be an upward tendency among our race since this war commenced. Prejudice is slowly yet certainly dissipating, and Ethiopia is beginning to stretch forth her hands to God. The copperhead (devil,) backed by a wicked prejudice, has labored hard to discourage and crush out the manhood of our noble and brave sons, called by Father Abraham to assist in putting down this rebellion, by keeping back their pay and invalidating their bravery on the field. But it won't do. In spite of the opposition—in spite of the calumny—our boys cry: "Onward—onward! God and liberty!" I say, God bless the brave boys! Let us use every laudable means in assisting to crush this rebellion, and with it we wipe out slavery.

Our A. M. E. church here, of which I have the honour of being pastor, is in a pretty healthy condition. This being my second Conference year, I can say, that, amid the hard times, we are spiritually and temporally living. We have a nice new building in which to worship God, and I hope we will do much this, as we did the last year towards liquidating the debt on the building. I would be glad, could we but finish, and then we would shout: "Grace, grace! Praise the name of our God!"

Rev Brother G W Brodie, of Chatham, C. W., paid us a visit. He preached for us on last Sabbath evening, 14th inst. He is at home in the pulpit. He gave two panoramic exhibitions in our church. They were well attended, and the audience were delighted. His paintings are fine, and he understands his business. He also gives phrenological examinations, and I must say, that the greatest satisfaction was rendered in his examinations. All were pleased. He promises, no preventing Providence, to return this way, after visiting Newport, Providence and Boston. I am certain he will be a welcome visitor. I hope he will have success wherever he visits; for he has only to be heard and known to be appreciated.

I must close by saying, that my Quarterly Meeting will take place next Sabbath, 21st inst. I expect visiting brethren to be with me on that day. I hope we will have a good time. I will endeavor to let you hear from me again.

Yours, for the cause of Christ,
W. W. GRIMES.

For the Christian Recorder.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

Indianapolis, Indiana,
August 17, 1864.

MR. EDITOR.—I perceive, by reading the Minutes of the General Conference for 1864, and the Preface to the Eleventh Edition of our Book of Discipline, that the name of Jabez Pursel Campbell is erroneously inserted for Jabez Pitts Campbell.

By making the above stated correction, you will prevent much difficulty and trouble, and greatly oblige

Your friend and brother,
JABEZ PITTS CAMPBELL.

[We printed the name just as it appeared in the copy, and, as we did not know any better, we let it stand as we found it. We are glad to insert your middle name properly.—ED.]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Aug. 27, 1864.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of the two brothers, Jordon Shepherd and Randell Shepherd, who left Norfolk, Va., some 18 or 20 years ago, or more. They are my brothers, and I shall be under many obligations to any one who can give me any information concerning them.

Word can be left at the Office of the *Christian Recorder*, or to the undersigned, at Portsmouth, Va. RACHEL SHEPHERD.

August 1st, 1864. 6w.

NOTICE.

A Bush Meeting will be held in Centreville Valley, Reading Circuit, Chester Co., Pa., commencing on Saturday, August 27th. All are invited to attend.

Rev. WM. R. NORRIS, *Minister in charge.*
REV. J. H. HENSON, *Presiding Elder.*

NOTICE.

Any information concerning the possible whereabouts of Mr. ELIAS HOOPER, who joined the Fifth Massachusetts Dis. Cavalry in January last, will be thankfully received by his wife,

BAADY A. HOOPER,
705 Buttonwood Street,
Wilmington, Delaware.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

New Bedford, Mass.

Miss C. Hawkins, per Rev. Shreaves,....	1 15
Bridgeport, Conn.	
Rev. W. J. Fuller,..............................	1 00
Beaufort, S. C.	
H. Bram, per Rev. J. Lynch,.................	4 00
Near Petersburg, Va.	
Sergt. W. H. Chambers,........................	2 25
Rev. G. H. White,................................	5 00
Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Mrs. M. L. Davis, per Rev. R. H. Cain,	1 00
Norfolk, Va.	
Rev. J. F. Sisson,.....................................	[illegible]
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,................................	1 00
Mrs. Hooper,..	25
Providence, R. I.	
Rev. L. S. Lanis,.....................................	25
Newport, R. I.	
Rev. E. T. Williams,..............................	2 50

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Some weeks ago, when in West Chester, we told the good folks what would be needed to keep the *Christian Recorder* in healthy condition. They acted upon it, and, on Monday last, we were waited on by the Managers of a handsome Festival, given in the Colored School-house. The object of this Festival was to raise a mite for the benefit of the colored soldiers, and they decided to aid them by sending them what they seem most anxious to read—the *Recorder*. We received thirteen dollars, for which the following Managers have our sincere thanks: Mrs. Mary A. Butler, Mrs. Annie Blake, J. Simons, Wm. Jones, Wm. Boyer, and Ed. A. Chericks.

UNION CAMP MEETING.

A Union Camp Meeting will be held on Tuesday, August 23d, 1864, in the Woods at Watt Jessup, Carpenter's Landing, Gloucester County, N. J. The distance from the cars is one mile. All religious denominations are respectfully invited to attend and unite with us. This Camp is held under the supervision of Revs. J. B. Trusty, A. L. Stanford, and other prominent speakers. All persons wanting conveyance to this Camp Meeting, can take the Walnut street boat, cross over on the Jersey side, then take the Woodbury cars which run up and down several times every day. Round fare, 70 cents. Or take the boat at South street wharf, per Gloucester Point, which runs every three-quarters of an hour, within seven miles of the ground, every day; also on the Sabbath. Fare on this route, there and back again, 75 cents. Persons wanting boarding tents and family tents, can call on J. B. Trusty, Wesley Church, Lombard street, or on the ground. The Camp is protected by the law. One train of cars, at six o'clock in the morning, stops at Woodbury only. The six o'clock regular train in the morning, and the four o'clock train in the afternoon, stop at Carpenter's Landing.

NOTICE.

Department of the South,
Beaufort, South Carolina,
August 11th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—You will confer a favor by giving place in your columns to the following notice:—

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he will at all times be happy to make inquiries of the health, situation and condition of any colored soldier or soldiers in this Department at the request of their friends in the North, and will also be the medium for performing any labor of love or charity that may be specially directed. Answers to all letters will be promptly given. The privilege of transportation secured through the General commanding, as well as their confidence, together with continual itinerant labors, renders the opportunity to thus serve the public possible. Nothing remunerative is asked but the prayers of Christians for the successful accomplishment of our mission.

Address Rev. James Lynch, Superintendent of African Methodist Episcopal Churches, Beaufort, South Carolina.

For the Christian Recorder.

IN BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIANAPOLIS.

MR. EDITOR:—It was with no little emotion that I read, to-day, in your excellent paper, the appeal of Elder W. R. Revels, Bros Franklin, Walden, Embers, Turner and Parks, in behalf of the people of Indianapolis, who have been deprived, by fire, of their fine edifice, their only place of worship.

If there is one church more than another that lies near my heart, it is the church at Indianapolis—the place of my entrance upon the sacred calling I now rejoice to fill—the place where you and I first met, and where, under God, you and your (then) charge were the means of giving development to my inclinations, that were put in motion from on high.

My means are scanty. Objects of charity, by hundreds, surround me; but I hasten to enclose five dollars as a mite to aid in rebuilding this church, promising to do more. By forwarding the same, you will greatly oblige

Yours, JAMES LYNCH,
Miss'y and Gov't Sup't of Freemen
Beaufort, S. C., Aug. 9, 1864.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

At half-past eleven o'clock on Monday, the 15th inst., we started for the West. The crowd was large, many of whom failed to get a seat. We, however, saw the gentlemanly conductor, and informed him that we were going West, to the Indiana Conference, and desired that he would give us a comfortable seat, which he did, inasmuch as we were in time. Therefore, we rode on the rail very well, all things considered, to Pittsburgh, Pa., where we arrived at one o'clock at night. We here changed cars for the West, and bought our ticket for the Bellefontaine route, by way of Crestline; but, such was the crowd of people going to the West, that some thirty or forty of us had to stand upon the platform until the cars went over to the Allegheny Depot. The conductor had no other car than a second-class one to put on. Some of the passengers became greatly enraged at the conductor, but he told them that he could not do any better, and that it was not his fault. However, we went into the car and took our seat, (which were little, narrow benches,) and did the very best we could under the circumstances; but we assure our readers, that it made us sore, for one.

When we arrived at Crestline, which in a distance, we should judge, of some two hundred miles, we changed cars for Indianapolis, and fared somewhat better than we did before. We arrived in Indianapolis a little after seven o'clock, and were conveyed by brother Willis Brown to the house of old and tried friends, Mr. and Mrs. Steward, where we found Bishop Campbell and brother Myers and lady, who were stopping there. We need not tell our readers, that the house seems like home, and that we were all glad to see each other.

The next morning we went to Conference, and found that the brethren generally were in attendance. Quite a sprinkling of white and colored men were seated in the room. By the way, we should state, that the Conference is held in the basement-story of Roberts' Chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The minister and Trustees very kindly allowed our Conference to be held there, in view of our own church having been burned down. They also have preaching in the large Masonic Hall. Things seem to be going on nicely.

THE CONFERENCE.

When we opened Conference, Bishop Quinn was sitting in the chair, looking as well as we ever saw him. He was assisted by Bishop Campbell, who also is looking very well.

The Rev. A. McIntosh was elected Secretary, and Rev. Brother Lankford, Assistant Secretary.

The Conference has progressed finely. We had not taken our seat before Bishop Quinn had introduced us to the Conference. He at once called for a new Discipline, and, of course, all the brethren were anxious to secure one.

Our Rev. and dear brother Burch seemed to be opposed to the brethren and friends buying any Disciplines during the session of the Conference. However, most of the brethren were accommodated. Brother Burch had prepared a resolution, which he offered, and some one made out to second it for him, the purpose of which was, as near as we can recollect, to prevent the sale of Disciplines until Conference should suspend all other business, and to take up the new Discipline and examine it, and, if the Committee had put it there, then the responsibility should rest upon the Committee, and not upon the Conference, "to condemn the book, and hurl it back upon the hands of the Committee, and to prevent the Book Steward from selling any of them."

But the Conference and the friends happened to know the man, the editor and the General Book Steward, and we disposed of all the Disciplines we had in our carpet-sack, and had to send to our boarding-house for more. It really seems that we sold more Hymn-books and Disciplines than we could have disposed of if brother Burch had not said any thing.

The Bishop did not put the question, and seemed to think that they had no power to do what brother Burch wanted. Therefore, the question not being stated, it was left alone. But we wanted the Bishop to state the question; for we felt in the humor of speaking on the subject before the brethren voted it down. We, however, in behalf of the Committee, are not afraid of a thorough investigation, and claim that the African Methodist Episcopal Church never had a better Book of Discipline, and we know that there has never been one which contained as much matter as the present one.

Whether the course pursued by brother Burch is a personal one or not, we do not know; but it seems to us that it was very much out of place, for the proper time and place to bring action against what he might suppose to be correct and legal.

As a general thing, the Conference is passing off very well, and affairs look as prosperously as ever. The people generally are hale and hearty.

We must say, that Indianapolis has made great improvements. We are informed that fifteen hundred buildings have been erected during the spring and summer, and our people have come here in large numbers and settled. We were informed that our church at this place embraces three hundred members, which, on account of the large and constant additions, will require a very large place of worship.

The crops, it seems, have suffered considerably from the want of rain, and will fall far short of being a good supply. The peach crop will fall short, we are informed.

A great change has taken place in the weather. It has been quite cool here for the past two days.

For the Christian Recorder.

ANOTHER GREAT MASS MEETING OF THE COLORED PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Pursuant to call,—a public meeting of the colored citizens of Philadelphia, was held in the Masonic Hall, South Eleventh street, on Tuesday evening, August 16th.

John C. Bowers, president of the Union League, was chosen chairman.

Messrs. J. Colburn, Ebenezer Black, James W. Brown, George W. Goines, and Robert Adger, as Vice Presidents.

St. George R. Taylor and Davis D. Turner Secretaries.

The minutes of the meeting held in Sansom St. Hall were read and approved, and the sentiments contained therein reaffirmed, as those of the meeting.

Prof. A. M. Green, as secretary of the Union League, read a letter, previously approved by that organization, which was unanimously adopted by the meeting.

[This letter, which, we hear, has been presented to the Presidents, superintendents, and others composing and managing the Passenger Railways of Philadelphia, was handed to us, but it came too late for publication.—ED.]

George W. Goines made some remarks pertaining to the matter at issue, the Passenger Railway cars.

Rev. Mr. Cary, of New York, was then introduced to the meeting, his remarks were well received, being quite humorous towards the close.

Rev. J. Trusty appealed in behalf of the people contributing means towards prosecuting the claims of the colored citizens of Philadelphia to the use of the Passenger Railway cars.

Contributions for the payment of the use of the hall being solicited by the president, the sum of $41 16 was soon raised.

The chairman directed that a report of the amount contributed by the people at the meeting in Sansom street Hall should be made.

Prof. A. M. Green, from the committee of arrangement, reported as follows: $36.00.

Cost of advertising,	$ 8.00
" " Hall rent,	15.00
" " Publishing resolutions in Press,	12.00
" " Publishing extract from the minutes of the last meeting,	7.00

Prof. A. M. Green made some general remarks in behalf of the appeal, the families of the colored soldiers, the wounded in the hospitals at Point Lookout and elsewhere, as well as the call for a National Convention.

The appeal to the Passenger Railway companies was unanimously adopted.

The announcement on the part of Prof. A. M. Green, that one Rev. J. H. Smith was employing himself in denouncing public meetings among the colored people of this city, for the purpose of securing their rights, was the subject of a little debate between Rev. William Moore and Prof. A. M. Green, but was soon settled by mutual understanding.

Several gentlemen in the meeting, representatives from the different churches, pledged their influence towards securing their churches for the purpose of assisting in the work of reforming one of the great popular abuses, the outrages of the Passenger Railway companies. Prominent among these was Rev. William H. Moore, of Bethel Church, Geo. W. Goines, Mr. John Boling, and John C. Bowers.

St. George R. Taylor suggested the propriety of adopting some system in collecting funds for the prosecution of the railway cars. The chairman thought the same could be better arranged in the League. Adjourned.

REV. JAMES LYNCH, AND THE M. E. CHURCH.

We clip the following from the Free South, which appears to be a communication written by our Elder, of the South Carolina Mission, Rev. James Lynch, as an index of the course he has decided to pursue. It will doubtless be read with interest. We learn that Bro. Lynch has taken the initiatory steps to build a church at Beaufort, that our foothold there may be retained for ages.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN THE DEPARTMENT.

The activity exhibited by the various religious organizations and associations of the North, in their efforts to evangelize and educate the freedmen of this Department, is without parallel in history, and we have every reason to look for corresponding results. As these efforts are being made by different denominations, it has been feared by some, that denominational differences would be formed and fostered among the people of color that would be detrimental to their advancement. It requires but little reflection, however, to produce the conclusion that to prevent denominational distinction is beyond any power that has had, or ever will have, an agency in the world, for it grows out of the natural structure of the human mind, and the classes of circumstances consequently produced. It requires still less reflection to conclude that to prevent denominational distinction, if it were possible, would be of all things least desirable, and but an imitation of Popes and Archbishops; carrying us back to the time when Luther was summoned before the Diet of Worms, or Wesley brought before the Assizes. It would give shelter for error, nurse bigotry, dwarf the human mind, and palsy individual energy. The Author of our holy religion binds men to no particular form of church government or formal creed.

The agencies in different denominations in this Department have, and will continue to have, their distinct influences and adherents, each of which will crystalize into distinct organizations.

There is a basis of action, however, that should be adopted by the representatives of every denomination. They should, each one, acknowledge the right of the other to live.

Any word or act that might be inferred as denying this, is an index of a spirit of selfishness—mere church aggrandizement—that is disapproved by the Almighty, and worthy only the contempt of men.

The close communion Baptists are here, and they have their representative, but they cannot consistently deny the right of the Free-will Baptist to be here also. Many will prefer the rigidness of the former, and many, equally conscientious, will prefer the open liberality of the other.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has sent her missionaries here. And the African Methodist Episcopal Church, long before, had sent and continues here here. Some think that the white ministry of the North is best adapted to the formation of churches that will care for the religious interests of the freedmen. Others, among whom are some of the leading men of the M. E. Church, and many of the greatest philanthropists of the land, believe that an educated colored ministry is the best adapted, on account of the identity of race and consequent sympathy.

There need be no discussion, however, about the adaptedness of either. The work must be carried on, circumstances must be dealt with as we find them, which occasions a remark here, that those who object to the formation of colored churches by colored ministers under colored organizations, seem to have forgotten that it is still necessary to form colored men in regiments by themselves, and that colored men must find hotels for their special accommodation, or none at all. And, while these social distinctions exist, colored people have no other way to maintain untrammelled their religious privileges, than by having churches under their own control. This, it is hoped, will not always be a necessity, as it is now I think it only a question of time. J. L.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

MR. EDITOR:—I embrace this opportunity to inform you that I arrived here on the 12th inst., and found my Rev. Bro. Gibbs in tolerably good health. He was very much pleased indeed, to see me, and provided for me a very comfortable stopping-place at the house of Mrs. Polk, 151 Sullivan street.

On the blessed Lord's Day, in the morning, I made my way to the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, to hear Rev. J. Sella Martin, my old acquaintance, deliver the glorious message which God had intended in his charge, to dispense to all mankind. He was glad to see me, and cordially invited me to take a seat in his pulpit, which I did.

In the afternoon, through the kind invitation of Rev. Singleton T. Jones, I spoke for him in his splendid church. It is decidedly the prettiest temple that I ever was in; every thing is so nicely arranged. It also has in it a splendid organ valued at three thousand dollars, played by one Miss Ray, and over the pulpit there are large satin curtains, handsomely arranged, costing five hundred dollars.

The pulpit is a capital one, indeed: over the arch this inscription was engraved, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and when lit up it is splendid. Why, sir, I couldn't begin to tell you the half.

At night I spoke at Rev. R. P. Gibbs' church, Sullivan street, which also is a handsome church, and has a splendid organ, played by a Miss Wakely. The choir in my estimation, is second to none that I ever listened to; and the congregation is very large, indeed. On that evening his church was crowded with anxious and grateful listeners. Bro. Gibbs is a young man, and deserves much credit for his assiduous exertions in building up the church, and having good and decent order amongst his flock. Oh! that the Great Head of the church would raise up a young living ministry to take the place of our fathers, and be an honor to God and our beloved race, the *Ethiopians*.

On Wednesday evening I will deliver a lecture over in Brooklyn, at the Rev. R. H. Cain's church, and on Thursday evening at Rev. Gibbs', and the following week at the Rev. Jones', and then proceed to Cape May to camp meeting, to be held by Rev. J. Jay—another son of thunder. I hope to meet you there so that we can hear from you.

I expect to speak for Rev. J. Sella Martin on Sabbath morning, Lord willing.

Yours, in Christ,
J. H. TURPIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

Camp 54th, Morris Island, S. C.

SIR:—I have the honor of writing to you a few words, which I hope you will notice among the many soldiers' letters that are sent to your paper. There has been a great deal of writing and talking about our pay; but it all amounts to nothing. I do not see any more sign of our pay now, than I did six months ago.

I have been in the United States' service almost seventeen months, and I have never yet had a furlough to go home to see my family. But, as to a furlough, I would not care for that, if they would deal justly with us. There are men in this regiment who have respectable families, that have been torn to pieces and driven to beggary. It is hard to bear. But the only and best way that I can see is, to look to God for help; for He has promised to help in time of trouble. I hope the time will come soon that we shall have justice done to us all.

On the 1st day July, we crossed the creek from Morris Island to Folly Island, and, marching to Stono Landing, we took the boat again and landed on Cole's Island at day-light. We then started at almost double quick for James' Island, where the 55th Massachusetts regiment had charged upon the rebel works, and taken two small guns; but, with all our hurrying, we did not get there in time. Companies B and F were sent to strengthen the skirmishing line; but, when we got in line, the enemy was not to be seen. We lay there about two hours; the sun beaming down hotter than ever I felt it in my life; there were a great many men sun-struck, and one man of the 54th died from the effect of the heat. Our loss was very light, only one man killed, Cornelius Price, of company A; he was struck with a shell from the rebel guns: so we cannot complain of our loss.

But our loss since has been very shocking. Last Wednesday two weeks, while every thing was quiet, the enemy opened fire on our camp, from Sullivan's Island, and the second shell killed two men, in my company, while eating their dinner. A piece of shell, weighing about a pound, struck the tent, cutting a hole through, and struck John Tanner in the left temple, passing through his head, and scattering his brains about the tent; the same piece struck Samuel Suffay in the breast, passing through his body, causing instant death to both of them. Since I have been in the army, I have seen a number killed and wounded, but I have never had any thing to rest on me so much in my life. It was so awful sight.

Wishing you good success, I remain yours

S. A. VALENTINE,
Serg. Co. B, 54th Mass. Vol.

July 25th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM VICTORIA

The following letter from Miss Sarah A. Lester, (formerly of this city) of Victoria, we are sure will repay a careful perusal. Although not intended for publication, the sympathy, earnestness, and good sense manifested by this young lady, make it a delight for us to publish it.

When our young people write thus, thousands of miles from home, we are encouraged to believe that rapid progress is being made in the right direction.—ED.

DEAR SIR:—Times are very dull here and likely to continue so. The Legislature being of a grade that refuses to advance educational schemes, and thus ensure substantial emigration.

The English are not extra pioneers, I can assure you, in their devotion to the interests of the common people.

I read in the *Liberator* a forcible article, viz: "Intemperance in the Army," from a Massachusetts man. I am glad to read such things, even if they are not hearkened unto readily. They show that there are earnest thinking people in our land, whose ears are open to the call for reformation in all matters, and who are ready to use their powers in behalf of the same, from a pure love of the right.

In the same paper I read an appeal from a "Lady Clerk," in behalf of the working women of America.

Her subject is weighty; there is much truth in her statements: it deserves, and I sincerely hope will receive consideration. Surely in a land where every one's claims find an able advocate, there is much to hope for, and I see no sense or goodness either, in the continual attempt that many people make to put down Republicanism, and represent its institutions as the only hot-beds of villany in existence.

I do not believe in the philanthropy of persons who exhibit a hearty delight in grubbing up the dark side of humanity, not so much to show what remains to be done, and devise the means to do it, as to portray what they are pleased to term irreparable evil, that will forever baffle good.

If the world's leading minds were of that cast, moral progression would be a nonentity.

We cannot be too thankful that the destiny of humanity hangs not upon the grumblers and growlers, notwithstanding they seem to form the majority.

We hear people expressing satisfaction at every Federal defeat, as they say, in order that the North may get her deserts. I regard all such sentiments as evidences of individual love of wrong doing, for I hold that no class of people, under any government, be their wrong what they may, are correct in hailing with pleasure signs of increasing national depravity, or weakness, losing sight of the fact that their own condition is too often thereby materially affected to their lasting sorrow.

I sincerely hope the colored people will seek to forward all aims at moral progression in our nation's career, and not stand in the back ground prating about the *policy* of various movements. Many a move in the right direction begins, it is true, from motives of policy; nevertheless, becomes ingrafted in the national mind as essential elements of national honor and greatness, and thus all parties reap the benefits, either directly or indirectly.

I think it is about time for me to finish this letter, a duty which I have been prevented from performing ere this by force of circumstances only.

Yesterday I returned from a visit to the ports of Puget's Sound and W. T. Bella. I was invited to accompany the family of Captain Moore, master of a new stern wheel steamer, called the "Alexandra." We gladly availed ourselves of the courtesy, and I assure you had no cause for regret.

We were in Olympia last Sunday: things there look comfortable. The houses are principally frame, painted or white-washed, and decorated with numberless climbing roses and honeysuckles. A custom, reminding me of the Quaker City, was that of planting shade trees before the doors.

We rode some twelve or fourteen miles into the country, and saw five farms. The soil is not the best, but cultivation can accomplish a great deal. There are very good roads, even through the forests. By the way, we had a delightful view of Mount Rainier, lifting its snowy summit high above the rugged pines.

Port Angelos looked rather insignificant. The flood there not long ago had destroyed much property.

We did not go ashore, having no special business and not wishing to test the pleasure of sailing over the rough waves in a small boat.

I saw the stars and stripes floating from the mast of the United States Revenue Cutter Shubrick.

The steamer has arrived and brought additional war news, &c.

I am interested with the account in the *Anglo-African*, of the High School Examination. I am highly gratified with the progress of the young people, and more grieved than I can express at my own lack of the superior knowledge they have attained. I shall have to go to school when I return, and work late and early to redeem, in some degree, lost time.

The sinking of the "Alabama" is acceptable news; shortly to be followed, I hope, by the destruction of the entire rebel craft.

Very truly yours,
SARAH A. LESTER.

Victoria, July 14th, 1864.

"THE MIRACLES OF VESPASIAN."

(Continued.)

IV.

The author of the professed miracles should be noticed.

Vespasian, in belief and doctrine, was a polytheist. For each and all of the Roman gods he had peculiar respect, and readily paid unto them the accustomed praise. Can such a man be the preferred instrument in the hand of the Creator in laying aside ordained laws? Could such a system as paganism truly claim the power of working miracles?

These are weighty questions—so portentous, indeed, that in all probability it would shew greater wisdom in the author to handle not, meddle not.

To one who reads of the dark doings of the pagan priesthood, various thoughts will arise. That things mysterious took place, and from the oracles responses were heard, ambiguous, many of them, yet others plainly revealing a wisdom more than mortal, cannot be denied, except by denying the plain declarations of authors whose testimony in every other affair is received with credit. The principle of disbelieving and casting aside the sober statement of writers respected and honored in their day, is not a safe one, and exhibits in the person thus guilty, egotistic assumption that he is wiser and better than those who have preceded him. Humanity is uniform; the consciousness of the senses is the same in all races and generations. The Roman could see and hear and feel, as well as the Jew.

But it cannot be doubted, that miracles were wrought in the pagan hierarchy.

Paul says:—"But I say that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." The whole pagan establishment was directly under the supervision of the devil. Its bloody mandates and impure ritual were conceived first in Pandemonium. And does not God permit "Diabolos," with his legions of demons, to exercise miraculous power? By what power did Jannes and Jambres withstand Moses, and perform such wonders? for it is vain to attempt to deny so plain a record by subtle criticism. By what power? Plainly, by Satanic; permitted by the God of the holy prophet, in order that the mighty realm of Egypt, so long subject to, and deceived by the powers of darkness, might hear their vanquished magicians humbly confess, of Moses' miracles, "This is the finger of God." The question might here arise, How shall we distinguish between the miracles wrought by God, and those he permitted Satan to work—how distinguish between Moses and Jannes?—Peter and Simon Magus? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Jesus, in keeping with his essential goodness, performed miracles of love; "Diabolos," in keeping with his fallen character, worked wonders of vice and iniquity.

Did Vespasian work the miracles recorded by Tacitus? Basing the question upon the foregoing argument, we might, with as great a show of wisdom, ask, Did darkness ever produce light? or, Was it ever heard that he whose work is to destroy men's lives, should save them?

Satanic miracles are those only which tend to destruction.

And yet, whether "Diabolos" be permitted to work good miracles, that evil may come, is a question that might be debated, if the beneficial miracles professed to have been wrought by Vespasian were really proved, even by pagan authors; but it will be shown, from the statements given by the *Recorder* of the event, that not the shadow of a miracle was wrought. SHALOM.

Frederick, Md., August, 1864.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PERHAPS there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry—who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.

IF in study we do not take to our aid the foregone studies of men reputed, intelligent and learned, we shall always be beginners.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE PAST.

MR. EDITOR:—How things have changed during the last five years! Ten thousand thanks are due to the Annual Conference for sending such a man as the Rev. James A. Handy to us. The words from his mouth are life—the fire that ran upon the ground, while Moses was contending with Pharaoh to let Israel go.

Surely he is a man of thunder: give him a place to stand and he will shake the earth. He is a shining light to his people; the devil's kingdom trembles and quails: his chain that has fastened down so many of God's ransomed, is now about to emerge from its mossy weight and stand amidst the people of God.

Our God is doing wonders in Immanuel Church, North St., under the control of Jas. A. Handy: It is a little heaven on earth to the Christians, and a hell to the hard-hearted sinner. The fiend hates Handy, but his hand is upheld by the prayers of the faithful people of God.

His church, Sabbath after Sabbath, is filled with saints and sinners. He is gaining the esteem of all that hear him. He flatters none, but gives each one his meat in due season. He is the right man in the right place.

One of our secession (white) ladies went to Handy's Church on one occasion, to hear a funeral sermon. She heard the sermon and afterwards visited a friend, when she was heard with wonder and surprise to express the opinion that she had heard one of the greatest sermons she had ever heard before.

The dark and gloomy clouds that have hung over us for so many years, are about to break away and I think we will have a clear sky. Our God blessed us with a small shower on last evening, the 14th of August, but old Sol still pours his rays down upon us without mercy. We long to see old Jack frost; if he does at times make us blow our fingers, we are willing to bear with it. I think we can stand it better than the burning rays of old Sol.

We are now permitted to sleep under the care and protection of a part of Brother Ham's children. They guard us with the sword of justice and a machine that speaks more than once. God bless them.

Mr. Editor, we have a powerful revival of religion among us; we will try and get the number of converts, so as to insert them in our next letter.

While I am waiting, I will LOOK OUT.

For the Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, August 24th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—With deep regret I read the following in last week's *Tribune:*

New York and New Haven Railroad and Colored Passengers.

"A gentleman informs us of the following disgraceful incident which took place yesterday in the cars of this company, and was the act of one of its officers. Our informant and a friend had come from New Haven by the early train, and as it was nearing Greenwich the water carrier with his can passed through the cars offering the passengers water. The gentleman and his friend each took a glass, and on the next seat a respectable colored man who also asked for a glass, which the water carrier, an Irishman, refused. Hereupon our informant's friend asked for a second glass, as if for himself, and receiving it handed it to the colored man. The Irishman immediately snatched at the glass and spilt the water, declaring amid a torrent of abuse that *it was against his orders to supply "darkies" with water.* He went on through the rest of the cars, and shortly after returning, was asked by a lady for a glass of water, which he at once supplied, and she handed it to the colored man, who was this time allowed to drink without molestation, though evidently to the bearer's intense chagrin. On being asked why he allowed the man to drink this time, he said, of course he could not interfere when it was a lady, but repeated that he had orders not to give a colored man a drink, and was very properly told by the indignant passengers to clear out."

A dirty Irishman—the meanest human being in all creation—refuses to give a colored man a cup of water! Who believes the R. R. Co. ever gave him orders not to "*supply darkies with water?*" If they did, surely there is truth in the saying: "Railway Corporations have no souls."

The Company should certainly be censured for having such a servant in their employ. If such regulations exist on these cars, I hope no colored man who has a spark of manhood left, will ever throw a cent of his money into the coffers of the company. Such a railroad, I presume, must be for the accommodation of *white men, cattle*, and other things that are better (?) than a colored man: to the remains of all such corporations I would say,

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

A CORRECTION.

Camp of the First U. S. C. Infantry,
Near Point of Rocks, Va.,
August 17, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—For the first time, I now take up my pen with the intention of dropping you a few lines for the columns of your worthy and excellent paper.

I have frequently of late noticed in your columns the reports of members of different regiments stationed in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. They complain of their having to go out and work on fortifications. They also say that they have been compelled to drag large guns about.

Now, Mr. Editor, can it be possible that those grumblers know what a soldier's duty in front of the enemy is? There is not a single regiment of soldiers, black or white, who dare refuse to do those things, such as building forts, digging rifle-pits, throwing up long lines of breastwork, and every thing that tends to *their own* security and conceals their movements from the eyes of the vigilant enemy. Reasonable and sensible men expect to do these things, and they do it cheerfully for the sake of a good cause. Those men who are never satisfied, but ever complaining, in reality know nothing of the privations and hardships of a long and vigorous campaign. We do not doubt but what these soldiers have seen some very hard days and nights, but, nevertheless, they should remember that there are more colored troops than themselves who perform at the present time double the duty that they do, and get no more pay than they do, and yet never think of complaining. *These men are* SOLDIERS! So now let us beg of these dissatisfied gentlemen to keep silent until these patriot warriors complain or murmur—troops who have done more and been in the service for a much longer time than they have.

There is another little matter I wish to bring to your notice. I refer to the remarks of one Mr. Corporal in the 54th Mass. He says the Government wants us to be like other colored troops in the field—that is, to be content with seven dollars per month. Let me ask, are they any better soldiers at seven dollars per month than any other colored men? We suppose that he does not care who goes on half pay so long as he gets his full complement. Such men as these cannot live in a harmonious and contented manner, for they are firmly determined to breed discontent.

Now, Mr. Editor, I must bid you adieu. You shall hear from me again soon.

I remain yours respectfully,
G. C. H., Sergeant in Co. F,
First U. S. Col. Infantry.

[Our gallant little corresponding Sergeant is undoubtedly fighting for his country. He is evidently a person of intelligence and refinement, and a fair-minded man, bent on giving both sides of the picture, and possessing a soul above dollars and cents. Such soldiers will not be insulted by half pay. They shall be paid in full.]

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

Two miles in rear of Petersburgh, Va.,
July 26th, 1864.

ROBERT A. TILL, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.: DEAR SIR,—As I have a little leisure time, I thought I would give you a short history of our campaign in Virginia. As you are aware, we left Illinois, our glorious state, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Bross, formerly of Chicago, but lately of the 88th Ill. Regiment, for the army of the Potomac, with orders to report to Major-General *Burnside*. We had a pleasant journey of it, but very tiresome, on account of having to stay on board the cars all the time, until we arrived in the city of Chicago, when we were marched to the Soldiers' Rest, where a fine breakfast was in waiting for us. We charged on it immediately, and captured it without any loss whatever. We rested here all day, and then started for the cars en route for Pittsburgh, where we arrived after a fatiguing ride of thirty hours, but all in good spirits. On our arrival in the Iron City, we were marched to the Soldiers' Rest, where we were served up with a splendid supper; every kindness was shown us that could be shown on so short a notice. At 11 o'clock, P. M., we started en route for the East, tolerably well rested, and in good spirits, feeling proud of the treatment we have received, being the same, if not better than some of the white soldiers received. Our trip over the mountains was a new thing to some of our Western boys, who have never been away from home. It seemed to interest them very much; crossing the mountains was quite an undertaking, especially when we went through the tunnels. Nothing of any great importance transpired until we arrived in Baltimore, when we marched up the identical street where the citizens mobbed the first white regiment. There was talk of mobbing the colored regiment. We did not have any arms then; but success ever favors the brave, and so it was with us. We were treated with some respect by all the citizens. We had to remain here over one day. During the time we went about the city, and were not molested by any one. So, when transportation was furnished to us, we started for Washington city, which place we reached on the evening of April 30th, 1864. After disembarking from the cars, we marched to the Soldiers' Rest, where we stopped till the evening of the 1st of May. Our regiment marched over to Alexandria, a distance of five miles, and stopped for one day; then we were ordered back to camp Casey, near Washington, where we went into camp of instruction. Here we received our arms and equipments for the field. Nothing of note transpired until the 19th of May, when I was taken sick with symptoms of small-pox; then I was sent to the Rest Hospital at Alexandria. Here I was treated kindly, getting the same treatment as white officers and soldiers, and every thing was kept in the neatest possible manner.

On the 30th of May our regiment was ordered to take transportation from Alexandria for White House Landing, Va.; where, on the application of my Captain, I was allowed to rejoin my regiment. The Surgeon in charge of the hospital gave me a new suit of clothing before I started. I then rejoined my regiment, and accompanied it to the field, landing at White House Landing. After disembarking from the boat, we went into camp. For several days, during our stay here, our men were engaged in throwing up redoubts and rifle pits. Then, about the 7th of May, we were ordered to escort a large train of supplies to the front. This was our first march, and a sorry one it was. It was a forced march, and many of the men had to throw away nearly all their baggage, so as to keep up. We expected to get a rest here for a day or two, but were disappointed. We had to start almost immediately en route for Petersburg. Here, at Old Church Tavern, we joined our corps, and were assigned to the 4th Division, 2d Brigade, 9th Army Corps. Our brigade being the rear guard of the corps, we had a great deal of hard marching; and being in a very important position, we all felt the responsibility that was resting on us as rear guard. We proceeded along finely till we arrived at Dawson Bridge, near the Chickahominy, where we rested one day, and a Godsend it was to us. So, the next evening we started, but went only a short distance, and stopped till morning, crossing the Chickahominy. We expected to be attacked. The crossing was accomplished without any difficulty,—our regiment being the last to cross the river. We learned since that a brigade of rebels were watching us at the time we crossed, but they did not molest us. We continued on our march until we came to Charles City Point, on the James River, which being a fortified place, we stopped over night; but next day, learning that a large force of rebels intended to attack us, we crossed the river on a pontoon-bridge.

No sooner had the crossing been accomplished, than the rebels came in sight and began shelling us; but, luckily for us, a gunboat was lying in the river, protecting the bridge, and soon drove them away. After crossing, we rested here one day, when our brigade was ordered to the front immediately, so as to assist in storming the rebel works that night. So on we went, expecting to have battle very soon.

Although the men were very tired, they were anxious to give fight to their enemies; but, on arriving at the front, the programme being changed, we were ordered to rest until farther orders, which was a godsend to us. We had two days' rest, and then were ordered to the front, to take a position in the rifle-pits. Here we expected to see the rebels face to face, but in this we were disappointed.

At daybreak the next morning we were relieved and marched to the rear to rest. We are and have been building forts and rifle-pits, which we consider healthier than going into the fight; but, when ordered, we are ready and willing to fight.

Our regiment is not in good fighting trim at present, on account of an insufficiency of officers. In other respects they are all right. We are expecting every day to be sent to the front; but it is ordered otherwise, probably for the best. Our regiment has built two forts and about three miles of breastworks, which shows that we are not idle, and that we are learning to make fortifications, whether we learn to fight or not.

We are now lying in camp, about a mile and a half from the city, resting a day or two. It is quite a treat for the boys to get a rest after working day and night, four hours on and four hours off. We have worked in that way for eight or ten days, without stopping. But my opinion now is, that the laboring work is nearly over, so that we will have nothing to do but watch the rebels.

There is heavy firing of artillery and small arms every night from both sides, which sounds most beautiful to us.

Another thing that I wish to speak about is this, that the county agreed to pay a bounty to all colored men that would enlist in Bloomington. Many of us did enlist, and are now in the army, battling for the Union and our rights. Our families at home are suffering for the necessaries of life, and still we cannot get the bounty promised us. We think it very hard, but it may be for the best. We have not received any pay from the Government yet, and the bounty that ought to come from the county would be of immense service to our families during our absence. If we cannot get it, please let us know, so that we may not expect it. Under the circumstances, it is very hard to be promised such a bounty, and then not get it, particularly by the citizens of our own city, and I hope that the loyal citizens of Bloomington will stand by us, and see that we are properly represented as soldiers, and that an effort will be made by the people to have our promised bounty paid us.

Yours, truly,
WILLIAM McCOBLIN,
1st Serg't Co. A, 29th U. S. C. T.

[We publish the above letter by special request.—ED.]

For the Christian Recorder.

HELP FOR THE SOLDIERS

To Miss S. Louisa Iredell, Secretary of Ladies' Union Association.

Your box reached me in safety this morning; and I assure you it was thankfully received by us, and I know that it will be received with tenfold feelings of gratitude by the dear sick and wounded colored soldiers now in our midst. I have the pleasure of often visiting the brave fellows, and it is a source of great gratification and pleasure to me to be able to do something for our noble and devoted soldiers, who are giving their lives for the cherished liberties that have always been withheld from us by tyrant hands, and are fighting that we may now enjoy these liberties.

The contents will be of inestimable value to the soldiers, and it would really do you good to see how enthusiastic they become when I tell them that their friends at the North remember them.

A great many of them are from the State of Pennsylvania.

A large number of wounded came in yesterday from the front. We expect to have our hands full for the present.

Hoping you will let us hear from you again, I have the pleasure of subscribing myself a true friend to the cause.

Yours in haste,
MRS. M. A. MAGNOR,
President of L. S. Aid Assoc.
Norfolk, Va., July 30, 1864.

DIED.

On the 5th of August, 1864, STEPHEN C. HARRIS, in the 28th year of his age, after a lingering illness in the Hospital at Brooklyn Navy Yard. He left a bright testimony that he has gone to rest with God in heaven.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE THE GAUGE OF CIVILIZATION.

In different ages of the world, and in different countries, men have entertained very different notions as to the things which might serve as a measure of civilization. Too often some weapon of war, cunningly forged and threatening fierce destruction, has been accepted as the best standard. Sometimes the criterion of a nation's advancement has been the amount and quality of the soap it used, or of the salt, or of the iron, or of some other mineral or agricultural product. And this was not bad; for the skilful production and adroit application to manifold uses of these things are a tolerable exponent of the inventive genius of a people, and of their progress in developing certain of the arts and sciences.

But of all the gauges of civilization which have ever been employed, the school-house, it seems to us, is at once the truest and most satisfactory. Does it gather into itself, not a third, or a half of the children of a nation, but all of them? Are those children there taught simply to cast up accounts in order to become sharp traders, and to speak English fluently in order to appear well in society? Or, are they educated as well to form high purposes; to aim after the attainment of worthy words and the achievement of noble deeds, and above all to cultivate the manners and spirit of Christian men and women? How much do they learn of their real relations to their fellows? of their relations to their country? and, is it too much to ask, of their relations to that almighty Being who, though invisible, is yet always and every where present, controlling the destinies of individuals and of communities? These are the test questions which reach to the very seat of a nation's life, determining its permanence, greatness, usefulness, and glory.

A careless observer will indeed see little connection between the magnificent silk, arrayed in which our fashionable lady sweeps down Broadway, and the small insignificant cocoon, which lies perchance—a curiosity—in the shop window; but the thoughtful will remember that from just such a cocoon the fine threads were unrolled, that were afterwards woven into the robe of fabulous cost and dazzling lustre. And precisely so, not every one who looks upon the occupants of the splendid marble Capitol in Washington, the judicial bench, the metropolitan pulpit, or of the war-worn saddle, will be reminded of the little round-headed urchins that used to sit on the hard boards of the town school house, taking their first lesson in self-mastery, that grand element of greatness, by struggling diligently to master the tasks before them; but the biographer cannot fail, in unravelling the history of the legislator, the judge, the minister, and the general, to trace the most valuable, because most elementary threads running through their experiences back to the pedagogue's hand; nor to acknowledge what a debt they severally owe to the skill and unflagging zeal of that hand, which thus first gathered up these threads and finally gave them into their own, with many solemn directions how to weave them into a noble and worthy fabric of life. What thinker is there, and especially in a republic, who does not feel the mighty truth of Aristotle's remark to the effect: That he, who would look wisely to the future welfare and glory of the state, must look at once and well to the instruction of youth! And why? Wherein consists the glory of a State? Not surely in inexhaustible beds of mineral wealth, nor in boundless acres of fertile soil, nor in wonderful water-courses, affording grand lines of commerce nor in genial, healthy climate, nor yet in any other physical advantage that can be imagined. Several countries might be named that have been most highly favored with all these elements of greatness, still their peoples are to heroic history unknown, and to noble "fame unsung." These things are simply the rough materials lying, so to speak in the nation's workshop; and ready to be wrought into whatsoever high forms of civilization the nation's artisans may devise. The vital question then turns upon the character of the artisans, and, as these are trained in the school-house, we must knock at its door to inquire whether they are wise and inventive; whether they know the value of history and economy; and above all, whether they are ambitious to excel in producing works of a lasting and glorious nature. It is the very intelligence developed under the teacher's influence that converts agriculture into a science, and trade into a princely calling; while it is the upright manhood, formed under the same influence, in unison with that of the church, which conserves the best institutions of the State, and hands them down, in spite of corruption, to posterity in safety and in beauty. In other words a State is glorious just in proportion as her citizens are educated, honest and qualified, if need be, to fill responsible positions with distinguished honor and usefulness. And whether her citizens shall bear such a high character depends altogether upon the kind of training they receive in early years, not the least part of which is that given them in the school.—*Ed. Monthly.*

OFFICE OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

ROOM 26 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. ——

SIR.—The accumulating interests which are clustering around our race, amid the revolutions in this country, have prompted the AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY to enter more energetically on the discharge of the duties contemplated in its organization, and set forth in the second Article of the Constitution. We believe that the crisis demands a concentration of all the intelligence, executive ability, thought and counsel which we have among us; hoping that the aims and objects set forth in our Constitution and address, which have been put forth, will meet your approbation, we earnestly solicit your co-operation in this noble work of elevating our down-trodden race.

Yours, &c.,

R. H. CAIN, No. 21 Lawrence St., Brooklyn,
JOHN PETERSON, No. 16 Wooster St., N. Y.
GEO. W. LE VERE, No. 44 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn.
} *Committee of Correspondence.*

REV. H. M. WILSON, 28 Bible House,
Corresponding Secretary.

CONSTITUTION OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

Preamble.

It has pleased Almighty God to permit the interior of Africa to be made known to us during the last few years, by the efforts of missionaries and explorers, to an extent hitherto deemed almost impossible. The facts which have become public concerning its climate, soil, productions, minerals, and vast capabilities for improvements, are such that we can no longer mistake the intention of the Divine Mind towards Africa.

It is evident that the prophecy, that "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God," is on the point of fulfilment, and that the work, when commenced, shall be "soon" accomplished, when compared with the apparently slow progress of the Gospel in the other grand divisions of the globe. In order, therefore, to aid in this great work, and promote the civilization and Christianization of Africa, as well as the welfare of her children in all lands, we have formed ourselves into an Association to be known as the African Civilization Society, and we severally agree to be governed by the following

Constitution.

Article 1. The Society shall be called the "African Civilization Society," and shall act in harmony with all other societies, whose objects are similar to those of this Association.

Article 2. The object of this Society shall be the civilization and Christianization of Africa, and of the descendants of African ancestors in any portion of the earth, wherever dispersed. Also the destruction of the African slave trade by the introduction of lawful commerce and trade into Africa; the promotion of the growth of cotton and other products there, whereby the natives may become industrious producers, as well as consumers of articles of commerce; and generally the elevation of the condition of the colored population of our own country and of other lands.

Article 3. No one shall be sent out under the auspices of this Society, either as a religious teacher, agent, or settler, who shall uphold doctrines which shall justify or aid in perpetuating any system of slavery or involuntary servitude.

Article 4. The donation or subscription of not less than one dollar annually, shall constitute any individual of good moral character a member of this Society; and the payment at any one time of twenty-five dollars shall make any person a life member.

Article 5. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, a Board of twenty Directors, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall hold office for one year, and until their successors are regularly chosen.

Article 6. The members of this Society may be distinguished as either active, corresponding, or honorary members.

Article 7. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society, and in the event of his absence, one of the Vice-Presidents shall discharge his duties. The Recording Secretary shall keep a regular and distinct account of the transactions of the Society. The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Society, and also act as its General Agent, under the direction and with the consent of the Board of Directors.

The Treasurer shall keep the accounts, and have charge of the funds of the Society, holding them subject to the control of the Board of Directors.

Article 8. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, and Treasurer shall be ex-officio members and officers of the Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors shall manage and regulate the affairs of the Society, and shall have power to make by-laws for its own government, so as to fully control the business and funds of the Society.

Five members of the Board of Directors, when regularly convened, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article 9. The Board of Directors shall have power to form special committees from among their own number, and to fill any vacancies occurring among the officers, for any time intervening before the regular election.

Article 10. The Society shall hold an annual meeting during the month of May, on any day the Board of Directors may designate, to elect officers, receive reports, and transact its official business, not otherwise delegated to the Board of Directors.

Special meetings may be held at other times, as the Board of Directors may designate.

Article 11. The annual meeting shall consist of the regular officers and members of the Society at the time of such meeting, and of delegates from other co-operating Societies, each Society being entitled to one representative.

Article 12. The Constitution shall be altered only at an annual meeting of the Society, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, upon a proposal to that effect, transmitted to the Corresponding Secretary, and published in the city of New York, at least two months prior to the annual meeting.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

In order the better to make the origin and objects of the African Civilization Society known, and to define its designs, intentions, and true position, and to secure that harmony and co-operation originally designed with other similar institutions previously established by the colored people of the United States and Canada, as well as that by the friends of the African race in Great Britain, to aid these movements,

Resolved, That the succeeding articles be added as an essential and fundamental part of the Constitution.

Article 1. The Society is not designed to encourage general emigration, but will aid only such persons as may be practically qualified and suited to promote the development of Christianity, morality, education, mechanical arts, agriculture, commerce, and general improvement; who must always be carefully selected and well recommended, that the progress of civilization may not be obstructed.

Article 2. The basis of the Society, and ulterior objects in encouraging emigration shall be:—Self-Reliance and Self-Government on the principle of an African Nationality—the African race being the ruling element of the nation, controlling and directing their own affairs.

Aided by the Divine blessing, we shall strive to make this Society, in the interest of the colored people, what the American Bible Society is to the world. HENRY M. WILSON, *Secretary.*

Our Country.

Before Petersburg.—Thursday, August 18th.—About one o'clock this morning the enemy opened the most vigorous fire since the mine was exploded. It commenced on the right and centre, and was directed towards a valley where they seemed to imagine that our troops were being massed and finally extended along the entire line of the Appomattox to the Jerusalem plank road.

The night was beautiful, the moon shone brightly but no damage of any account resulted from the affair. It lasted about two hours, and was thought to be a prelude to an attack on some part of our line. The usual quiet has since prevailed.

Heavy firing was also heard during the night in the direction of Gen. Butler's department, but nothing has been heard from that point.

The line occupied by Hancock's troops, on the north of the James river, extends about seven miles from the river in the direction of White Oak Swamp, the right resting upon that locality.

By this strategic movement across the James River, Gen. Grant compelled Lee to extend his lines to that degree that there must be some weak points in it, which Grant will probably find.

The line held by our forces is already intrenched so strongly that they cannot be driven from them by the rebels. There is a good deal of marching and countermarching of divisions, and it is evident that some important movement is on foot near the capital of Dixie.

Later reports from the front by the *Vanderbilt*, state that a general attack seems to have been made on our lines from Butler's position up.

The weight of the attack appears to have been on our centre. Our loss was comparatively trifling.

The cannonading on Wednesday night is described as the most terrific of the war. The whole line was engaged, commencing at 8 P. M., and ending at 4 A. M. of Thursday morning.

Fighting seems to be still going on desperately at Deep Bottom, but with what result was not reported at City Point when the *Vanderbilt* left.

It was reported that the Federal and Rebel ironclads took part in the fight on Wednesday night. The fight was conducted with artillery alone.

Early yesterday morning the Rebels in front of the Ninth Corps made a desperate assault on our works, probably under the impression that the movement up James river had obliged Grant to materially weaken his lines in front of Petersburg. The positions of the other corps were also assaulted, and for several hours a fierce battle raged, the cannonading being terrific, interspersed with musketry on either side.

The enemy did not catch us napping, and they were finally repulsed, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, between the two lines. The rebels are represented as having lost heavily.

From General Sheridan's Army.—Harper's Ferry, August 18.—General Sheridan's army has fallen back to Berryville, this side of Winchester. The movement was made necessary in order to secure supplies, and to meet a flank movement made by a heavy rebel force, which was moving up through Front Royal. This force consists of Kershaw's and Lomax's Divisions of Longstreet's Corps, which have been sent from Richmond to reinforce Early. Our cavalry met the head of this column at Front Royal, on Wednesday, and an engagement ensued which is spoken of as a brilliant success. The fight was in an open field, and our cavalry made a splendid charge which drove the enemy in confusion. We captured nearly three hundred prisoners, who were brought off the field.

Gen. Sheridan's movements are not to be regarded as a retreat. He found that the enemy were being heavily reinforced and wisely refused to fight at Strasburg or Winchester, where he would be flanked through Front Royal or Snicker's Gap. If the rebels want a fight, it is believed that they can get one by advancing on him in his present position.

A New Beginning.—It is stated that our first national treaty of peace with Great Britain commences with the solemn and impressive formula, "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity." It were well if all our important state papers thus distinctly acknowledged the supreme Ruler.

The New Coin.—The new two cent piece has made its appearance, and is a beautiful coin made of bronze, with almost the lustre of gold when new. On one side its denomination is surrounded by a wreath of Indian corn and the circular legend, "United States of America;" on the other side is a shield surmounted by a scroll, on which is inscribed the motto, "In God we trust," thus for the first time recognizing in our coinage our dependence on God. The one cent coin is to be made of the same metal instead of nickel.

The Indian War.

Denver City, C. T., August 18.—The regiment of one hundred days' cavalry authorized by the War Department three days ago, to fight the Indians, is already more than half filled. It is expected it will be in the field in less than ten days.

It is to operate along the Platte Valley and to protect the overland mail and wagon trains. In this they are to have the co-operation of troops from the East. It is hoped the route will soon be re-established and the Indians severely chastised. At present all the trains and mail coaches are stopped.

Friendly Indians report that extensive combinations exist among the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, Sioux, Camanches, Utahs and Snakes, and that they intend to wage a war of extermination against the whites.

Martial law is being enforced here, and all places of business have been closed until further orders.

Several independent militia companies are about ready to start out, and a few days will demonstrate the truth or falsity of the many wild rumors floating about.

Provisions of all kinds are very high and rapidly advancing, and unless communication with the States is speedily resumed there will be much suffering, if not actual starvation.

The Indians murdered several families and burned a number of houses on Cherry Creek, twenty-five miles from here last night. Settlers are fleeing to this city for protection. The commander of the district, to-day, issued a specific order for the enrolment of all the able bodied males over sixteen years of age.

Drafting to fill the one hundred day regiments will be commenced immediately. A line of block houses is being erected around the city. The fact that the telegraph wires are unmolested leads to the belief that no white men are engaged with the Indians in their work of destruction.

St. Louis, August 19.—Information from Fort Riley, General Blunt's Headquarters, says that three ranches near Little Blue River have been burned by the Indians, the stock run off and the inhabitants killed, their bodies being found in the ashes of the buildings. The citizens of Washington Republic and Clay counties have been armed by Gen. Blunt. Four hunters have been killed at Salena, fifty miles west of Fort Riley.

Between Nelsburg and Little Blue no ranches have been left standing and between sixty and seventy dead bodies have been seen. There are no families remaining between the Big Sandy and Little Blue and no inhabitants between Fort Kearney and Denver.

Four trains have been captured on the Little Blue, and all the stock, consisting of four hundred and fifty cattle and a large number of mules driven off. The men belonging to these trains escaped.

The Indians are well mounted and most of them armed with long range guns.

Captain Thompson, with seventy-five men of the Sixteenth Kansas Cavalry and one howitzer in pursuing the Indians who committed the outrage on the Little Blue. Dispatches from him dated the 4th, state that the Indians moved towards Republican Fork with one thousand oxen and large herds of horses and mules.

General Sherry, of the Kansas militia has also joined the pursuit, moving north of Thompson's command. Eight days have elapsed since any communication has been had from points further west than nineteen miles from Little Blue within which distance sixteen men, women and children have been massacred and every dwelling burned.

The families of the settlers have been sent to the settlements and the men forced upon the Indian trail. General Blunt sent orders to Forts Leavenworth, Ellsworth and Salina for the commands there to scout in the direction taken by the Indians, keeping ready to join in the pursuit when their trail was found.

General Blunt was doing everything possible with the small force at his command.

The Battle in Mobile Bay.—From the New Orleans papers of the 10th we cut the following in reference to Farragut's late fight in the Mobile Bay:—

The United States steamer *Tennessee*, Acting-Master George E. Nelson commanding, arrived late yesterday morning from Mobile Bay, by the way of Pensacola.

The *Tennessee* left Mobile Bay on Saturday morning about 7 o'clock some five hours after the departure of the *Glasgow*.

THE TORPEDOES.

The rebels had constructed a line of torpedoes on the side of the channel furthest from the fort, no doubt thinking that our vessels would keep as far from the fort as possible in passing it. Connected with these torpedoes were galvanic wires on board of the rebel vessels lying behind the fort. The *Tecumseh*, taking the course that the rebels *expected all our vessels would take* was blown up and destroyed, carrying down with her the brave Captain Craven and most of the gallant officers and crew attached to his vessel.

On board of the *Tecumseh* were the engineer and ensign of the *Oneida*. They had been sent on board the day before the fight. The latter had a presentiment of his fate, and bade farewell to his comrades on the *Oneida* when he was leaving them, telling them that he should not see them any more.

One shell from the after pivot-gun of the rebel gunboat *Morgan* entered the bow of the *Metacomet*, doing a good deal of damage to the vessel, and causing some loss of life. Another shell entered, and bursting in the yeoman's state-room set fire to a barrel of oil. This caused some alarm for the safety of the *Metacomet*.

Operations in Northern Georgia.—Louisville, August 18th.—A gentleman just from the front reports that on Monday General Steadman started from Chattanooga and met the rebels at Graysville, eighteen miles distant, and a severe engagement ensued.

The Federal loss is not stated.

It is reported that Steadman was severely wounded, and Colonel Hight, of the 51st Indiana, was killed.

A rebel force was reported at Cleveland, Tennessee.

The Movement on the James.—The present movement on the north bank of the James River is thought, will lead Lee to bring back to Richmond the extra reinforcements which he recently sent to Early. Such a step will of course defer a vigorous campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, upon which the rebel leaders are doubtless intent.

Elated with the idea that Grant had materially weakened his lines in front of Petersburg Lee attempted to pierce them last Thursday. On Wednesday night he opened a fierce artillery fire, and on Thursday attempted to carry our works by assault. Every assault was repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. Our own was trifling.

The main point of attack appears to have been on our centre, and the general attack along Butler's position and upwards.

When the mail boat left City Point yesterday morning no further particulars had come to hand of this signal victory.

The latest advices from Deep Bottom represent the fighting as still progressing.

The Chase of the Tallahassee.—Boston, Aug. 19.—The gunboat Dacotah has returned from her cruise after the pirate Tallahassee.

Those of our people who have hesitated to subscribe for the 7-30 loan should take a hint from the shrewd German capitalists. Germany and Holland now hold about £40,000,000, or $200,000,000 of our war bonds.

The New York Tribune expresses the opinion that not one-third of the journals of that city are paying current expenses, and adds: "It is notoriously true that the capital invested here in newspapers is paying no profit whatever."

General Cadwalader.—This officer is now in Philadelphia. He has removed his headquarters from Harrisburg, and is established in his former premises.

Washington, August 19th.—The mail steamer which arrived to-day reports that there was a rumor at City Point when she left yesterday that a strong reconnoissance sent out by General Hancock had reached Fair Oaks.

The Militia Bill.—Harrisburg, August 19th.—The Militia Bill was reported to the two Houses from the Committee of Conference this evening, and adopted in substance as follows:—The Governor to call out fifteen regiments for State service immediately, and, if not forthcoming by volunteering, to draft in the United States enrollment, with no exemptions whatever, whether of persons who have paid commutation in the United States or not—except such as are apparently absolutely disabled. Appointments of commissioned officers by the Governor. The Committee struck out the last section and recommended a supplement requiring certain days of muster, and a fine of five dollars on each State guard who does not furnish his own uniform.

No official information of a rebel advance. They have not crossed the Potomac.

The Situation.—Early's movements in the Shenandoah Valley have not compelled Grant to weaken his attack by detaching men to meet the rebel General. On the contrary, this distribution of the enemy's men enables him to move with greater freedom on the lines between Richmond and Petersburg, and the activity of the past week has been emphatic and important.

Warren has seized the Weldon road. Hancock, with a strong force, is again north of the James and within seven miles of Richmond. It is plain that Early's operations in the Shenandoah, though their success might be of great value to the enemy, are a present and positive advantage to Grant. The past week has shown that he is strong enough to maintain the siege of Petersburg, repulsing any attack made upon his lines, and to simultaneously move upon Richmond. He holds both of these cities with the one hand and baffles Early easily with the other. He is now as he has been from the first, master of a difficult situation and while the fury with which the campaign began the sufferings and toils which both armies have endured since May, have had decided effect, the enemy has had the worst of the long struggle.

The Latest.

(Tuesday, August 23d.)

Grant's Operations.—The movement commenced by General Grant last week, on the north side of the James River, was another feint to draw the rebels away from the real point of attack—the Weldon Railroad. Though a feint, Grant no doubt intended to take advantage of any weakness he might discover in the rebel lines. While vigorously assaulting their works on the James, Warren's corps held in reserve was suddenly thrown upon the Weldon railroad and occupied it so firmly that all the attempts of the rebels to drive it off have proved failures. This object being accomplished, Hancock's corps was withdrawn from the north side of the James, and is now ready to help to maintain the new position on the rebel right. This part of the line of Grant's army will doubtless be subjected to considerable pressure from the rebel columns as they must recover possession of the railroad if they mean to hold Richmond. There will probably, therefore, be a great deal of fighting in that quarter, but every hour our troops hold their position the danger becomes less of driving them from it. The persistent efforts of Grant keep bringing him nearer and nearer to his object. When he gets possession of the Lynchburg Railroad he has every avenue secured through which Lee can keep his army supplied.

Married.

SHREEVES—RUSSELL.—On Wednesday the 17th of August, 1864, by Rev. Lewis S. Lewis, Rev. Joseph P. Shreeves of New Bedford, Massachusetts, to Grace F. Russell, of Newport, Rhode Island.

Advertisements.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing in this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:
JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLARD BECK,
JOHN A. SIMMS,
} *Committee.*

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One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair, removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, Tetter, &c. ap4 1y

HAIR BOUGHT.
Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
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Alpaccas,
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A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicos, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling. Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—
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NO. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞ An early call solicited. mar1 3m

AID FOR SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Wives having husbands, and mothers or fathers having sons, or motherless children having fathers in the Fifty-fourth or Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, or Fifth Cavalry Regiments, are, if needy, entitled to a State allowance. Wives must state the date of their marriage, with the names and ages of their children under sixteen years. All applicants must state their ages, and be particular to write their names and Post Office address plainly. Also, the name of the soldier, his Regiment and Company. These cases are not paid immediately, but are carefully investigated. All those who are entitled to an allowance will receive it if they apply for it.
Address, enclosing stamp,
JOHN S. ROCK,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
and Government Claim Agent,
No. 6 Tremont Street, Boston.
august 27—2t

TEACHER WANTED

A Male Teacher (Colored) is wanted in South Carolina to take charge of a large School, to be taught in the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He must have a correct knowledge of the English branches, and possess an ability and love for teaching. A professor of religion and a member of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will be most suitable.

A fine situation and a good salary may be obtained by addressing the undersigned, provided such person be endorsed as qualified by Rev. Elisha Weaver, Wm. Moore, A. L. Stanford and R. H. Cain.

N. B.—An endorsement of any two of the Referees will suffice.

JAMES LYNCH,
Superintendent of African M. E. Churches
in *Department of South Beaufort, S. C.*
August 21—3t

LINCOLN HOUSE,
BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA

The Subscriber would inform the Public, that he has built and opened a
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
in this city, opposite Quartermaster's Office, where persons can be accommodated with Large and Airy Sleeping Apartments and the Table will be supplied with the best the Market affords.
While many Officers are among our patrons, Colored Persons share with them the accommodations of the House.
PRICES MODERATE.
ALSO, A [illegible] Civilians and Officers.
HENRY BRAM,
Aug 1—3 mos. PROPRIETOR.

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Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.
☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.
☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

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12mo Pamphlet 25 Cents.

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Among the many publications from the press this is eminently timely. Setting out with the idea that the present calamities upon our country are the just judgments of God for our national sins, it faithfully proceeds to show the prominent ways by which, as a nation, we have sinned, viz.—By adopting a national Constitution which makes no formal recognition of God; by not regarding as a nation, our civil government as an ordinance of God, by disregarding the law of God in relation to the moral character of our civil rulers; and by maintaining slavery, and refusing to try it by the word of God. These are its leading positions, and they are generally well maintained. We would rejoice to see this pamphlet have a wide circulation.—*Christian Instructor.*

It is a sound, earnest, patriotic plea for national religion and national righteousness, and it should be read and circulated over the land by the hundred thousand. What our nation needs now, more than increased forces or able generals, is a reverent recognition of the authority, sovereignty, and holiness of Jehovah of Hosts.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A vigorous and earnest appeal for national repentance and amendment. We are refreshed in turning from Bishop Hopkins' sophistical arguments to the straightforward declaration of the pamphlet—"There is no small measure of guilt incurred by justifying slavery from the Bible, and at the same time refusing to try our slavery by the Bible."—*American Presbyterian.*

It is pious and patriotic, and has, in opposition to its long-winded rival ("Hopkins on Slavery") the rather important advantage of truth.—*The Lutheran.*

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ONE PRICE NOTION STORE.
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☞ *Call and See us.*
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MRS. M. BENNETT,
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO. 405 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,
Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.
The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

SPECIFIC
LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject in life. It will prove a cure to these affections if properly applied and attended to.
For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth, and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.
For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water.
For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar affections, the Liniment is to be applied externally.

TESTIMONIALS.

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the diseases for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband. MRS. C. YOUNG.

John Cook, of Washington City, says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world. It is a perfect cure." JOHN COOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
I have tried this Liniment, and find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of an old person feel as if they were young. MRS. H. A. LEE.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it. PROFESSOR DAVIS.

CANTON, OHIO.
This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and her diphtheria, and pain in the head or limbs. SUSAN RHODES.

BARNESVILLE, OHIO.
I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure. E. J. HARGRAVE. [July 29 3mos]

MRS. H. A. LEE, AGENT.
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[illegible] PAGES, OCTAVO. PRICE, $1.50. WITH METRICAL PSALMS, $1.50.
WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

The work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such pieces as Phil-ip-pi and Thes-sa-lo-ni-ca, or such personages as Eli-am, Meph-ibosheth, and Tro-phi-mus. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our school houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a *diversity of tongues* that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they would the oracles of God.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. [illegible], Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. [illegible], the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—
We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.
Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD, G. B. EMERSON, S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in [illegible].

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—
Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in first books and especially to the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.
Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy.
Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

For sale by
REV. ELISHA WEAVER.
No. 619 Pine St. Philada.

JOSEPH BRISTER,
DENTIST,
NO. 844 LOMBARD STREET,
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Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms, in a superior manner, and at prices ranging from 50 cents to $5 per tooth, upon Gold, Silver, Platina, Vulcanite, or of Continuous Gum work.
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Patients visited and attended to at their residences when requested.

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AVERY COLLEGE,
Allegheny City,
PENNA.
The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 9th of July following.
This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.
Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.
The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.
The tuition for term in the several departments, embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.
Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal, ap9 1y
GEORGE B. VASHON, A. M.

If you wish your clothing made to look equal to new, go to the Old Established
STEAM-DYEING, SCOURING, AND REPAIRING WORKS,
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SEA BATHING.
THE BANNEKER HOUSE,
CAPE ISLAND.
Is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to maintain its reputation as a most favorite resort.
☞ TERMS MODERATE.
AMY WILLIAMS,
oly 2 2mos Cape May, June 28th.

A NEW
BOARDING HOUSE
AT CAPE ISLAND.
MRS. H. LUNN has opened a private Boarding House in North Street, first house from the Bridge.
It is hoped our colored friends, as Christians, will give us their patronage.
BOARD—$7 50 for Ladies, and $8 for Gentlemen. MRS. H. LUNN.
Cape Island, August 9th, 1864.
[aug 9-1 mo]

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said, softly, 'In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.

"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed! the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

The Family.

CRABBING AND CLAMMING.

After doing full justice to the repast, our appetite being somewhat increased by our early morning walk, we prepare for a pic-nic party, which has been just gotten up in honor of our arrival. A carry-all and a farm wagon are already at the door, loaded with friends from a village a few miles distant, who have heard of our advent and come to join in our pleasure party. John gears up Dick and Tom in the large market team, into which we are placed in company with a bevy of fair faces whose manner, though extremely shy at first, soon becomes more genial, and make the glad air ring with their musical voices. A team containing our crab-nets, hoes, shovels, fishing lines and poles, baskets of provisions, bathing suits, pots, kettles, and pans, brings up the rear. After an hour's drive, we reach the river. We don our old suits; one party seizes a crab net, another follows with a large basket, and we wade into the stream. Now, there is something funny and dexterous in crabbing. Crabs as a general thing prefer shoal, clear water. They glide through it very swiftly, and, of course, require to be caught while running. There are two kinds of crabs sought after, known respectively as the hard-shell and soft-shell. The last named are very much prized, and are now wholesaled at twelve cents apiece. Quite a number of boys are engaged in the business. They have a small box, something similar to a peach crate, which floats along in the water. They have a string attached to it thrown over the shoulder. The crabs are kept in this box until forwarded to New York or Philadelphia. The net used in the capture of the animals is placed on an iron circle about a foot in diameter. It is about a foot deep, and formed in the shape of a bag. The iron ring with the net attached is securely fastened to a handle about a yard and a half long. A person expert in the business can capture sometimes one or two hundred a day. They glide through the water very fast. You first observe a slight discoloration; you make a semi-circular plunge in that direction with your net, and the victim is soon safely deposited in the crab-box. Of course, you cannot always have pleasure without some little pain. Even so in crabbing. You may be in the act of capturing one of the dainty fishes, when a big brother or friend of the harder species manages to pick a piece out of your toe, or a more sensitive part, when down drops the net, and you make for shore. Having become satisfied with crabbing, we take a large basket, and a short-handled hoe, and proceed to the long, dark, muddy flat, left bare by the receding tide, seeking for soft clams. These species of clams bury themselves about two feet below the surface, but they are detected by their breathing holes. A good judge of the article can distinguish at once the quality of the buried clams by the size of his muddy air-tube. We finally come to a fine bed of the delicate morsels, and proceed to hoe up the mud, and we are soon rewarded for our toil by capturing about a bushel of them. While we have been thus engaged, another portion of our company have been fishing for blue mackerel and moss bunkers. Having secured messes of each, we bring our spoils to the camp head-quarters. A large fire having been built, the clams are unshelled, the crabs and fish are cleaned, the table is being spread, and while the dinner is getting ready, we take a small sail across to the point and come back with a keen appetite. Did you ever take a dinner on the bank of a river with a clear spring gushing from its sandy bed within a few yards of your encampment, and with the green lap of earth for a table and chairs? So it was with us. The cloth having been well covered with pies and cake, and a can of milk having been produced; the fish being fried, the clams roasted and stewed, and the crabs devilled, we sat down, there being no high places to fill or quarrel after.

TREATMENT OF THE EGYPTIAN DEAD.

It is a piteous sight, travelling in Egypt, to see how the remains of the dead are habitually violated, and that not so much by barbarous Fellah Arabs as by educated Europeans. It would seem as if the respect for a human corpse which an Englishman or a Frenchman, with any shadow of good feeling, could not be tempted to neglect elsewhere, is completely annihilated when the dead body in question happens to be a mummy. Ideas of the ludicrous seem to replace all other considerations. The very care which the surviving relatives bestowed on the remains of their lost parent, brother, husband, wife, or child, has exposed them to our stupid contempt; and after the lapse of thirty centuries, we drag them from beautiful tombs, and tear them in pieces, as ruthlessly as if no human soul had ever dwelt in and hallowed for ever that tenement of clay. Every one who has visited Egypt must have seen, as I have done, the most frightful instances of such desecration.

In the sepulchres, crowded around the Sphinx, I have entered grave after grave, and found each one had been not only rifled, but wantonly profaned; cerecloths, bones, and actual human limbs and flesh, lying scattered about the floors. It was not the Arabs who had done this, nor the wild beasts of the desert—the hyena I saw climbing the giant steps of the third pyramid, nor the vulture I found preying on the carcass of an ass in the ruined Cyclopian temple. It was the work of polished European gentlemen, pursuing their scientific researches. Truly, science needs to be the noble thing it is, to answer to so many responsibilities as it is made to stand for just now. Better let it pull dead mummies to pieces, however, in Egypt, than dissect live horses and dogs in the schools of Paris.—*Frazier's Magazine.*

DENS AND CAVES AT VICKSBURG.

Your readers have probably heard something of cave life in Vicksburg, during the bombardment and siege. What has been said and written on this subject is not apocryphal. In those days of trial and suffering, all who could possibly do so forsook their dwellings, and lived for weeks in caves dug expressly as places for safe refuge. You can see many of these hiding-places from shot and shell as you walk through the city.—They are generally found in the steep, street-ward banks of lots that have never been graded, and that lie high above the grade of the adjacent street. Many of them are quite large, and when inhabited, were furnished with elegant carpets and other furniture and made as comfortable and home-like as possible. Generally they were provided with two entrances, so that when a stray shell made its unwelcome entrance through one, the inmates could "retire in good order," or disorder, through the other. I do not imagine that, in such cases, they stood much upon the order of their going. Yet, with all the appliances with which it was sought to render them comfortable, these caves were unhealthy residences. The change from pleasant homes, where no want was ungratified, was too sudden and too great, and very many, women and children especially, died from constant excitement and exposure. During my brief sojourn in Vicksburg, I heard of several who died from diseases contracted during a residence in those damp and unwholesome caves. Those of your readers who desire further information upon this subject will find it in a book, which I have never seen, entitled, "Cave Life in Vicksburg." The work has been recently published, and was written by a lady who participated in the exciting scenes which she describes.—*Presbyterian.*

OLD TIMES, BAD TIMES.

St Paul's, London, in the sixteenth century, must have been a dreadful place. Mr. Walcott, the prebendary of Chichester, thus describes the uses to which it was put in that age:

"The desecration was something horrible, and only worse than the filth of the floors and the decay of the fabric. Drunkards and vagabonds slept off their drunken orgies on the bench of the choir door; butchers and water-carriers conveyed their wares, and men wore their hats, through the aisles; mules and horses were driven across them; tobacconists sold in the nave; teamsters and booksellers plied their trade; a carpenter worked in the crypt; trunk-makers in the crypt disturbed the services; chantries had become cellars, lumber-rooms, and glaziers' shops; choristers, as at Lichfield and Westminster, (but less courteous than those of Ripon, who distributed apples to the congregation on Christmas morning,) hunted booted gentlemen for spur-money, only less vociferously than beggars, pursued the other company; the usurer touted in the south aisle; simony presided on the north; the horse-fair in the central alley; and money was paid on the front. Marked women, rufflers, ballad-mongers, stall-knights, captains out of service, and quacks haunted the place; the servant waited to be hired at the serving-men's log; the sergeant-at-law received his client at his special pillar; whilst around were seen the merchants' 'Change and fashionable lounge."

PUNCTUALITY.

I had a young friend in New Haven once, who went into business for himself, just as you hope to next fall, but he had this standing failing—he was always a little behind time. I remember once he had need of a thousand dollars to make a payment on a certain day. He could have gathered it up easily enough, if he had begun in time. But the day had arrived, and he was in great perplexity. Still there was an easy way out of the difficulty. He ran around to an obliging neighbor, and borrowed the sum for three days. Well, he felt quite at his ease after the bill was paid, and the three days slipped away thoughtlessly, and he was no more ready to pay the borrowed money than he had been the other. It could make no difference with the merchant, he was sure, and he hastened to him with abundant apologies.

"'It will make no difference at all with me,' said the gentleman, blandly, 'but it will make much difference with you.'

"'How so?' asked the other.

"'I shall never lend to you again,' he said, as politely as if it were a very pleasant fact he was communicating. I was young then, and I always remember the little circumstance, and have been often influenced by it. Poor E—— did not succeed well. Business men will soon lose confidence in you, if you are not always as good as your word, and every one needs the good-will of his fellows. Perfect punctuality should be your lowest aim in this respect.

TIRED OF MYSELF.

Nellie Hall was seated very comfortably on the lounge in her aunt's sitting-room, reading, when her brother George came in.

"Ah, Nell," he exclaimed, "you are the very one I've been looking for. I do believe I have had my head in every room in the house—and here you are at last! Come, I want you to do something for me, will you, Nell?"

"Not just now, George—don't trouble me. I'm busy!"

"Oh, yes, Nell, you're only reading; and the book won't run off. Come! I only want you to cover this ball. It won't take you long."

"Do go away, George. I can't read while you are talking. Go to Jane. Perhaps she will cover it for you."

With a very disappointed face George turned and left the room, just as aunt Mary came in.

Nellie settled herself again to read, but somehow she seemed to have lost her interest in her book. She turned over leaf after leaf, and then with a very unhappy look, she glanced at her aunt, who was seated near her work table at the opposite side of the room.

"What's the matter, Nellie? Doesn't your book please you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am—it is very pretty indeed—It was so kind in uncle to get it for me."

"I thought you looked as though you felt dissatisfied about something."

"Why, yes, aunt, I do feel a little so. I believe I'm tired of reading."

"Are you sure you are tired of *reading?*"

"I don't quite understand you, aunt."

"Is it the reading that has tired you, or are you tired of yourself?"

Nellie looked at her aunt for a minute or two in silence.

"Tired of myself? Aunt, how could I be tired of myself?"

"Forgetting every thing but ourselves, I think, is the easiest way to become *tired* of ourselves."

"Well, I do that pretty often, aunt Mary."

"And did you never notice, my dear Nellie, that when you are unwilling to do a kind act for any one, you feel just as you do now? Especially if the kindness would have required a little self-denial on your own part. Have you ever thought of that, Nellie?"

"I don't know that I ever have, aunt."

"What was it that your brother George wanted of you a little while ago, Nellie?"

"Why," said Nellie, blushing deeply, "he wanted me to put a new cover on his ball, but—"

"But what?"

"I was only going to say, I was busy reading just then, and I didn't want to stop."

"And you refused to do it for him?"

"Yes, aunt, I told him to ask Jane. I see now," she added, "why my book did not interest me. I'll go and look for George, right away, dear aunt. I think that will rest me, after being tired of myself."

It was about an hour afterwards when Nellie again made her appearance in the sitting-room.

"Oh, aunt Mary, you can't think how glad I am that I went after George. I found him down stairs, trying with all his might to cover his ball himself. Only think of it, aunt! And then I told him I'd do it for him. And I told him, too, that I was very sorry I'd been so selfish. He was so glad when it was all finished, and it did look as nice as a new one. The next time when I feel tired of myself, I think I'll know where the fault is. Thanks to you, dear aunt Mary!"
—*Sunday School Times.*

WORK AND PLAY.

When I was young, I was taught these lines:

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy:
But all play and no work
Makes him a mere toy."

And so I had to mix work with play when I was a child, and now I am a man, I think still of this verse, for it seems to me so good and true.

One day I went past a house, and I saw five large strong boys at play in the yard. At night, when I came home, I saw them still there. They were tired out with play, and lay on the ground or sat on the fence, and looked to me as though they were not much pleased.

"Boys," said I, "have you been here all day?"

"Yes," they cried.

"And what have you done to-day?"

"We have played."

"What! Have you played all the day long?"

"Yes."

"And have done no work?"

"No; we have no work to do."

"O, boys, you must not play all the time. It will spoil you. A boy who spends all his time in play, cannot make a good man. You must work, boys, work."

Then I went home.

The next day, as I went by, I saw the same boys.

"Come," said I—"come with me. I will give you some work to do. God made us to work; did you not know it?"

They looked at me as though they did not know what I meant, but they came on by my side. I took them to the woods, and told them to fill their arms full of the sticks that were on the ground, and take them home, and pile them up on one side of their yard, and then to come back to me. They did as I told them. They had to go a good way, and got quite tired; but they did just as I said. When they came back, I told them to fill their arms once more, and do the same thing, and come back to me; to be sure and come back. Three of them did as I told them, and came back, but two of them ran off.

When the three came back, I made them sit down on the grass, and gave them a nice slice of bread and meat, and then a large pear. Then I gave them a few nuts, which they cracked and ate. Then they took home two more loads of wood, and by that time I had done my work, and was on my way home. We talked as fast as our tongues could run, all the way, and when we reached the yard where they had piled up their sticks, I looked in to see how they had done it. It was a good piece of work, and I was much pleased; I praised the boys, and then I asked them:

"Well, boys, have you not had a good time to-day?"

"Yes, O yes," they all cried.

"You see it is just as I told you. God made us to work, and no one feels pleased in his own heart who does not live for some use. It will make you feel like men to work. You must learn some new thing each day. Now will you try it once more?"

"O, yes, yes," they said. "It is first rate; we like it."

"THOUGH YE HAVE LIEN AMONG THE POTS."

The roofs are usually in a great state of litter; and were it not that Hoena, the seller of *gerleh*, gets a palm branch and makes a clearance once in awhile, her roof would assuredly give way under the accumulation of rubbish. One thing never seemed cleared away, however, and that was the heap of old broken pitchers, shards, and pots that in these and similar houses are piled up in some corner; and there is a curious observation to be made in connection with this.

A little before sunset a number of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish, where they have been sleeping during the heat of the day, or pecking about to find food. They dart upward and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays, so that they really resemble shining "yellow gold," then, as they wheel round, and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white, or else very light-colored. This may seem fanciful; but the effect of light in these regions is difficult to describe to those who have not seen it; and evening after evening we watched the circling flight of the doves, and always observed the same appearance. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Psalm lxviii.

BIRDS—CHERRIES—INSECTS.

A writer in the *New England Farmer* says:—"I write a few lines to tell you what I have observed in birds, as relates to cherries and insects. Birds, of whatever kind, whether robin, cherry-birds, or what not, never wantonly destroy or feed upon cherries. I have, for two seasons, particularly examined their depredations, and have come to the following conclusion, viz., that birds never trouble fruit, unless there is a worm in it. Whenever they find such—and God has given them instinct, reason, or whatever one chooses to call it, enough to enable them to seek and find their food—they bore the fruit, and secure the worm. I have gathered cherries which were perfectly fair and sound, and found a worm inside. I have examined cherries which the birds have packed, and found inside a worm cavity larger than the hole which the bird made to get at it. Birds have free access to my trees—the insects do not destroy their foliage. The birds are so tame, that while I am gathering cherries they gather insects, and I could easily catch them (the birds) with my hand. I believe that the way to get rid of insects and bugs on fruit is, to cherish the birds, treat them as friends, feed them, if necessary, to induce them to frequent our premises. One, or two, or three seasons of such a course, may not wholly free our orchards from pestilerous insects; but I believe that a constant perseverance in encouraging the birds, will in time effectually remove all obnoxious insects from our trees. There is no poison that will at one application rid our premises of bed-bugs; yet all good housewives will tell you, that by perseverance they can accomplish the end aimed at."

THE EBONY FLUTIST.

—The Norfolk *Regime* says "the most wonderful musical prodigy we have ever heard of is a colored boy, who lives in our sister city of Portsmouth, named Pete Potato. He makes a flute out of his hands, and plays beautiful music in this way. The notes are produced on the left hand, and he plays upon it with his right. The four fingers of the left hand are opened like the letter V—two fingers on each side. The mouth is inserted in the opening; so that the tips of the fingers come near the eyes. The thumb of the right hand is placed on the palm of the left, and the fingers play freely, as it seems, in the air. Thus Potato produces two octaves and a half of notes. We trust that some wealthy citizen will interest himself in this young man. A genius like this should not be neglected and left to starve in a blacksmith-shop like Portsmouth. We trust the friends of the flute will transplant this young Potato—no to pun—to Irish or Italian soil. He is a root worth cultivating and looking after."

A LITTLE VESSEL called the Vision, the smallest craft that ever attempted to cross the Atlantic, sailed from New York for Liverpool on Sunday, June 2d. It is but 15 feet in length, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and the depth of its hold 2 feet 6 inches. Its crew consists of Capt. J. C. Donovan, Wm. Spencer a passenger, and Toby a special dog. The provisions and stores consist of 55 gallons of water, or an allowance of three pints a day, 100 pounds of bread, or three fourths of a pound a day, a few pounds of coffee, and a little sugar, a few currants, and a few cans of preserved meats. The cooking apparatus is a small lamp. The captain expects to make the passage in six weeks. He had several applications for passengers, but had no room for them.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

An interesting discovery has just been made at Augerville, France, in a property belonging to M. Berryer. A laborer in digging brought to light a stone coffin, in the form of an angel, containing the remains of a human skeleton reduced to dust. Several articles of value were likewise in the coffin. M. Berryer, unfortunately, was not at once apprised of the discovery, but he succeeded in recovering a large bronze bowl, beautifully sculptured, the fragments of a silver basin, completely oxydized, and a large chased gold ring, but wanting the stone which had been set in it—this was a work of the lower empire; a very large horn comb richly ornamented, a pearl necklace, some broken glass vessels, and a coin of the realm of the Emperor Gratian. This coffin, discovered not far from a very ancient road, appears not to have been alone. M. Berryer has given orders to dig the ground all around, to discover whether it was not a burial place of the last period of Roman domination in Gaul.

OLD Father Bushnell, of Vermont, used to say that the best criticism he ever received on his preaching was from a little boy who sat at his feet, looking up into his face, as he was preaching to a crowded house. As he was going on very earnestly, the little fellow spoke out "*You said that afore.*" I fancy that an honest critic would find in those sermons an hour long, a good many such sentences *said afore* in the same discourse, and *said afore*, on almost every Sabbath day. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A HUMOROUS DRIVER.

A veritable Jehu, who drives one of the stages of the line that runs up to High Bridge, perpetrated a dry joke the other day. A middle aged female passenger requested to be left at Forty-ninth street; and so, when Forty-ninth street was reached, Jehu reined in his horses and stopped. The old lady got out, and, staring wildly up at the driver's perch, exclaimed:

"Well, now, I should like to know why, in the name of goodness, you have carried me a mile beyond where I wanted to stop?"

"You told me, madam, to leave you at Forty-ninth street."

"Well, I meant Twenty-ninth street; and any way, you might have known where I live, for I ride up here every week in your 'busses."

"Madam," said Jehu, with Napoleonic composure, "I've drove stage on this line about ten years or less, and I never yet missed leaving a passenger where he or she directed me to leave him or her, and, madam, if you don't know where you live, *you had better move.*"

A YOUNG aristocrat taunted a member of the British House of Commons who had won his way to his high position by industry and perseverance, with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the reply, "*did I not do them well?*"

PREACHERS AND PATENT MEDICINES.

Judging from the advertisements, the Quack Medicine business must be the most extensive and profitable business now going. Every newspaper one takes up is found filled with solid columns of puffery in English, of more or less detestable wretchedness, setting forth the merits of somebody's great all-curing "pill," "powder," "bitters," or "syrup." To take these advertisements at their word, a man must be a fool to be *sick*, and to *die* is only the last blunder of an idiot.

To pay for these advertisements, somebody must buy the pills or syrups. Those who buy them, of course, must eat and drink them. Who are these people? The amount of trash gorged in the shape of Patent Medicines, must be enormous, we should say, enough, year by year, to sink a tolerable navy. The advertisements and agencies, the bottles, boxes, corks, labels and the rest, could not be paid for otherwise; nor could the inventors and proprietors make the fortunes they do. Who are the unfortunates who sacrifice themselves for the good of others by devouring stuff, compared with which the Prince of Poetus' "asp and basilisk and toad" were wholesome butcher's meat?

It is dreadful to contemplate. The amount of wretched apothecaries' refuse poured down the throats of our unfortunate fellow citizens—men made like ourselves, with the same hopes and fears, with the same style of stomach and nervous apparatus, with brothers and sisters, and fathers and mothers, and may be wives and babies, like other human beings—is a question to appall the stoutest heart. And then, to consider the infinite extent of simple credulity and child-like gullibility which must exist in a community, where reasoning creatures will swallow any thing, with a nicely printed label surmounted by a quack's head with "M.D." under it—this, too, is amazing. The "age of Faith" has certainly not passed away. Every apothecary's shop is witness to its existing and flourishing, at least among ourselves. We are a believing people, if we are only *well* humbugged.

The question of health is a too serious one to discuss here. But we suppose the "Health of the American people," about which we hear so much, must be naturally immense, if it shall remain in any appreciable quantity, after two more generations of drug devouring, at the present rate of increase in that department of national enterprise.

We do not, however, write this to discuss the Quack Business. We suppose there must be men and women who eat the various "pills" we see advertised, and who get to like them; who drink the villainous "syrups" and "bitters," and think them "the milk of paradise;" who deliberately put it out of their power to die a natural death, like ordinary Christians, or to have any known human sickness, with a proper scientific name to it. Such strange tastes there must be; and the enterprising pill maker or syrup boiler goes into business to supply the taste. But certainly all will agree that such a peculiar taste ought not lightly to be encouraged. On the whole, wholesome bread and butter, and beef and mutton, fresh air and the great "out of doors," are better living than the finest "sugar coated" or "aromatic" [illegible]. People should be encouraged to eat wholesome food. Children should be brought up to look to the butcher shop and bakery for their dinners. It is not well to lunch on "Brandreth's Pills," or make one's usual beverage "Ayer's Sarsaparilla." The drug eating taste is an acquired taste, strong though it be, and is not, after all, though we contradict the advertisements, a *wholesome* taste.

The taste, however, appears to be on the steady increase; and there is one cause for this which we have never seen noticed, and which is certainly suggestive.

There is not a new nostrum, cooked for the stomachs of the drug-eating public, that has not the vouchers of a half dozen "Reverends," of as many of the "Evangelical Denominations." No "medical almanac" is complete without a list of wonderful cures, certified by "the Rev. Gullible Hubbins, Presiding Elder," etc., or by "Elder W. Hudgeon, of the First Church," etc. No wonderful column of "Testimonials" to the "great, all-curing Life Syrup and Pain Killing Elixir, warranted to cure or the money refunded," is without the name of the "Rev. Gander Gray, the eloquent pastor" of some simple flock of one of the "persuasions." Even the most clumsy hair dye—some villainous compound of nitrate of silver, red lead, and alcohol—will parade its list of Sectarian "Reverends" and "Doctors of Divinity," whose red locks it has changed to purple, and whose gray whiskers it has converted to a lovely blue black!

The thing cannot be too gross or too worthless, the humbug cannot be too vile, to find "Reverends" certifying to its excellence. The extent to which the clergy of "the various denominations" have gone into this business of puffing quackery, is astonishing to any one who has not kept track of it.

We are pleased to see that we never find, or at least, not once in a hundred names, the signature of one of our own clergy. They seem to give the Patent Drug people a wide berth. They consult the regular Family Physician, we should judge, and stand by "the Faculty" in good orthodox style!—*N. West Church.*

ROWING.

From a long rowing experience in college and out of it, and wide acquaintance with boating men, we are able to say that no form of recreation, no method of exercise, no out-door or in-door sport, offers less temptations and more advantages than rowing. Nay, excellence as an oarsman is wholly inconsistent with dissipation of any kind. Regular habits, vigorous exercise, open-air life, plain food, and a good conscience, are essential to every man who aspires to strength, and skill, and boating reputation. Still more, if he attain a seat in a university boat, must he rigidly practise austere virtues, and drill himself into such self-denial as tells on the moral character not less than on his muscular system.—*Independent.*

LETTER ON EXTRAVAGANCE.

A letter of Franklin to his daughter, written in 1781, rebuking her expressed desire for "French finery," might furnish a good text for our present importation leagues:

"When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods, 'a pair of gloves seven dollars, a yard of common gauze twenty-four dollars, and that it now required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way,' I expected you would conclude by telling me that everybody, as well as yourself, was grown frugal and industrious; and I could scarcely believe my eyes, in reading forward, that 'there never was so much pleasure and dressing going on;' and that you yourself wanted black pins and feathers from France, to appear, I suppose, in the mode! This leads me to imagine that, perhaps, it is not so much that the goods are grown dear, as that the money has grown cheap, as every thing else will do when excessively plenty; and that people are still as easy, nearly, in their circumstances as when a pair of gloves might be had for half a crown. The war, indeed, may in some degree raise the prices of goods, and the high taxes which are necessary to support the war may make our frugality necessary; and, as I am always preaching that doctrine, I cannot, in conscience or in decency, encourage the contrary, by my example in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful and necessary, and omit the rest, for, as you say you should 'have great pride in wearing any thing I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

GREENED PICKLES.

The following is a capital and simple experiment to detect the copper in greened pickles. It may be conducted thus:—Cut a greened pickle into small pieces, and put them into a glass of rain-water, adding ten to fourteen drops of sulphuric acid; put the bright blade of a knife, or any bright steel surface, in the liquid for twenty-four hours, and if the pickle contain copper it will be found upon the steel blade, as though it had been coated by the galvanic process. All pickles greened in brass or copper kettles show this result. The green color comes from verdigris, which is a deadly poison; the quantity usually taken with pickles does not often kill, but it produces disease. Why are they colored?—only to please the eye, and make them represent green cucumbers. A poisonous pickle may be eaten upon a full stomach; it never should be upon an empty one. They should never be allowed among sanitary stores.

Advertisements.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'

FAMILY LINIMENT

IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious to any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE C. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 9th, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and soreness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ARTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 16, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.
Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs. EVELINA ORMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 16, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

SPRAGUE FERRY, Sept 3, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PORTSMOUTH, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 16, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMEN.

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The China Mission,
Oriental Acquaintances,
Political Essays,
Letters from Switzerland,
Mabel, or Heart Histories,
Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty,
In and Around Stamboul,
Trifleton Papers,
A Life Struggle,
Two Eras of France, by Animel,
The Adopted Heir, by Miss Pardoe,
St. Paul to St. Sophia,
Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinion,
Home Life, by Hague,
Fresh Gleanings,
The Exile of Florida,
Jolumba,
Summer Pictures,
Anticipation of the Future,
Dora Barton, the Banker's Ward,
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We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,
ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward.

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Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.
Nov. 17.

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Thomsonian and Botanic
MEDICINE DEPOT,
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Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that I have on hand a good supply of

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CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under the circumstances, almost entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested as him might prove beneficial; all which being failed, he then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. The perfectly clear that the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worse, and just discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge is at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

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CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.
Also, Second hand Garments Cleaned, Repaired or dyed, at short notice.
SECOND-HAND CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND, FOR SALE.
5—1y.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburg, Pa.; from Dr. Sias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 18, D. of T.; from Vashrocle Union, No. 15, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed in their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fancet; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Gooden,		G. P. P. Sister Ammamon	
" " E. Bowen,		" " J. F. Black,	
" " M. H. Seney,		" " A. E. Clark,	
" " S. Nawsar,		" " White,	
" " S. Davis,		" " R. Hall.	

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Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

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by

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

General Book Steward,

No. 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern, subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or the paper, must be directed to Rev. Elisha Weaver, Box No. 2024, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine st.

All articles or matter for the Christian Recorder, must be directed E. Weaver, Box No. 2024, Philadelphia.

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Two Dollars and twenty-five cents a year, payable in advance; or Two-fifty, if not paid in advance.

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Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; eight dollars without the paper; six months, for six dollars, paper included; three months, four dollars,—one month, $1.50, paper in each case included.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

A VISION.

I had a vision; no false phantom or
Phantasy play'd her subtle trick upon
Me: my sight was not deceived, nor did one
Thing of airy nature misguide mine eye—
And neither was Locke a visitant.
I saw, and lo! a vision,
Akin to this (I do not now begin
A non-authentic feature;) I heard
A chiming in the air, and look'd upward,
And saw a city swinging without stay
Or prop! hung up by an unseen power,
I know not whence, but thus it was.
No gate, nor op'ning, nor way by which to enter!
Yet I wish'd to be there—and was there.
Magnificent and indescribable the
Scenery! No sun, no moon, to shed their luminous
Ray; for ev'ry crevice shone brighter
Than earthly light could make it, with the
Light of God. This was heaven! Th' angelic
Symphony of redeem'd ones was not
That of earth; 'twas sweeter, more harmonious.
And, whilst I ponder'd, I look'd, and
Saw the number, all wing'd for flight, and each
Hand aloft a harp, not like those here, but
All ethereal material! I
Saw not their fingers touch the chords; but music
Came, accompanied by a choir of infants.
I ran to join them: the Son of God
Answered me, and bid me wait as yet—
"Go back to yonder world, and taste death." And
The vision flitted from my view, and, looking,
I saw nothing of her! She had fled!
Fled; but to be transformed and return again.
And the last day had come. As though one
Orb of brightness was not enough to illume
The pathway of heaven, a dozen more
Appear'd with dire and h'rding forms, all strangely
Arm'd and mounted, rode through th' immensity
Of space, with Time bound to their chariot wheels.
And I heard the trumpet sound, warning.
Clouds roll, red hot, and God's anger kindled
So the East a great fire! Screams, piercing, unearthly,
Rent the air, and numbers innumerable
Perish'd. I cried: "Lord, receive
My spirit!" and was caught upward—heavenward—
And my soul had rest.
BARNABAS.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN RECORDER:"—Sir,—Interested as you are in religious matters generally, and the Christian cause the world over, I trust you will permit an impartial, but not disinterested irreligious man, (in a technical sense of the word,) who has been reared in the inflexible principles of Methodism, to jot down, or record his impressions of a few of the religious sects that comprise this community, or rather that unfortunate portion of them known as persons of color.

A. M. E. CHURCH.

The pastor of this well-regulated and commodious temple of worship, the Rev. Mr. Shorter, is a genial and refined gentleman, possessing solid piety and a liberal understanding, and withal a faithful and able exponent of the gospel of Christ. The Rev. Shorter is from time to time assisted and relieved in his arduous duties by the Rev. Philip Tolliver. The Rev. Tolliver is one of the leading colored men of the community, and for many years he has associated himself with every good work; his name is the synonym of success in every cause wherein he brings his practical sense and indefatigable zeal to bear in defence of the right;—he looms up before the popular vision, as Martin Luther in the olden time rose to combat the atheism of the Vatican: unprejudiced men unhesitatingly set him down as a man for the times.

BAKER STREET CHURCH.

On account of the many disagreeable annoyances the members of this church were subjected to, by being in close proximity to the rear of Adams' Express Company, which has no respect for the Sabbath, they have agreed to sell it to said Company for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. They intend to convert it into a livery stable. We can well exclaim, with the melancholy Dane, "To what base uses do we come at last!" They have purchased a neat, little brick chapel, in a very quiet and desirable locality, corner of Mound and Richmond, at a cost of eighteen thousand dollars,—thereby saving two thousand dollars for incidental expenses. One of the most attractive features attached to this church, is its well-regulated Sabbath-school;—many of the members are deeply interested in its welfare.

The Rev. W. P. Newman was recently called to take charge of this society, in place of a Mr. Barnett, a white gentleman, who offered his services until they could procure a pastor. Mr. Barnett, during his brief stay, succeeded in endearing himself to this congregation. On his departure, they generously gave him one hundred dollars as a testimonial of their respect and esteem.

If the colored people would act as generously towards their colored ministers, it would, no doubt, be highly appreciated by them, as it would enable them to furnish their homes more comfortably, and at the same time arrive at a higher degree of proficiency in those attainments and studies, necessary in this enlightened age to the successful defence and promulgation of the gospel.

That the colored people in many of our cities throughout this country but poorly support their ministers—and think that the minister's wife and children should go in rags, while they are wrapped up nicely and daintily in purple linen and broadcloth—is a notable and disgraceful fact.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

This comfortable little chapel, which, to some extent, has been re-modelled and re-painted, is largely attended on Sabbath evenings by the haut monde of the city; within the last two years it has taken into communion a host of our brother and sister freedmen and women. The Rev. Wallace Shelton has been its pastor for upwards of fifteen years. The Rev. Shelton is a problem that my humble mind has never aspired to solve.

George Augustus Sala, American correspondent of the London Telegraph, and a writer of some note, in a recent letter to that paper, speaks rather sarcastically and disparagingly of American churches and American preachers. He says, to hear them spout and swagger, a prejudiced Englishman like him would think the money-changers had got into the Temple. If Sala would come to this city, and pay Zion Church a visit, he would surely think, from the amount of noise made, that Bedlam was let loose upon a defenceless, but offending world; he would see the identical embodiment of that dramatic individual which the Bard of Avon so well describes in Hamlet—"I have heard men who have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought that some of nature's journeymen had made men, and did not make them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." But the synagogue is deeply moved, and the great Rabbi orders prayers.

Now, Mr. Editor, the young men of the present day, who are able to distinguish sense from sound, require something stronger to instruct and interest them, than the insipid puerilities, gossips, and the disgusting details of tittle-tattle. It is a mighty effort for them to take their eyes and hopes from the advancing light, whose refulgent rays shoot far into the bright orb of the future, to look back into the [illegible] dark ages of the past, rotten with the iniquitous and oppressive putrefactions of prejudices and degrading systems.

Respectfully, A. E. BAKER.

Cincinnati, Aug. 24th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARE YOU NOT RESPONSIBLE?

Fresh in the memory of all the delegates to our last General Conference, is the excited discussion which grew out of the enactment of laws for the government of the Book Concern. The sharp criticisms of a few on the manner in which our organ was edited, and the words of highest approval, when all the circumstances were considered, uttered by many, with their inharmonious blending, still grate harshly upon our ears. Many of us contended for *no* change from the system of the past four years. Though ever anxious for progression, we could *not* believe that change was always *progression.* We could see no change that would insure even the past success, while we believed that it would cause the Recorder, before even a year had rolled away, to announce its own death, with its debts smoking on the funeral pile of the Book Concern.

With a determination and unaccountable zeal, many of our leading men advocated a change; the principal feature of which was to create another office, and appoint an additional officer to superintend its editorial management. For the reasons above hinted this was most stoutly resisted, yet the supporters of the measure having gained advantage by the too premature avowal of unwillingness on the part of the present incumbent to serve under the *then* existing circumstances, carried their point, and started the new system; but it took only two days, I think less, for their ardor to cool, and enable them to see things as they were, when they virtually abandoned *their* new system, and cheerfully reinstated the former incumbent in his office, making no important change in the power he had hitherto possessed. The interest exhibited in our church organ was great at our recent General Conference. The desire to improve its literary status was ardently professed. But why do not these brethren, so earnest in professions, stamp them with the signet of *action*, that we may believe them genuine?

The eyes of the members of the African Methodist Episcopal Church are turned with longing gaze southward; but from some of our most important points nothing is written by the Elders, for the information of the people, though all such information but awakens interest in the missionary cause, and increases our funds. It is useless for any one to say he has not time. Some have splendid social qualities; let them take the time they would consume in writing, chronicling the work of God among the freedmen, upon the hours of social intercourse.

We are very, very anxious to know the state of affairs in Virginia, particularly Norfolk—that point of great interest—upon which we look in trembling suspense as our experienced pioneer unfurls the consecrated banner within sound of cannon, drum and fife; and none the less at Portsmouth, where, with equal zeal, and under similar circumstances, with veteran boldness, another pioneer labors.

We want to know how our churches on the Mississippi thrive—how the freedmen live, and the measure of their comforts. We believe that along the serpentine course of that river our churches shall sparkle,

"Like gems upon the brow of night."

We look with longing eye to see something from Kansas, and our patience is taxed because we hear nothing from New Orleans.

From the battle-field, brother Turner keeps us well informed, and with great interest are his articles read. Brother Hunter has let us know that he is still combative, and spicily replies to "Africano"—promising, we believe, to tell us something that will doubtless engross our attention.

The public expectation is high in respect to many brethren, and I think their desire is only echoed by this hastily penned article, when it beseeches each to *write*, WRITE! for the information and encouragement of the people. The *Christian Recorder* will be just what we make it. The editor presents an amazing amount of industry and tact, and his example must not be lost to those who should hold up his hands.

JAMES LYNCH,
Superintendent of African M. E. Churches in South Carolina.
Hilton Head, S. C., Aug. 12th, 1864.

THE great art in preaching, is simplicity. Our Lord, in his preaching, speaks of tilling ground, of mustard seed, of vines, of sheep, and trees, &c.; thus making use of common and simple similitudes.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM SERGEANT ALLEN.

1st U. S. Colored Troops.

Camp of the U. S. C. T., August 20th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I now seat myself to pen you a few lines. We will first survey the future, not from the present, but from a point in the remote past. From the stand-point of prophecy.

How buoyant is the tone with which the ancient prophecy foretells events, separated from their times by thousands of years. They see far distant transactions as being near—as if soon to come to pass.

With the vividness of eye-witnesses they portray the scenes which lie brightest in time's drama. When the Psalmist, as an occasional prophet, passes from the wars he waged and sang; and from the worship he rendered to future conflicts and triumphs of Zion. He breathes a fuller inspiration and strikes his chords with a bolder and more jubilant sound.

Among his remotest visions is one of Ethiopia. Looking over her land, shrouded in the deepest darkness, he sees emerging out of the gloom a radiant star, forming the impersonation of Ethiopia redeemed, and as he utters this bold prediction, Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God.

By a prevalent misconception of the text, this splendid image is degraded into that of Ethiopia disowned—abhorred of men, on suppliant knee, appealing for mercy and imploring vengeance on her inhuman plunderers. This attitude did not need to be emblazoned in prophecy. The poor privilege of petition was not reserved to a late period, was not a theme of prediction, but rather a theme of practice from the beginning. It was a widely different vision from that which rose before the Psalmist.

It was not Ethiopia prostrate, pleading in her uplifted woe, but Ethiopia resumed, regenerated, raised into a power, rich in the resources of manifold art, piously bringing her offerings unto God—laying her tropical treasures on the altar of the Lord.

Ethiopia has been for ages a waste, howling wilderness, a jungle of fierce beasts—her torrid plains swarming with savage tribes, from whose redundance no revenue is accrued to the King of heaven and earth but dishonor.

Ethiopia should at least offer her full tribute; she should outdo all the world by the plenitude of her presents; she should become the richest province in God's terrestrial dominion,—in spiritual revenues over all the lands tributary to Christ.

She should be exalted by the munificence of her free-will offerings, insomuch that in the prophetic vision of redeemed people, Ethiopia should appear conspicuous, stretching out her hand in praise unto God.

Sir, I must close by saying,
I remain yours unto death,
SAMUEL J. ALLEN,
1st Sergt. Co. I, 1st U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From Rev. H. M. Turner.

Headquarters 1st U. S. C. Troops,
Near Point of Rocks, Va.,
August 24th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—There is not much of interest going on in our immediate portion of the army, but as I promised you to correspond for the RECORDER, I wish to keep good my word, or as much as I can, practically, in connection with my other duties; and yet it is not without some diffidence that I correspond at all, especially when I see from the articles recently published, that they are nearly all the productions of soldiers.

The ministers of the A. M. E. Church must either be asleep or absorbed in some deep mathematical problem, which has so engaged all their intellectual forces, that a few leisure moments can't be spared to write an occasional article for the benefit of your many patrons.

The RECORDER has an extensive circulation amongst the colored troops in this department. Its approach is watched with the utmost vigilance, and when it makes its appearance, it is seized and read with eager avidity.

That portion of our divines who stay at home, could do an incalculable amount of good by sending us through the open columns of the RECORDER a short sermon, occasionally. Unless our ministers come to the RECORDER's assistance, it will go down in the estimation of the better-informed class of readers. But they say the editor this, and the editor that.

But I say the editor has now more to do than any two men ought to do. He is the General Book Steward for the entire connection, having all the Conferences to visit,—more than any one of our bishops,—Minutes, Hymn-books, Disciplines, &c., to publish, revise and correct. Money or no money, this must be done, or else there is a whine and a growl through the whole church. The RECORDER must be published every week, and some able leader of editorial is looked for, and valuable productions abounding with the chasteness of grammar, rhetoric and logic—ever and anon darkened and lightened as the case may be with interspersed phrases of Latin, Greek, French and German.

I now ask, Is there a man in the connection who could do it without help? No, sir! He is not yet here.

Allowing this to be an established fact, let every minister in the A. M. E. Church who has the ability, write something for the RECORDER, while the rest work pecuniarily.

If we had fifty young men in the ministry like R. H. Cain, B. T. Tanner and Henry J. Rhodes, the RECORDER would shine like the morning star. Yes, its balmy dews would emit a flavor in this very army, that would tell in the salvation of many as precious souls as any for whom Christ shed his blood. But there is a natural characteristic about our people, the issues of which are deplorably regretful. That is, unless there is some bone of contention at stake, it is next to impossible to arouse them. Since the days of the Bishop Nazrey controversy, there have been but few contributors, and now the bishop is gone.

The Canadian affairs are settled, Bishop Green's party having failed to be recognized and Clarke's mould having been filled with two additional bishops. I presume we need look for nothing of much consequence for some time, unless it be an occasional criticism, fault finding, or a big-worded challenge from an awful empty stomach. But I hope this evil will be remedied by a plentiful supply of rich articles, coming fresh from the pens of our ministers, on all subjects calculated to enlighten the mind, and Christianize the hearts, of our soldiers especially.

Nothing would be read more pleasantly and to more profit in this department, than a good, plain, yet practical gospel sermon.

Our regiment is once more favored with quarters, where we can have some leisure hours from duty, to spend in mutual benefit, such as drill practice, preaching, prayer-meetings, choir-singing, reading, spelling, writing, &c.

Our inestimable Lieut. Col. Wright, having been promoted and taken from us, to command the 10th U. S. Colored Troops, leaves with the warmest regards of all in this regiment. Men who are brave and noble-hearted never fail to climb the ladder of distinction and fame with rapidity.

This naturally involves the command of the regiment upon Major Perkins, as the colonel is absent, caused by sickness.

Major Perkins is a tall, spare-formed gentleman, with features quite prepossessing. He has neither constitutionally nor assumptionally any of those austere, haughty, tyrannizing qualities, which are too often exhibited by men who are his inferiors. He has a voice mellowed by a sense of his high position. No effort is necessary to discover that he is kind, affable, easily approached and tender in his restrictions, though, as a disciplinarian, he never varies, but is positive, pointed, and ever to the purpose; possessing none of that sneaking treachery, that would smile in your face one moment, and the next in some surreptitious manner tear your vitals out. May his life long be spared to command the brave troops of color.

We are surrounded here with a retinue of brave regiments. 1st, 4th, 5th, 10th and 22d Regts. U. S. Colored Troops.

The Johnnies take good care not to come into these quarters, and it is well they do not, for they would certainly find very inclement times in this part of old Virginia.

Most of the regiments, however, look much smaller, particularly my own. It often makes me feel sad when I remember how large and stalwart it once appeared, and how thin its ranks now appear to former days.

The canal,—which is known as Butler's Canal, and which has been in process of excavation for some few weeks, is progressing finely; the rebels, though, harass the working parties occasionally, by complimentarily saluting them with a few shot and shell, at such intervals as they may propose.

The general in person visits the party almost daily, which is a source of great encouragement to those who are all the time perilling their lives.

We will close this communication, as the pickets are gone to fire in another direction; we have not heard them lately. It possibly may be the prelude of a great contest. Should it be, they will have a sweet job of it.

I have the honor to be,
Yours very respectfully,
H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

SARATOGA CORRESPONDENCE.

As my stay is somewhat limited in this place, I am unable to give my readers a full description of Saratoga. Therefore, I hope they will be contented with a historical outline. Deeming this an apology for abbreviating my essays, I will proceed to my subject.

Saratoga, an inland village of 7000 inhabitants, is situated one hundred and eighty miles from New York. The Kayaderosseras Mountains bound its western and northern borders. The Green Mountains, at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles, bound the eastern horizon; and the Catskill the extreme south. The centre of this inland village is well watered, the atmosphere is dry, and the climate is, in some respects, similar to New York or Philadelphia.

In the year 1774, John Arnold erected the first building in this place. Many of the settlers from the banks of the Hudson, on visiting Saratoga, would lodge at his house. The only thing which drew their attention were the sparkling waters of High Rock. This spring seems to be the only one known or the only one which the Indians resorted to. On seeing works which treat of the medicinal properties of these springs, High Rock appears the most attractive. Whether it be owing to the natural curiosities in its formation or the effect it has upon the constitutions of invalids, is a matter of doubt; but either of these would or ought to impress the mind of every intelligent person. The first scientific description of this rock is published by J. H. Steel, in *Silliman's Journal.* Says Dr. V. Seaman: "The more we reflect upon it, the more we must be convinced of the important place this rock ought to hold among the wonderful works of creation. In the year 1767 the Indians introduced this water to the whites, as a remedy. This caused the whites to settle in or near this place. The aborigines, disliking the rapid increase of foreigners, endeavored to expel them, during which engagement the man of the forest was compelled to leave his own native birth-place. The next house erected was by a man from Vermont (Putnam, by name.) This he effected in a few months. This building was styled the Wolf, now Union Hall.

At the time I now write of, Saratoga was a land of bushes and trees. No churches, no schools, no elegant mansions—nothing save the rude huts of the aborigines and the frame buildings of Arnold and Putnam. But now let the man of science and art—let the philosophers and sages of America—yea, even the painter and poet come visit Saratoga, and compare the present with the past. How great, how wonderful will be the contrast!—how sublime! The loud war whoop of the red man is heard no more. He has sung his last song: he has slept his last sleep, he has dreamed his last dream. His wigwam fires have gone out; his rude hut, none can point to the spot on which it stood, his last echo has been carried by the western wind towards the setting sun. Every where we turn, we behold not a vestige of this peculiar race.

Saratoga now is quite a different place. Here are some ten or twelve springs, all of which are esteemed for their medicinal properties. The principal drives are: Saratoga Race course, Saratoga Lake, and Ainsworth's and Edmund's Billiard Saloons. We have also five churches, three medical institutions and eighteen hotels. Ere long, perhaps next summer, a Business College will be erected, together with an edifice for operatic performances. The buildings here are mostly frame, and seldom over two stories in height, unless they are hotels. The soil is very sandy, similar to that of New Jersey. The principal vegetable is the potato. Fruit is not plentiful; and, as for corn, the soil is, by no means, suitable. Wheat and rye are the only grains that appear to come to perfection. The principal trees of the forest are pines and cedars. I have not seen an oak, maple or hickory in the whole place.

This would be an elegant place for Sunday-school excursions and camp-meetings. This tract of land, so essential to the primitive settlers, has lost none of its great value. The forests, which supplied the Indians with objects for the chase, furnish the civilized man with the lumber necessary to construct his houses, enclose his farms, and build his vessels.

These facts remind us, that the real wants of man, in the different conditions of society, are to be supplied from the same source, and perhaps, after all, we are not very unlike as some persons may be willing to believe.

UNION HALL.

August 25th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BUFFALO.

MR. EDITOR:—Being appointed by the New York Annual Conference to the charge in Buffalo at its last session, and two months having expired since we began to act in the capacity of pastor here, I think it no harm to drop you a word, to inform you and our friends, through your paper, how things are progressing in Buffalo. Our church here, in its membership, is doing well; steady and sure are its numbers being augmented. Her meetings (spiritual) are worthy of being attended. We can say, "The Lord is with us." Our Sabbath-school is largely attended; the members (both official and laymen) are much interested in the work, and really it would please any lover of children and youth to hear them recite, and sing, "God bless the children." I think if the school keeps on as she is now, Vine Street will turn out some good preachers after awhile.

On the 21st of July, I called a meeting of the young people, and organized a literary society, to which twenty persons gave their names as members. We unanimously agreed to call it the Daniel A. Payne Literary Society of Buffalo. We have been moving on steadily since that time, arranging the material for operation, until Thursday, August 11th, when we opened in order, and to work we went. Mr. Henry Cook, a young man, nineteen years of age, delivered the opening address. Miss Ellen Johnston read a "Blind Lady's Composition." Miss Amelia Turner, our amiable Vice-President, read a short lecture. These exercises were very interesting; and if the members continue, they will overtake Galbreath in Baltimore. Look out, Galbreath, we are coming!

Yours, FRANCIS J. PECK.

[Through the kindness of Bro. Peck, we have received copies of the addresses referred to above, one of which we publish below; but for lack of space, the others will be left for future insertion.]

AN ADDRESS BY HENRY COOK, BEFORE THE D. A. PAYNE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the D. A. Payne Literary Society of Buffalo:—It gives me great pleasure to have the privilege of speaking to you this evening. The subject I shall talk on, this evening, is the benefit this society will be to us and our race. Ladies and gentlemen, it makes me glad to see that we, the colored people in the city of Buffalo, have the fine opportunity of meeting here, and improving our moral and mental faculties. It is true there are not many of us in this society, but we must not get discouraged; it must encourage us to hang together. The good of this society, if we keep it up, is this:—It will make us more useful than we are now; it will make some of the young ladies, school-teachers, so that they may go South and teach those poor freedmen how to read and write and spell; it will make some of us young men, ministers—some of us, lawyers—and some of us, school-teachers; also, all we want to be. Now, then, we should keep up this society. Never mind if this is a small beginning; it will come to be something big in future time. If there was ever a time for us, the colored people, to do something for ourselves, it is now. It is true we have been locked up in a cell for more than three centuries, but now the door is unlocked; so let us come out of the dark, and do something for ourselves. There are a large number of people who say that we, the colored people, cannot learn, nor do any thing for ourselves; but now we have a chance, and let us show these people who talk so, that we can take as good a care of ourselves as they can, and learn as much. Three or four years ago, when I went to school, the school boys took it into their heads to organize a military company, and learn how to drill; and we did learn. There were four or five other companies of boys in the city, and we excelled all of them in drilling—and not only companies of boys, but men who had been drilling for years. The reason we organized this company was, that we thought it would be a benefit to us and our race at some time. Five of the members have gone to the war, to aid in putting down this rebellion, and to free our brethren who are in bondage, and no doubt some one of those boys who have gone, may turn out to be the Hannibal of America, so now, ladies and gentlemen, let us keep together, and improve ourselves, so that we may become great men and women.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM DENVER.

Denver, August 10th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Your kind letter, informing me of the publication of my letter in reference to mining interests, legal claims, &c., was duly received. You said I certainly did not read much. I read every paper that comes to hand; but none, containing my letter, ever came to hand, for which I am sorry, but it was no fault of yours. I shall soon write another letter on the same subject.

I am glad to inform you that I shall be able to procure some subscribers here for your excellent paper before many days. As soon as I get them, I will forward the subscription-fees and the names of the subscribers.

We had a glorious celebration here on the 1st of August, on which occasion we were honored by the presence of the Governor and Hon. S. S. Harding, Chief Justice of the Territory, and several distinguished divines, besides many other eminent men. I have enclosed an account of the same, taken from the *Rocky Mountain News* of this city, which, with this letter, I hope you will be kind enough to publish.

We wish the many readers of your paper to know that we still love and appreciate freedom, and that we celebrated that happy event, which gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves, on the virgin soil of these broad plains, in the shadow of the towering, snow-crested peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Here the soil has never been pressed by the foot of one unhappy slave, or desecrated by the tread of the proud and cruel oppressors of our race.

What a favorable and happy change has come over the minds of the people since the commencement of the rebellion! It is the same, more or less, all over the land. A few years ago, we could not have procured the finest and most fashionable theatre in Denver to speak in; but now we can, and can fill it with a large, intelligent and appreciative audience, who will now applaud sentiments that they would have hissed a few years ago.

These are encouraging omens, which should cause a thrill of joy in every heart that throbs with the love of freedom and the desire for the advancement and elevation of our people in this country.

The following is the extract from the *Rocky Mountain News:*

"*The Colored Folks' Celebration.*—The Anniversary of the Emancipation of Slavery in the West Indies was celebrated by our people of color, numbering a large delegation from the mountains, at the Denver Theatre, August 1st, in a spirited, appropriate and remarkably respectable manner. They had the exterior and interior fronts of the large building gracefully decorated with Union flags, festoons and rosettes of red, white and blue. A band of music and a minstrel choir discoursed patriotic music during the exercises. A most able, eloquent and appropriate oration was delivered extemporaneously by Mr. Hardin, a barber of this town, formerly from Kentucky, and a man, who, by the way, did make as eloquent a speech and delivered it with as much grace and admirable gesture as nine-tenths of the lawyers, preachers or public speakers of our western country. His effort was admired throughout with high appreciation, from the commencement to the close, by large numbers of the prominent 'white folks' and fair ladies of the city, who filled the lobbies and the dress-circle in one side of the theatre. Except Fred. Douglass and Brown, we do not remember having listened to a more ready or well read colored speaker for many years. Many of his ideas and arguments were well and forcibly presented, so as difficultly to be disputed with consistency and truth. Mr. Hardin was followed by Mr. Higginbotham, who interested and amused the large assemblage with an off-hand speech, replete with rich anecdotes and characteristic ideas. A sumptuous dinner for over a hundred people was served up in the International, and a big ball of the stylish sable sons and daughters of the celebration was a success."

WM. J. HARDIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

There is an ample field for benevolent and Christian operation, from the fact that we have between four and five hundred sick and wounded colored soldiers at the Summit House Hospital, (on the Darby Road, West Philadelphia,) who were maimed before Petersburg. Whilst they are well supplied with Government rations, fruit, pies, custards, tobacco, etc., are gladly received, subject to the discretion of the Ward officers.

On Tuesday and Friday of last week, a gentleman collected about $25, and, in co-operation with Miss Amelia Mills, of the "Ladies' Union Association," purchased 100 watermelons, 4 baskets of peaches, 4 baskets of citrons, 1 basket of apples, sundry pies, cakes, and 6 pounds of tobacco; all of which were distributed at the hospital by Miss Mills, Miss Cole, Miss Iredell, and Mrs. Jackson, who are ever ready to alleviate the sufferings of the poor soldiers, whose gratitude seemed to stimulate the self-denial and devotion of the ladies.

DONATIONS.

Dr. Parlow, $2.00; Dr. Parlow, Jr., 1.00; J. G. Bowers, .50; P. Buchanan, .50; Mrs. Hall, .50; Morris Brown, .25; Mr. Adger, .50; R. Adger, .25; Dr. Wilson, 2.00; Jas. Brown, 1.00; L. Douglass, .50; Thos. Bowers, .50; Rev. J. P. B. Eddy, 1.00; Cash, .25; Dr. Longfellow, .50; Wm. Kemble, .50; Mr. Brister, 1.00; E. S. Vosing, .75; Lenora Brown, .50; Mrs. Whitington, 1.00; Mrs. Vandyke, .25; Wm. Cooper, .25; A. Cassey, .50; J. C. Hustill, 2.00; Mr. Johnson, 1.00; St. George R. Taylor, 5.00; Gilpin Peer, 1.00; Mr. Anthony, 1.00; Ladies' Union, 5.00. Total, $31.00.

EXPENDITURES.

August 23d.—For tobacco, $2.60; citrons (4 baskets,) 1.00; apples (1 basket,) .60; peaches, (4 baskets,) 3.00; watermelons (100,) 4.00; porterage, .60; paper, etc., .60, hauling, 2.50; carriage, 2.00; toll, .14, cash to soldiers, 2.10; cash paid over, 1.86; August 26th.—Tobacco, 1.80; furniture car, 3.50; carriage, 2.60, toll, .14; cash to soldiers, .90. Total, $29.84.

Balance in hand, $1.66.

The watermelons, citrons, and peaches, distributed on the 26th, was the generous donation of Dr. F. H. Lawber.

Donations may be left with Miss Mills, 1015 Lombard St. J. H. WILSON.

August 26th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LIBERTY versus PEACE.

MR. EDITOR:—Why is there such an outcry about peace? If we do get peace as it is proffered to us, we will be only accepting proposals for another war. You may say peace, you may think peace, you may make sham prayers for peace, or you may encourage a rebel-conquering and Union-humiliating peace, acting solely upon motives of your own interest; but we, the true native Americans, now bearing arms in this war, want peace only on this basis. When the flag of liberty floats over the whole of this Western Hemisphere; when the watchword shall be, "One for all, and all for one." Then it is time to say: "Welcome a peace founded upon the ruins of tyranny and blood."

JOHN H. BARNES.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 28, 1864.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AS AN INVESTMENT.

There is one view of investments in Government stocks which has not been generally taken. If taken by shrewd capitalists and speculators, it has not been generally considered by the people. It is this: When, after a long suspension, specie payments are resumed, all stocks and all prices immediately and largely decline, but *Government stocks* DO NOT *materially decline.* This fact we assert on the ground of *historical experience.* It is true that in the War of 1813–15 Government stocks fell, at one time, to 70; but most of the banks were then suspended or bankrupt, and there was comparatively little currency in the country to buy stocks with. But suppose the gold value of Government stocks were this day 70, (the lowest they were ever till now sold at,) the market value at the present rate of gold would be 135, while in fact the stocks are selling below 105. Supposing then, that the market price of Government securities were, by the resumption of specie payments, to go down to 70 in July, the *decline* would be 35 on 105, equivalent to 33⅓ *per cent.*, while the decline on a railroad stock would be nearly or quite equal to the whole present difference between gold and paper. A common railroad stock, selling now at 105, would decline to 55, or, in the best supposable case, to 60. This is illustrated by the history of every suspension of specie payment we have had, and there are many business men who will recollect what the prices of produce, stocks and all salable commodities were after the commercial revulsions of 1837 and 1839—40. In 1841, '42 and '43, prices were reduced to a degree now scarcely credible. But *Government stocks* did not fall materially. On the contrary, it is a settled principle deduced from all experience in England and this country, that *Government funds do not fluctuate to the same extent as other kinds of property.* There is good reason for it. The time, *rate of interest* and *security* are all fixed and permanent. There may be some variations in the market price, owing to the greater or less bulk of the entire currency, but there can be none in the intrinsic value; and hence it is, *that historically* the fluctuations in the value of Government stock have been comparatively small. In all the recent commercial fluctuations of England (in some of which there has been a complete prostration of all other property,) the variation in British consols has not been over five or six per cent. This cannot be said of any other kind of stock. Of railway and bank stocks the great variations and at times wonderful depreciation are notorious. Sudden commercial revulsions have reduced these stocks to one half their price. Suppose, then, that with gold say at 90 now, and Government stock at 105, there should be a resumption of gold payments in one year, (and this is a supposition which may become a fact,) what would be the relative effect on three kinds of stock—say government at 105, bank at 118, and railroad at 120? In all human probability the resumption of gold payments in a year would bring them to these relative prices, viz.: Government, 90; bank, 85; railroad, 70.

Judged by *historical experience* this would be nearly the *relative* result. The consequence, then, is that the Government funds depreciate 15 per cent., the banks 25, and the railroads 50. It is more probable, if this statement be thought erroneous, that the actual results would be much more in favor of Government. But we merely give this as an illustration of a general historical truth, that on the resumption of specie payments, or on the occurrence of a great commercial revulsion, the fall in Government stocks will be far less, relatively, than the fall in any other kind of stocks. *The practical inference* from this is plain. The purchase of Government stock being made for investment, *it is a far safer and more profitable investment, for the future*, when gold payments will be resumed, than any other.

Now nobody can doubt that the War (that is, the great bulk and expense of the War,) will be over in a year or so; and when that occurs, *there will come a gold standard*; and then, when others are lamenting over the fall of stocks, the holder of Government loans will have no fall to lament. He will, in fact, profit by that change which injures the holders of other property.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM PRINCETON.

Princeton, N. J.,
August 27th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—In the Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Salem, New Jersey, from May 30th to June 6th, 1864, for the Philadelphia District, on the 6th day of June, I was appointed to Princeton Circuit, composed of three churches in Princeton. We have a newly-built, convenient and very pleasant little brick church, that will seat about five hundred persons, and a debt of one thousand dollars on it. We found the spiritual state of said church at a very low ebb. We also have snug little churches at Rocky Hill, six miles from Princeton, and on Sowers' Mountain, ten miles from Princeton. Each of these last-named churches will seat from two to three hundred persons; but their spiritual state was in no better condition than the first-named. At the present time they all seem more promising for good.

In regard to the *Christian Recorder* in Princeton, I would say that I found it similar to South Camden. Last year I found only three papers received per week in all Camden; but I added from sixteen to sixty to that number per week, although you made no acknowledgment for me, as you did for others. Yet we have private receipts for every paper. We sold nearly eleven hundred last year. Since we have been in Princeton, we have disposed of thirty copies per week, and paid for them. HENRY DAVIS.

[It is true that Brother Davis has done all he says, and more too. We only hope he will soon be able to dispose of *one hundred* copies per week.—ED.]

WE are the body of Christ, and his members; our eyes are the eyes of Christ; how dare we misuse them by sinful looks? Our mouth is the mouth of Christ: how dare we open it to speak what is contrary to him? Our hands and feet are the members of Christ: how dare we use them as the members of sin?

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1864.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of the two brothers, Jordan Shepherd and Randall Shepherd, who left Norfolk, Va., some 18 or 20 years ago, or more. They are my brothers, and I shall be under many obligations to any one who can give me any information concerning them.

Word can be left at the Office of the *Christian Recorder*, or to the undersigned, at Portsmouth, Va. RACHEL SHEPHERD.

August 1st, 1864. 6w.

NOTICE.

The second Quarterly Meeting of the A M E. Bethel Church, in the city of Wilmington, Del, will be held, the Lord willing, on Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1864, at which time the Rev Joseph H. Smith is expected to preach

H. J. RHODES, Minister in charge.

NOTICE.

Rev. Theo. Doughty Miller, late of Albany, N. Y., will be installed as pastor of the Pearl street Baptist Church of this city, on Thursday evening next, Sept. 8th, at a quarter before 8 o'clock.

NOTICE.

My second course of Quarterly Meetings will commence with a General Class, at Norristown, on Friday evening, Sept. 16th. On Saturday, 17th inst., Quarterly Conference, at 2 P. M.; at Germantown, on Saturday and Sunday, 24th and 25th inst.; and at West Philadelphia, on the 1st and 2d of October. PETER GARDENER,

Preacher in charge of W. Phila. Circuit.

sept 3—2t

NOTICE.

HORNTOWN CIRCUIT

The Sabbath-school will make an excursion to the beautiful grove near the Church, on Thursday, Sept. 8th. Three addresses will be delivered on that day by eminent speakers.

There will also be a three days' Preaching, commencing on Friday, 9th inst.

We tender an invitation to all the friends.

JOHN C. CORNISH, Preacher in charge.

NOTICE.

Love, Purity, and Truth.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RIGHT WORTHY NATIONAL GRAND COUNCIL OF NORTH AMERICA, OF THE I. O. OF G. S. AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.—Notice is hereby given that a Grand Convocation will take place at the city of Wilmington, state of Delaware, on Tuesday, 20th of September, 1864, at 12 o'clock, M.

State and District Grand Councils will be represented by the constitutional number of delegates. One Past W. Chief and Past Daughter from Subordinate Lodges, will attend, properly accredited, and bearing the seal of the respective Lodges sending such representative is requested.

SAMUEL V. BEAKLE, R W. N. G. C.
ROBT. B. J. PROCTOR, R. W. N. G. SEC.

P. S.—An election for officers will take place.

sept. 3—3t

APPOINTMENTS.

Bishop Wayman's Appointments.

Sept. 4th, Ellicott's Mills, Md.
do 11th, at 11 o'clock, Wrightsville, Pa.
do 3 o'clock, Columbia, Pa.
do 7½ o'clock, Lancaster, Pa.
Monday night, Sept. 12th, Marietta, Pa.
Tuesday night, Sept. 13th, Conestoga, Pa.
Wednesday do 14th, Pottsville, Pa.
Thursday do 15th, Reading, Pa.
Friday do 16th, Deep Valley, Pa.
Sabbath, Sept. 18th, 10 o'clock, Germantown, Pa.
do do 3 o'clock, West Philadelphia, Pa.
do do at night, Zion Mission, Philadelphia.
Sabbath, Sept. 25th, 10 o'clock, Gouldtown, N. J.
do do 3 o'clock, Bridgeton, N. J.
do do at night, Springfield, N. J.
Tuesday night, Sept. 27th, Salem, N. J.
Wednesday do 28th, Bushtown, N. J.
Thursday do 29th, Woodbury, N. J.
Friday do 30th, Snow Hill, N. J.

The preachers in charge will please have the above appointments announced.

The appointments for October will be published hereafter. A. W. WAYMAN

Baltimore, August 26th, 1864

NOTICE

There will be a Bush Meeting held, commencing September 3d, 1864, in the woods near Millville, N. J., for the benefit of the new church about to be erected in that place.

Three trains of cars run to Millville every day, except Sabbath, from Walnut Street wharf. Time of starting, 6, 10 and 4.30.

JOSHUA WOODLIN.

OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We are glad to send from Indianapolis the following list of those who have renewed their subscription, and some who have just commenced:—

Indianapolis, Ind.	
Willis Brown,	3 25
Wm. Walden,	2 50
Hiram Parker,	2 50
Augustus Turner,	2 50
Martha Steward,	2 50
Wm. Franklin,	2 50
Ann Spencer,	2 50
Amanda Hill,	2 00
Mrs. M. J. Harrison,	1 25
Miss E. Gavins,	2 50
Laura M. Williams,	3 50
Willis Tott, a soldier,	1 00
Fanny Washington,	2 50
F. E. Outland,	2 50
Miss A. S. Harvey,	2 50
Ann A. Smothers,	1 25
Julia A. Cateshy,	2 50
Vincennes, Ind.	
Indiana Florence,	2 28
Jos. Pettiford,	2 25
Terre Haute, Ind.	
Morgan Walden,	1 10
Charlottesville, Ind.	
John Ferguson,	1 25
Richmond, Ind.	
Jos. Banks,	1 25
Canton, Ind.	
Peter Garland,	2 50
Franklin, Ind	
A. Mammon,	2 50
Keokuk, Iowa.	
Titus Shropshire,	1 25

The Indiana Conference ministers paid as follows:—

Revs A. T. Hall,	1 25
W. H Revels,	2 25
Wm S Lankford,	2 25
L. W. Bass,	2 25
J Mitchem,	2 25
F Myers,	2 00
D Winslow	3 25
E C Joiner,	1 75
H B Smith,	2 05
H Green,	1 75
Washington, D C.	
Rev. J R V. Thomas,	6 00
Morrowtown, O.	
Miss Lizzie Hart, to send Recorder to a soldier,	1 15
Carlisle, Pa	
Mrs. M A. Jones,	1 50
Providence, R. I.	
Per Rev. J. W. Burley:—	
Lydia T. Bodson,	1 13
Louisa Wormsley,	1 12
West Chester, Pa.	
Louisa Lindsey,	1 15
Miss C. Holmes,	1 15
Near Petersburg, Va.	
Sergt. Brown, per J. C. Brock,	2 25
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,	1 00
Cape Island, N. J.	
Wm Coe, per Rev. S. Smith,	1 25
Princeton, N J.	
Mt. Pisgah Sabbath School, for books, per Rev. H. Davis,	9 75
Kinderhook, N. Y.	
Rev. Johnson,	1 80
Pittsburg, Pa.	
Rev. L. Woodson,	1 25

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Friday Morning, Aug. 19, 1864

Conference met, per adjournment, at the hour of 9 o'clock, A. M. Bishop Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bishop Campbell. Conference was opened by Rev Benjamin Hill. The Minutes were read and approved. The Reports of Committees were submitted and approved. One very important Report on Education was presented by Rev. T. Strother. This having been disposed of, the Report on Sabbath Schools was next called for by the Bishop. The Reports of the different Sabbath Schools were considerably in increase of those of former years. After this and several other matters of business had been transacted, the Wilberforce University was presented for attention. The names were called alphabetically, the brethren responding to their names in order. Some of the brethren had not done much in that direction. One local brother, Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, of New Albany, Indiana, paid in cash $25. Well done! At 11 o'clock we were permitted to address the Conference on behalf of our Book Concern and paper, the Christian Recorder. It was apparently received with much cordiality and satisfaction. After some other preliminary matters were attended to, Conference adjourned.

Saturday Morning, Aug. 20.

Conference met, per adjournment, and was opened by Bishop Campbell. The roll was then called, and the preceding Minutes read and approved.

At this juncture and stage of the proceedings, an appeal case from Terre Haute was laid before the Conference. It was from James S Bundy, a local preacher, who had been expelled by the Quarterly Conference.

The case was examined by Rev. R Bridges, on behalf of appellant, and Rev. Charles Burch on behalf of the Church.

The doings of the Quarterly Conference were confirmed.

Conference, after hearing the appointments for Sabbath, adjourned.

Monday, Aug 22.

Conference met, per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bishop Campbell.

The roll was called, and the Minutes read and approved The Conference then proceeded to unfinished business A number of Committees made their Report The Conference had two sessions to-day The subject of the auxiliary missionary society came up, and was discussed It was agreed that there should be one held at night.

The following persons were appointed to address the meeting: Revs Elisha Weaver, Chas. Burch, Thomas Strother, A. T. Wood.

Conference adjourned, to meet at a quarter to 8 o'clock, in Roberts Chapel.

Quarter to 8 o'clock.

Missionary meeting met. The church was crowded. The speaking was very fine, so the audience said. The result was that we received the sum of fifty-two dollars and thirty cents—a very good collection Every thing went off in the best possible manner. This is the largest session that the Indiana Conference has ever held.

Tuesday Morning, Aug. 23.

Conference met, per adjournment. Bishop Quinn having been taken quite ill, Bp. Campbell presided

The roll was then called, and Minutes read and approved. The Conference proceeded to unfinished business.

By resolution, Conference ordered fifty dollars to be sent to the parent missionary society at Baltimore, Md Well done for the Indiana Conference.

The following resolution was offered by Rev. Charles Burch, and seconded by Rev. H. B. Smith:

Whereas, the Christian Recorder is the official organ of the A. M E Church and connexion—and whereas, its continuation and future prosperity is essential to the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Indiana Conference, pledge ourselves to use our best efforts to increase the number of subscriptions to said paper to eight hundred.

It now being 12 o'clock, Conference adjourned to meet at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M, to ordain two elders and two deacons.

2 o'clock, P. M.

Bishop Campbell in the Chair The Conference proceeded to unfinished business, so as to get ready for the ordinations, and to read out the appointments.

The Rev. Charles Burch delivered the ordination discourse, which was among the best we ever heard, on the occasion. It was very appropriate and pointed. The discourse being over, Bishop Campbell now proceeded to the ordination of the deacons and elders, which was performed with much solemnity

This is Bishop Campbell's second effort to ordain since he has been made Bishop. It was creditable.

The following appointments were made for the Indiana Conference:

STATIONS.

Indianapolis, Ind , W R Revels.
Richmond, " F. Myers.
New Albany, " A. McIntosh
Vincennes, " L. W Bass
Terre Haute, " R. Bridges.
Chicago, Ill , Quinn Chapel, A. F Hall.
" Bethel, A T Wood
Springfield, Ill., Wm. C. Trevan.
Galena, Ill , ————
Jacksonville, Ill , E C Joiner.
Muscatine, G. N Black

CIRCUITS.

Blue River, Ind , W D Winslow
Newport, Ind , Watson R. Buckle.
Grant Co , Ind , Benj. Hill.
Salem, Ind , S Nichols
Charlestown, Ind , H. B. Smith.
Lafayette, Ind., Wm. Jackson.
Evansville, Ind., Haden Green
Bloomington, Ill., S. W. Lankford.
Galesburg, Ill., Johnson Mitchem
Quincy, Ill., to be supplied.
Keokuk, Ill , Madison Patterson.
Wisconsin Mission, J. B. Dawson.

Revs Thomas Strother and C. Burch were transferred to the Missouri Conference.

Adjourned.

Louisville, Kentucky,
Friday Morning, Aug. 26, 1864.

We left Indianapolis, Ind., last night, bound for this place. We started at 9 o'clock at night, in company with Bishops Quinn and Campbell, and F. Myers. We arrived at this place at 5 o'clock.

We waited here a long time for the arrival of the Recorder, but the mails to this point are not as prompt and regular as they should be, and, consequently, much to our disappointment and chagrin, our periodical failed to make its appearance in due season. It had not reached Indianapolis when we left. Tardiness seems to be quite a characteristic of our Western mails: why it should be, we know not. The paper should arrive there every Monday, as it is promptly mailed on Friday night. The fault then must necessarily lie in the postal arrangements.

A WORD TO THE BRETHREN WHO HAVE ORDERED DISCIPLINES.

This comes greeting. A few weeks ago, when a few Disciplines were ready, we gave notice of the fact in our columns. Of this lot we took one-half to the Indiana Conference; the other half was mostly needed to fill orders previously received. Thus, in a few days, all the first lot has been disposed of.

Owing to some difficulty with our binder, (he not being able to obtain good hands to work,) our orders have been somewhat delayed. For this we beg indulgence from our brethren. We have both orders and money for some, and are unable to supply the demand. But, brethren, have patience a week or so, and we will endeavor to satisfy all. We would like to supply all, but we are obliged to go by an old motto: "First come, first served."

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

Progress of Events in General—Colored Troops; their Treatment by the Government—Paymaster 54th Regiment—Complaints of Soldiers at the various Posts—Just Cause of Complaint—White Soldiers and Families cared for—Blacks neglected.

MR. EDITOR:—The revolving wheel of time upheaves to our vision the rapid march of human destiny. The commotions in the land impress us the more as we recognize in them the developing principles of universal liberty and the unceasing determination among the masses to be free, claiming and absolutely maintaining their birthright against all usurpers. In every direction we turn our eyes a constant struggle is in progress—an "irrepressible" conflict—a conflict of ideas, the awaking of the inborn fires of liberty, and a universality of brotherhood among the races. The genius of liberty has presided over the destiny of man in all ages, and however much the ambitious tyrants have sought to ride down the millions, however strong the combinations of politicians have been, yet liberty has remained the right of the millions; it has been the mainspring of all their efforts—has given life and energy to all enterprises—the regenerator of oppressed humanity; and men have stood up and walked forth with steady purpose towards a higher civilization, and no political chicanery can deprive them of those aspirations.

Nations grow to maturity by the inevitable laws of progression; and if there are seeming incongruities which are inseparable from a state of undevelopment, the hand of time must pass over them as well as individuals, that age and experience may do their work, and the accumulated wisdom of centuries suffice to instruct governments. Ours is an age of rapid movements—ours is a government of the "people," ruled by *caprice, conventions, newspapers, commerce, gold*, and *slavery*. "The freest of the free," yet dye their hands to their elbows in the blood of their black Brothers; robbing cradles of their sleeping children, selling them to the cotton fields and rice swamps, and still crying to other nations "We have an asylum for all the oppressed of every land." They would colonize all the native born blacks in Africa, and invite all the brood of potato eaters in Ireland to come over and take their places; no regard to the rights of men whom God has made with all intellectual endowments with themselves, but of a different complexion; no regard to the teachings of the Bible, which they claim to take as their guide.

Like people, like government. They that govern do but the behest of their masters. The people in their dealing, ask, "Will it pay?" and the government in its dealings, inquires, "Is it a safe policy?—Can we carry our measures advantageously to our party, if we pay the negroes as we do white soldiers?" and, when any thing is done which benefits the oppressed, it is because military necessity demands it as a stroke of policy. A great and wealthy nation like this, ought certainly to have honor enough to pay its "negroes," who have been digging their trenches to shelter their cowardly officers who hide themselves from the missiles of the rebels. This government ought, at least, to keep its promises to colored soldiers, whom they have promised to protect, and pay for the services which they have performed Thus far, it has been false to all black men enlisted in the free states. Falsehood and insincerity, unsuitable as they seem to the dignity of public transactions, offend us with a less degrading idea of meanness than when they are found in the transactions of private life. In the latter, they discover a want of courage, in the other, only a defect of power; and, as it is impossible for the most able statesmen, to subdue millions of followers and enemies by their own personal strength, the world, under the name of policy, seems to have granted them a very liberal indulgence of craft and dissimulation. Yet the acts of our government cannot be justified by the most ample privileges of state reason. It has promised only to betray us! (Fort Pillow not avenged!) Flattered only to ruin! (Robbed the poor colored soldiers of their just dues, and left their families to suffer and starve. Not a colored regiment in the service has yet received its full pay as whites, in the United States' service.) And however they may have occasionally bound themselves by promises, their consciences, obsequious to their own interests, always release them from the inconvenience of obligation.

Complaints come up from every camp of colored soldiers that they have not received their pay The 54th has been fighting the battles of this country for fourteen months; doing deeds which have compelled the copperheads to acknowledge, that men who have so nobly done their duty deserve pay. Your correspondent from S. C., "Close Observer," gives us information of interest to all colored men. That villanous captain of company A, of 32d U. S. C. T, who threatened to shoot like a dog, any one who refused to take the seven dollars, or who influenced any one not to take it, should be taught to know that black soldiers have rights which captains are bound to respect They should know shooting is a business which black men have learned to perform as well as they. The coming National Convention of Colored People must look these questions in the face, and bring to bear their influence upon the administration, to remove these wrongs which we are suffering at the hands of a class of irresponsible men. We will remember all these things when we come to the ballot-box, whenever colored men vote in the States. The Convention must hold up these wrongs of their brethren to the eyes of Christendom, and plead before the tribunal of public sentiment: in the mean time, let the soldiers hold on to their muskets, and be wide awake. When the time comes, strike for your liberty and freedom forever Till then, wait. JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM PORTSMOUTH, VA

MR. EDITOR:—I hope you will present the following petition in our valuable Church paper:

A meeting-house at "Jolliff," about fifteen miles from this city, was formerly used jointly by colored people, Indians, and white people. The church that formerly stood on the same ground, was built jointly by representatives of each of the races; therefore, when the new house was put up, each race had a right to worship there. They did worship together until the war began; then the white minister left, and the whites would not allow the colored people and Indians to worship in the house, nor would they worship there themselves, particularly after "the Yankees" came here. Last year, the colored people consulted a steward, who held the key of the house, about holding a meeting in the house. He did not object; but on the day appointed, the people having met, he told them to "scatter"—that he was "sorry to say that the other stewards did not agree with him." On the 16th of this month (August,) I sent forward a notice, that I should preach in the Jolliff meeting-house on the next day, at 1 o'clock, P. M. On the morning of the 17th, I called on the steward, J. R., a white man, and told him of the appointment, and asked him if he intended to eject us! He said, "Certainly not." When asked, "How about the other stewards?" he said, "Surely no one will disturb you."

Now to the petition Every window, door, and seat has been removed from the building. The cold and wet season is near. We are determined to "close the house in," and we shall help ourselves as far as possible. With two exceptions, all the colored families that worship in this house, are ex-slaves—that is to say, have become free since the war; they are very poor; many of them have come in from the rebel district utterly destitute; some of them have no work. We think, to seat this house plainly, and put windows and doors in at the present cost of hinges, nails, and boards, the expense would amount to $100. Now, what pastor of our connexion will take hold of this matter at once, and help us to help ourselves? Allow me to suggest an idea: a pastor that has a congregation of one hundred, can say: "Now, if each of you will give a dime (10 cts.) we can raise for this object, $10; two hundred persons, $20." Some persons would give more. The Government refuses (while doing *much* for us,) to "assist" us to "fix a *denominational* house." Another denomination is making a race with us on this circuit. Our motto is, "We'll not be outdone." Neither do we intend to allow our South Carolina mission to excel us. While we shall be glad to hear our connexion answer Bro Lynch's appeals favorably, we know there is enough money in the pockets of our people at the North, that belongeth to the Lord, to do all that needeth to be done for the Virginia and South Carolina missions, and not distress the churches in the peaceful districts of our country.

Come, friends of Jesus, rally round the standard of our home mission cause, which is the cause of Jesus, and work to that extent that you may be able to hear the approval of God: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We send our prayer first to Jesus, who said, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth; he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." We believe these promises, and make them our own Having done so much, we forward our petition to you Send over money to our relief. Contributions may be sent to Rev. E Weaver, Box 2975, Philadelphia Post-office, Pa., or to the writer, JAMES F. SISSON,

Preacher in charge, Box 74, Portsmouth, Va.

P S.—By the way, Rev Brother Handy went home a few days since, to visit his sick wife, and a sick child, that has died since he arrived home He has been told by the enrolling officer, that he "cannot return to Virginia," because he is "enrolled" Yesterday, a letter from Bro. Handy was read in his church, stating the case, in which he said, "by paying $500 for a substitute, he can return;" and very modestly remarked: "I can furnish $200, if my church will raise $300 Yesterday afternoon they raised $100 in the congregation; at night they raised $113, making $218 in all On Tuesday night, of this week, they intend to raise the balance, viz., $87, and they will do it This course is very commendable, and I am full of joy at the prospect of Bro. H.'s return. J. F. S.

Portsmouth, Va , Aug. 30th, 1864

For the Christian Recorder

A WORD FROM DARBY, PA.

God, with us, Jehovah, who is real Love and Wisdom, descended and assumed the humanity, to the end that he might reduce to order all things which were in heaven, and all things which were in hell, and all things which were in the church, since at that time the power of hell prevailed over the power of heaven, and upon earth the power of evil over the power of good, and thence a total damnation stood before the door, and threatened. This impending damnation Jehovah God removed by means of his humanity, which was divine truth,—and thus he redeemed angels and men. Afterwards he united in his humanity divine truth with divine good, or divine wisdom with divine love, and thus together with and in his glorified humanity returned into his divine, in which he was from eternity.

Such, in brief, is the doctrine of the Lord's church, touching the incarnation of Jehovah. By means of his humanity he brought himself into contact with the human race, in a manner so palpable and manifest, that no one who was willing to come near him could mistake his presence;—and this tangible angel of his presence became the right hand of his power and his holy arm for the salvation of his people. The Lord, by means of his humanity, brought his disciples around him, even into his divine presence. He conjoined them with his own person, and he imparted to them the life-giving element of heaven, while, at the same time, he taught them the rudiments of his heavenly kingdom To spend but a single day in close companionship with our Lord and Master, how it would move and change our very life to go with him, as Peter, and James and John went with him into the mount, to hear his voice, to recline upon his bosom, to lean upon his great arm, to walk with him by the seaside, to sit down with him in the cool of the day by the brook Kedron, to enter into the sphere of his life, to linger upon his words of wisdom, to see the display of his miraculous power, how it would deliver us from the toils of earth, and translate us into heaven! The disciples saw all this, and things innumerable besides, which never have been, and never can be described in any book Let this suffice, and I will say something on the rudiments of his person.

The Lord became a sun to us As the sun of our earth, which has three degrees—sun, light, and heat—but is the same sun, not divided into three, but is the same sun, so it is with the Lord and his divine power. It is one, as he teaches in John i. 1: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." John x. 30: "I and my Father are one." Deut. vi. 4: "Hear, O Israel, The Lord our God is one Lord." Then our Lord confirmed the same when they asked him, which is the first commandment of all? "Jesus answered, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." One is not two, but one. Though, being born in the world, he then came into the sphere of man; that is to say, took on him a human nature, and made that humanity in him become divine, and conjoined the humanity with the divine, and became our Redeemer, as well as our Lord. Again, Isaiah ix. 6: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Therefore, he that will come into a covenant with the Son, must look at him in this way. Read the twentieth chapter of Exodus, from the first verse to the 17th inclusive; then you will be able to understand all that our Lord teaches in the Old and New Testaments of himself: that the same God who made all things is the very same God who redeemed us by means of his humanity,—and, fighting against the power of hell, or the evil and the false in us, overcame in temptation, and conquered the evil of his human nature received of the mother and maid, it became divine, which was done when he died on the cross, in his last temptation and passion. In that the last of the human was put off, and all of the divine was put on.

One more thought. Isaiah xxv. 9: "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." In the very God, who made all things of himself, there are always two names in the Old Testament; that is to say, Lord God; and in the New Testament, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which is the same,—with this difference, however, when spoken of in the first place, he is unseen, and in the second place manifested in the sight of all men.

Your humble servant in the Lord,

ISAAC CARR.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM FOLLY ISLAND, S. C.

Camp of the 55th Mass ,
Folly Island, S C.,
August 19, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—After a long silence, I resume my pen once more.

When we, as intelligent beings, observe closely the surrounding elements, viz: air, earth, fire and water, all seem to answer the noble purposes for which they were ordained. The first is frequently made the basis upon which God displays His sublime power. His immortality is known to the inhabitants thereof; they seem, in their way, to reverence their Creator.

But man, the noblest of God's creation, bore in himself the divine image of his Maker, but lost it by disobedience. The indescribable blessings bestowed upon him is sufficient proof that he was created for a noble end. With all these inestimable favors and privileges, he continues to practise evils of the most heinous nature

There are those who cling tenaciously to a system of slavery, which, in my humble opinion, is swift-winged to destruction. That accursed system has been the sole cause of the most accurate minds being deprived of that culture required to make them the noblest gems the world ever witnessed or light dawned upon. That system can only be annihilated by the shedding of blood or starvation

Mr. Editor, allow me to vary from the above somewhat, in order that your readers may have a clear idea of my views Before we, as a nation, can effect any thing worthy of comment, we must be inseparably united Then good can be accomplished, and it is absolutely wrong to pursue a different course

I notice an article in the columns of your truly important paper, which has a tendency to occasion bickering and contention among the soldiers now in the service of the United States We, as soldiers, writing for the inspection of the public eye, should be very careful not to assert any thing that does not meet the hearty concurrence of our comrades engaged in the same cause.

We should regard the feelings of our relatives and friends at home, and do unto others as we would have them do unto us. It is an evident fact, that man should be employed, mentally or physically. He must be doing something, either good or evil.

Perhaps "Wild Jack" was not impressed with thoughts like the above, or he would not have written so scathingly of the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Volunteers. He should remember that our contending manfully for our rights as volunteers is his gain.

The reason why we refused to receive the pay offered us was on account of its not being according to our enlistment. Consequently, we refused to take it. After which, we were assured, that Congress, when in session, would settle the matter of pay

We agreed to await the action of Congress, willingly and uncomplainingly doing our duty as soldiers and men. After the session of Congress was over, we found ourselves no better off than we were before, that body having done nothing for us "Wild Jack" must have been ignorant, of this, or he would have spoken differently.

I desire the public to remember, that we were not allured into the service of the Government by money, as some have thought. We were enlisted as a part of the quota of Massachusetts. We were promised the same clothing, rations, pay and treatment that other soldiers from the Old Bay State received. The Governor of Massachusetts assured us, that he did not think any thing would occur to occasion faction among the soldiers composing the 54th and 55th regiments.

We have had a holy and sacred object in view, not for the sake of having the name of a soldier, but for the sole purpose of striking the fatal blow to slavery, that the oppressed may be set free.

I am free to say, that the colored troops before Petersburg have the same object in view; but it is very difficult to ascertain "Wild Jack's" object, if he has any I will leave the solution of this question in charge of the men in his regiment, who are acquainted with him.

I earnestly hope that success may attend the colored soldiers now on the field of battle, and that a decided victory awaits their efforts.

Very respectfully and truly, yours,

BELLEFONTE.

For the Christian Recorder

BETHEL SCHOOL WALK.

Yesterday morning, 30th instant, the Sabbath-school of said Church convened, in order to proceed to Diamond Cottage, that beautiful grove, amid refreshing breezes, and under the bright orb of heaven, to celebrate the yearly occurrences in this city, amongst the different Sabbath-schools. And in view of this fact, the aged and the young, the lame and the agile, joined in the chorus until the leafy grove reverberated with mirthful strains.

It has been, from time immemorial, a practice among all nations to celebrate important occasions, hence the nursery of the Church did assemble to celebrate their Sabbath-school recreation—one of the brightest in her calendar—in which her loveliness has stood unblurred with curse of blood. It is one of the silent and peaceful triumphs of Christianity. Therefore, when time ushers in this glorious morn, and heaven's chandelier, from the vaulted sky, pours forth its flood of gold, how many hearts that are swelling with love and gratitude, send up their pure offering to Him who hath said: "Rejoice and be exceeding glad!"

Truly, it was a pleasant time all through, so far as I could discern, all seemingly enjoying themselves.

About 3 o'clock the trumpet sounded, calling the children from mirthfulness to feasting and addresses.

I was called upon to make a speech, through the kindness of Revs. Smith, Moore, and the Superintendent, Mr. Louis Seymour. After I vacated the conspicuous platform, the Rev. Stephen Smith, Wm. Moore, Father Henry, and T. G. Steward addressed the vast number of people, which was estimated at three thousand.

After the speeches, the youthful volunteers partook joyfully of the repast, which had been provided for them by their worthy superintendent and teachers.

I was much pleased to recognise, in the grove, Revs. Edward Hammonds, P. C. Davis, and Edward M. Peck, all young theological students of the Ashmun Seminary, on their return to labor over the Hebrew Bible, and the Greek Testament. May great success attend all the theological students.

Yours truly,
J. H. TURPIN.

Philadelphia, August 31st, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAPE ISLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. III

CAMP MEETINGS.

Now that the usual time for holding camp meetings is at hand, and we presume the usual camp-goers are all agog importuning preachers upon the importance of holding camps, it becomes seriously a question, as to whether the good sought to be accomplished by them, is not more than counter-balanced by the evil. God forbid, that we should, by any word or act, throw obstacles in the way, or retard a good cause. But God forbid, also, that we should be silent upon what we considered an evil. There was a time when camp meetings were a blessing not only to the community in which they were held, but thousands here testified that God did then visit them in the way of mercy, and crown them heirs of salvation. Perhaps those times are not passed yet; but they were more frequent and applicable in the good old times when money-getting and speculation had not possessed the spirit of the people to the exclusion of higher moral sentiments There was a time when buying and selling was very little known, or perhaps not done at all at camp meetings. Then members of churches clubbed together for mutual accommodation not only of themselves, but also of friends and strangers who might visit the meetings; and those that came for the purpose of having a gala time of fun and feasting, had their ardor greatly cooled by finding no congenial companions who would assist to fill up the measure of their desires. Such were the camp meetings of olden times; and perhaps many of those who attended them, who are gone, and many who still remain, can brood over the spot, and date their espousal to God from thence.

But how now?

In entering our protest against certain things, we are not to be supposed as condemning camp meetings as such, for the good that has been, may be again, with the use of the same means. We may only use, in this connexion, the language of the prophet—"Return, O backsliding Israel; why will ye die?"

We have never seen the necessity of holding camp meetings within a radius of ten miles of such large cities as Philadelphia, especially when it is considered that churches, preachers, and preaching abound within such circuit. Camp meetings within the space named, become a resort for the low, vulgar, and vicious of society. But even this might, and ought to be tolerated, when we consider that "It's sinners Jesus came to call," if professing Christians did not still pander to the depraved appetites of those sinful comers, to gratify their greed of gain, and thus destroy all the good that might otherwise be effected How far the moral influence of the Church is compromised in the minds of those who riot in wickedness, I leave it to those judges who study the effect of influences upon the human mind. We have seen enough to convince us, that the camp meetings of these times are not conducted with the strictest regard to morals. Whatever may be the desire of those who lead in them, the inducements to hold camps are not always of the highest order.

Sometimes the circuit may be indebted to the preacher, and the members desire to have a camp in order to raise the means for paying him. Sometimes the preacher comes money-hunting, in preference to everything else, he neither preaches nor prays without the ring of money in every utterance; he must have camp, if there is any prospect of money. When these things are uppermost, the means resorted to to induce people to attend, and the privileges given to venders of commodities, are not the most commendable. The selling of tent privileges to unscrupulous persons, to cover camp expenses, ought never to be allowed in any Christian community; and yet it is done at our modern camps. I have known persons who owned woods and taverns contiguous, to offer woods gratis, and one or two hundred dollars, to preachers, on condition that they should hold camp meetings; and we know that these offers have not unfrequently been accepted—the preacher lending himself to demoralize the Church and community, and to make the worst possible use of camp meetings. This is especially so near large cities, where the spirit of money-getting possesses in large measure the souls of both preacher and people. The spirit to pay debts, is commendable—especially so in Christians; but to sell out to the devil to pay debts, is verily like doing evil that good may come. When we consider that there are vast demoralising influences to be counteracted and held in check, it becomes the Christian Church to tighten down and interlace the flood-gates of vice, especially where aggregation of numbers increases the facilities for crime. SEASIDE

For the Christian Recorder.

THE AFRICAN UNION CONFERENCE AT WILMINGTON, DEL.

MR EDITOR:—The African Union Conference convened in the Union Church, French Street, above Twelfth, Wilmington, Del., August 25th, 1864.

I was not present the first day. The second day I had the extreme pleasure of being present. It was pleasing to me to have such a blessed opportunity of sitting in an ecclesiastical body, where there was such an exhibition of the spirit of Christ manifested in the deliberations of Conference as was to be witnessed among those ministers and elders They did not allow themselves to get so excited in debate as to get angry. They seemed to eye the glory of God in all their deliberations.

Second Day, Friday, August 26th.

Conference met at nine o'clock.

Meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Lewis P. Hood

The Rev William Hutchins presided, assisted by the Rev. John C. Ramsey.

On motion, the Rev. Perry A. Gibbs was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

Roll called.

On motion, the reading of the Minutes be left until the Secretary arrives. Carried.

Rev. J. C. Ramsey, one of the oldest ministers of that connection, then arose and addressed the Conference. His remarks were very interesting and appropriate.

The Rev. Nelson Morris then coming in, it was moved that he read the Minutes. Carried.

The Minutes were then read, and, on motion, were adopted.

N Morris then made a few remarks.

On motion, that they go into an examination. Carried.

The examination was conducted in the form of a class-meeting.

The Rev. Ramsey examined Revs Hutchins and E. Williams.

On motion, the Rev. Hood was appointed to take the chair, to allow brother Hutchins to continue the examination.

Brothers Williams and Hutchins then continued the examination.

The examination being ended, on motion of J. C. Ramsey, E. Williams was appointed to nominate a Committee of Five on Orders and Appeals, also a Committee of Three on Finance.

A petition from the church at Christiana, Del., was read, praying the Conference to ordain T. Blackson, deacon.

On motion, it was received and referred to the Committee on Orders.

The members were then called upon to settle with the Finance Committee.

A petition was then read, asking the Conference to grant preacher and exhorter licenses to certain brethren. [I did not get the names of those persons who were granted licenses.] Carried.

A letter from the West Chester (Pa.) Church was then read It stated, that they had purchased a lot for two hundred and twenty-five dollars. They had paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and had three years to pay the balance. They had also collected sixty dollars towards paying off the remaining one hundred dollars.

The Committee on Orders then reported favorably in the case of T. Blackson.

It was moved, that the report be received and adopted.

D. P. Anderson opposed the adoption of the report, because it was not full.

A motion was then offered by D. P. Anderson, that the report be amended. Carried.

The report was then amended by D P. Anderson, the Secretary.

It was read as amended, and, on motion, was adopted

The hour of adjournment having arrived, on motion, the Conference adjourned with benediction.

Afternoon Session.

Conference met at three o'clock, and was opened in the usual way.

Rev William Hopkins presided, assisted by Rev. J. C. Ramsey.

A petition from Canesville Church was read, praying the Conference to ordain James Smith a deacon.

On motion, the petition was referred to the Committee on orders.

A letter was read, in reference to a debt on a certain church.

On motion, a Committee of Five were appointed to attend to the matter.

A due-bill of forty dollars against the Conference was then read. It was stated, that the creditor agreed to give one dollar if the bill was paid.

It was moved that half of the bill be paid. Carried

The Committee on Orders reported in the case of brother James Smith. They recommended him for orders.

On motion, the report be received and adopted. Carried.

A note was read from Canesville.

On motion, that it be received Carried.

It was then moved, that it be returned, and the persons be instructed how to address the Conference Carried

The Chairman informed the brethren that had passed for deacons' orders, that they would have to meet the New York Annual Conference, and there be examined. If they passed examination, they would be ordained.

Some other business was then transacted.

The time for adjournment having arrived, on motion, Conference adjourned, with benediction.

Saturday Morning, August 27.

I was late getting to Conference. When I arrived they were debating the question in regard to having the Quarterly Meeting at Christiana, Del.

On motion, there be no Quarterly Meeting at Christiana, Del. Carried.

There was a motion to leave it to the will of the people.

The motion, that there be no Quarterly Meeting at Christiana, Del, was amended

The subject of the Conference debt became the next business.

A brother was reading the newspaper.

On motion, it was decided to be out of order for a member to read a newspaper in the Conference.

A letter from Providence, R. I., was read, in reference to the holding of a camp-meeting.

On motion, the communication be received and adopted. Carried.

A petition was read, from the class of Mount Pleasant Church, Pa., asking for the appointment of Rev. Hopkins to their church, stating, that they were willing to receive him as such.

It was, on motion, received and referred to the Committee on Orders.

It was stated, that, in proportion to the Conference debt, there was due from the Wilmington Church $9 75.

A motion was offered, that Wilmington Church only pay one-half of the bill.

The motion was withdrawn.

On motion, that the resolution laid over on Thursday, relative to the examination of the members of Conference, be taken up. Carried.

The Committee on Orders reported favorably to the petition of Mount Pleasant Church.

On motion, it was received and adopted.

On motion, that the subject relative to the examination be finished this forenoon. Carried.

On motion, that the question relative to the examination be referred to the next Annual Conference.

After considerable debate, it was moved, that the question be lost out of the house.

The motion was stated, and, without allowing any debate, was put and carried.

On motion, the Conference adjourned, with the benediction.

Afternoon Session.

I was not present at the opening. When I arrived, they were speaking relative to the building of a church near Coatesville, Pa.

On motion, that the brethren be instructed to finish the church the same size that they have commenced it. Carried.

The Finance Committee made a partial report.

Several members came in. They were called upon to pay to the Finance Committee $1 95, the sum that each member was taxed to help pay off the debt of the Conference.

They responded very willingly.

On motion, that Joseph Williams be licensed to preach Carried

It was moved, that the Conference bear a part of the debt of the Wilmington Church, and that each member contribute five or ten cents. Carried.

On motion, the Conference adjourned, with benediction by the Rev Lewis P Hood.

SPECTATOR.

Wilmington, Del.,
Aug. 30, 1864

For the Christian Recorder.

MR EDITOR:—I arrived on my Circuit June 14th. At Hanington I found quite a flourishing Sabbath-school, with thirty scholars. At Amityville, Sabbath-school very small. I went to work, reorganized one with seventeen scholars, and appointed five teachers, and when I returned again, three weeks after, it had gained five; numbers at present twenty-two, and bids fair to do well. We held a teachers' meeting on the 3d of August. Each teacher spoke, and said that they would do all they could to instruct the children and to increase their number. And, also, at my arrival they made preparation to meet at the church on the 4th day of August, to keep the day as a day of fasting and prayer Brother Thomas Barton, a local preacher at this point, whom many of my readers is more acquainted with than I am, filled the stand. He took for his subject a very appropriate one for the occasion, which may be found in Genesis, 40th chap., 14th verse. He first told who Joseph was; how he came in Egypt, and also in prison, and what he was thought of when in prison, and how he was delivered from it. And then told when and where the first slaves was landed, and what year it was. And then our fathers, who in the days of the Revolution, fought for liberty. Yes; bled and died for it; and were cheated out of their right and liberty. And how God gave this nation eighty years to think of their brethren in chains, and they would not until this war was brought upon this sinful nation. And he hopes that this war may never stop until every chain and fetter shall be broken asunder, and every bondman, bond-woman, and child can come forth and say I am free.

For my own part, I hardly knew where to commence after him, for he said so much to the purpose. I gave some few remarks, and closed the meeting.

JOHN S. LEEKINS.

Amityville, August 21, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder

AN OBITUARY

On the life, character, and death of Green Singleton, who was born in Kentucky, near Lexington. He was born a slave in 1818; was married in the year 1841; embraced religion in the year 1845, and joined the Methodist Church in Kentucky, and in the year 1847 was sold into Mississippi. In 1848 he purchased his freedom by his industry and economy, and the hard, fatiguing labour of his dear wife. In the same year (1848) he came to Philadelphia with his certificate, and with it joined the A. M. E. Union Church, on Coates Street, where he continued a worthy and acceptable member while he lived.

Brother Singleton was an industrious and hard working man He provided well for his family; was kind and obliging, and much respected by all who knew him. He was somewhat singular in his life; a man that sought to know and attend to his own business—of which he had much. He was taken sick about one year previous to his death, during which time I paid him many visits. He informed me from the first that he did not expect to recover, and nine months before his death resigned his earthly business, and devoted himself, soul and body into the hands of the Lord During which time he suffered much in the flesh, but bore his affliction with Christian fortitude. Brother Singleton departed this life on the tenth of May, 1864. Aged 46 years.

REV. HENRY DAVIS.

Princeton, N. J., Aug. 31, 1864

For the Christian Recorder.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY REV. JAMES LYNCH.

To be qualified for a particular sphere of life, and to firmly adhere to it. To undertake the accomplishment of *some* purpose, and to let there be persistent efforts made until the pre-meditated task is fully realized and brought to a successful issue.

We are too *spasmodic*, generally, in our actions, and controlled too much by feelings influenced and engendered by extrinsic forces. There must be more living in our own hearts—more deep and serious contemplation, and more earnest meditation.

This fault is sadly noticeable in many of our churches. A collection may be solicited for the most important object, such as the paying off of a church debt, the Bishop's salary, or in aid of the Book Concern, and there will be little interest manifested, and, consequently, a small and insignificant sum donated. On the Sabbath succeeding, a man may come along, a roving irresponsible preacher, say some new things, because false, sing merrily a few ditties, and go away with his pockets literally projecting out with huge wads of currency, simply because the people's passions were aroused by him, and they never once thought.

Oh, that our people would learn to think. If they did, many fools that lead them would fail of employment for want of dupes. Oh, we repeat it, would that our people would learn to think. Then, indeed, would the white race feel them more than they do, as our usefulness and inventive ability would command an admiration that could not but be offered.

For the Christian Recorder

ALWAYS SMILE.

Smile when you can; for there are many in this sad world who need your smiles, who yearn for your sympathies, and who are continually looking up to you for kind words Then do not withhold these small offerings. They fall like sunshine on the sad heart. They brighten up the pathway of life. Kind words or a loving smile do not cost much, and they often bring a rich reward.

Speak gently to the loved ones,
For this world is a dreary place;
Speak kindly to the little child,
And wear a smiling face.

Speak a word of kindness,
And smile whene'er you can;
Your words will not fall useless,
They will only win you friends.

—LIZZIE HART.

Morristown, Ohio, Aug. 26, 1864

For the Christian Recorder

OBITUARY.

HIGHGATES.—Died at his residence, in Allegheny city, Pa., on Tuesday morning, August 23d, Mr. Thomas Highgates, in the 56th year of his age.

Bro. Thomas Highgates was a worthy member of the Brown Chapel, of the A. M. E. connexion, in the above named city. His life and character corresponded with his profession, as a member of the Christian Church. He was faithful in attending to all his duties, spiritual and temporal.

He was remarkable for his kindness and benevolence to the sick and poor. He was also a faithful teacher in the Sabbath school of the church of which he was a member We, therefore, conclude, that he is gone from his labors on earth, to reap his reward in heaven, as he gave the fullest evidence of a happy death. The Bible says: "Mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for the end of such is peace."

Death has but removed him
From the church militant,
And from a world of sin,
To a Church triumphant.

He leaves a widow and daughter, and many friends to bemoan his demise But not as those who have no hope; our loss is his gain

Yours truly,
SAMUEL WATTS.

Allegheny City, Pa., Aug 26th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

A WORD FROM THE U. S. C. T.

MR EDITOR:—Allow me to make a few remarks respecting the treatment received by Capt. Pratt, Co. B, 32d Reg. U S C T

We were placed on board the Continental, and the captain treated us as well as any man could do; and as for Capt. Pratt, he did not tell any of the men that they had better take $7 per month He told them that they could do as they pleased. As for my part I do not like to hear the officer of Co. B run down, when it is not true.

Bro. Weaver, I think, for my part, that the writer of the 30th of July, 1864, could not do right if he would put the officers of Co. B in such a letter as this.

I cannot see all that the officers do, but I know what the officer of the Company does.

Yours truly,
S. M. BROWN,
Sergt. Co. B, 32d U. S. C. T.

Hilton Head, S. C., August 25th, 1864.

Our Country.

A Michigan paper published recently "A Proposition for Peace," from the pen of a citizen "known to be actuated by none but the best and purest motives." Its terms, however, show that purity of motive is not always accompanied by soundness of judgment. Our readers may imagine how long a peace would endure if concluded on the following conditions, which the writer has kindly sent us, with a request to publish:

1. From this time until the 1st of January, 1900 let the independence of the Southern Confederation be acknowledged by the Northern States.
2. On that day, namely, the 1st of January, 1900, let slavery absolutely, entirely, completely, and utterly cease to exist in the Southern States.
3. Let all such colored persons as are now practically emancipated, whether by fortune of war, or otherwise, remain in the state of freedom.
4. Let a general amnesty be proclaimed to all who have taken part in the war, absolving them from all punishment as traitors, deserters, etc.
5. Let all estates confiscated on account of political differences or political crimes, be restored to the owners from whom they had been taken.
6. Let a treaty of alliance, as between two powerful and independent nations, adjust the *modus operandi* in carrying out the provisions mutually resolved upon as, also, respecting the exaction of customs dues, etc., to be regulated by such treaty
7. On or shortly after the 1st of January, 1900, let delegates from each Government confer together on the feasibility and advisability of reconstructing the great national Union, slavery being then abolished absolutely, and good fraternal feeling re-established among these great and noble States.

The details must be left to the plenipotentiaries appointed to adjust these most unhappy differences. I have only ventured to point to first principles and to trace the outline of amelioration which in all humility, I lay before the candid and reflecting men of all parties in the United States, being the sole agencies who wield the sceptres of political power in the land.

The Shenandoah Valley—Reconnoissance by part of Crook's Command—A Sharp Engagement with the Rebels.—IN THE FIELD, August 25th, 1864.—Yesterday a reconnoissance was made by a detachment from General Crook's command, consisting of the 6th and 14th Virginia and 8th and 91st Ohio, of Johnson's brigade, Duval's division, with a regiment of cavalry, under Colonel Lowell, which latter was composed of two squadrons of the 22d Pennsylvania, commanded by Major Myers, and two squadrons of the 2d Massachusetts. The reconnoissance was to ascertain the strength and position of the enemy in our front. This force was instructed to move quickly on the right flank of the enemy's skirmish line, and, if possible, get in their rear, while another force, consisting of the 10th, 14th, and 15th Virginia infantry, of Thoburn's division, moved out to attract their attention in front. It was intended that the force thus deployed should capture the whole or a greater portion of the enemy's skirmish line. At precisely twelve o'clock Duval moved his force to the front, and advanced in two battalion lines, keeping his rear as much as possible under cover, to prevent the enemy from ascertaining his strength or probable intentions. He had not proceeded far when he encountered the advance of the enemy's skirmish line, who were under cover of rail-pens, hastily thrown up, each affording shelter for five or six men.

These rail-pens were situated about eight hundred yards in advance of our skirmish line, and an open field with a belt of woods on the right and left, and a large corn-field in the rear. As soon as the enemy's advanced line discovered the approach of our force they hastily retired to the corn-field in the rear, where a portion of their reserve was stationed, and who were immediately drawn up to resist our farther advance. Colonel Duval continued to move forward his force, a portion of which was completely hid from the enemy's observation, until he got nearly four hundred yards in the rear, when, suddenly discovering him, they wheeled into line and opened a heavy fire on his flank, compelling him to change front and face our line to the right.

This move had the desired effect, for they were shortly driven to the rear, when our cavalry were ordered to advance and charge them, which they did in fine style, killing and wounding quite a number and capturing six prisoners. In this charge Major Myers, of the 22d Pennsylvania Cavalry, was wounded by a splinter of a shell in the leg. As soon as the enemy became convinced that we meditated an attack on his skirmish line, they brought reinforcements rapidly forward from the direction of Charlestown, and moved one battery of artillery to a commanding position in a piece of woods, the fire from which enfiladed our advances.

As soon as the enemy's battery commenced firing, Battery B, 5th U. S. Artillery, commanded by Capt. Dupont, and Battery D, 1st Pennsylvania, commanded by Capt. Ramsey, opened on them with marked effect, and an artillery duel was commenced, which lasted for about twenty minutes, when the enemy's battery was withdrawn. Our forces then fell back. We took about thirty prisoners. It was no part of the General's plan that they should bring on a general engagement.

On the contrary, they received strict orders to avoid fighting as much as possible. The result of the reconnoissance established the fact that the enemy were still in our front in considerable force. The prisoners captured state that Rhodes' and Ramseur's divisions are detailed for picket duty in our front, and that the rest of the rebel forces, under Early, are at Charlestown They differ in their statements with respect to Longstreet and some of them positively assert that he is here in person, whilst others are equally confident that he is not here, but that two of his divisions have crossed under command of General Picket. Our total loss in Crook's command will not exceed forty-three wounded and six killed. After we fell back yesterday, the enemy resumed his old position and picket skirmishing was kept up until dark.

A battle near Antietam not Improbable.—BALTIMORE, August 26.—The rebel movements, as recorded in the information received here from the Shenandoah Valley, indicate another invasion of Maryland or a feint. General Sheridan's position at Harper's Ferry gives him the shorter line of travel into the Middletown and Bloomsboro' valleys and a battle somewhere in the vicinity of Antietam is not an improbability. The activity with which our reconnoissances have been made shows that the enemy will not be permitted to get the start of our forces.

General Torbert's Cavalry Reconnoissance—Severe fight with the Rebels—They are driven back on their Reserve—The whole of Early's force in line.—BALTIMORE, August 26.—A special despatch to the *American* says A reconnoissance was made early yesterday morning by a large force of cavalry under command of General Torbert.

A portion of our cavalry, under General Wilson, who were stationed at Halltown moved out to Kearneysville, and there met, by arrangement, General Merritt's Division, which had been stationed near Sheppardstown

The two forces were combined under the command of General Torbert and moved out in the direction of Leetown

The Colonel had not proceeded more than a mile when they met the enemy's skirmish line, which was composed of infantry belonging to Early's corps

General Torbert dismounted a brigade of his command and sent them in to skirmish with the enemy's advance line of skirmishers while another portion of his command was sent around by a circuitous route to strike them on the flank and rear

The effect of this move was to completely double up their skirmish line, and to cause them to fire in wild confusion, whilst a portion of our men, mounted and held in reserve charged upon them with the sabre, killing, wounding, and capturing quite a number The charge was only desisted from when our men came upon the enemy's reserve, all infantry, drawn up in line, and presenting a front nearly two miles in length.

On examining the prisoners captured in the skirmish and charge, it was ascertained that Early's corps now commanded by Breckinridge had broken camp in the vicinity of Charlestown at daylight that morning, and had marched in the direction of Leetown

This was the force that confronted General Torbert, and having ascertained these facts he commenced to withdraw his command.

In the meantime, the enemy had thrown a force around on the Sheppardstown road which prevented General Custer from retiring in the direction originally intended.

The column under General Wilson had reached its destination in safety, at 4 o'clock P. M., and was almost going into camp, when a courier arrived with the information that Custer was cut off, and ordering him out to make a demonstration on the enemy and protect the road from Halltown to Duffield's Station. Heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Sheppardstown, which continued until dark, and some fear was entertained that Custer might find the enemy too much for him but those who knew him better, and were acquainted with his dashing qualities and fertility of resources as a cavalry leader, made up their minds that he would cut his way out in some way, and time has proved that they were correct, for, early this morning, his courier arrived with despatches, informing General Sheridan of his arrival at a point of safety, from whence he can watch the further movements of the enemy

Our losses have been comparatively small. They will not exceed 150 killed and wounded, all of which were brought off the field.

Among the killed is Major Schleck, 22d New York and the following staff officers were slightly wounded:—Lieut Blatt, 5th New York, serving on the staff of Gen McIntosh, shot through the ear; Lieut Chester, U. S. Army, of Gen. Torbert's staff, wounded in the foot, and Capt. Baily, 1st New York, also serving on the staff of Gen Torbert had his left shoulder-strap shot off, and his shoulder slightly grazed

A charge was made yesterday afternoon by Col. Duell, with a small detachment of cavalry on the enemy's skirmish line to the left of Halltown which resulted in the capture of some prisoners, from whom we received important information, which leaves no doubt but that the enemy are in force and as the [illegible], prepared to take advantage of any weakness in our lines

In the charge we lost Captain Ideshore, of the 2d Massachusetts, killed, and some three or four men wounded.

General Duffie reports there is no force of the enemy any where in Loudon county.

The fords from Williamsport to the Point of Rocks are well guarded, and the enemy would find it a difficult operation if they should attempt to cross into Maryland

Attempted Invasion of Maryland—The enemy Repulsed

BALTIMORE, August 26.—The Baltimore *American* has received a special despatch to-night from Harper's Ferry, which says:

"The enemy made an attempt to cross into Maryland, to-day, at Williamsport, with two regiments of cavalry and some infantry.

After a spirited fight of several hours' duration, they were handsomely repulsed by General Averill, with heavy loss.

A reconnoissance was made by Gen Crook to-day, which resulted in the capture of six commissioned officers, among them one lieutenant colonel and sixty three privates

The enemy still show a force on our front.

Mobile Bay.

From the fleet, through Richmond papers, we have the brief but important information that Fort Morgan has fallen into our possession As yet the Richmond papers do not know whether it capitulated or was blown up. Immaterial

Army of the Potomac

The enemy have made several desperate efforts to dislodge our forces from their intrenched position on the Weldon Railroad, at Ream's Station, but though the struggles have been fierce and persistent, every trial has resulted in complete failure. On Thursday, the 25th, General HANCOCK, who was south of Ream's Station, was attacked several times during the day but repulsed the enemy at every assault In the afternoon of the 25th another attack, one of the bloodiest and most desperate battles of the war, resulted in the enemy's withdrawing, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. For this attack they had formed in the woods and, after a heavy cannonade, assaulted MILES' force, and succeeded in breaking his line While some of GIBBON'S troops were being brought up, the enemy gained a slight foothold On the left, GIBBON'S Division was forced from its line. This division had been much exhausted by being kept on the double quick, passing to and from General MILES' position during repeated assaults. General GIBBON finally succeeded in forming a strong line, and the enemy received a severe check by dismounted cavalry under Gen. GREGG.

Although General MILES had only such small and detached forces as could be rallied by staff officers, he finally regained most of his intrenchments. The enemy were held in check by artillery, dismounted cavalry and skirmishers, until the arrival of the Fifth Corps In this, "one of the most determined and desperate fights of the war," the Union loss is estimated by General HANCOCK to be between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred. The Chief of Cavalry reports the loss of two hundred and fifty horses. The enemy's loss was heavy, but cannot at present be estimated

The Valley Campaign.

A despatch from General SHERIDAN, dated on Saturday at 2:30 P. M., reports that the enemy had left his front during the night of the 26th, falling back to Smithfield or Middleburg The pursuit resulted in the capture of one hundred and one prisoners, and one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. There were a few feints to cross the river by cavalry, at Williamsport, but there was no strength shown.

Married.

JENKINS—BROWN.—On the first day of August, by Rev J. B Trusty, Mr. BENJAMIN JENKINS, of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. EMELINE BROWN, of Philadelphia.

Advertisements.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest, at the rate of seven and three tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into six per cent. gold-bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500 $1,000, and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars

As the notes draw interest from August 15th, persons making deposits subsequent to that date (August 15th) must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one quarter of one per cent.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the *best security*. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

Convertible into a Six per Cent. 5-20 GOLD BOND.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than [illegible] per cent. premium—and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent.

It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than

Ten Per Cent. per Annum!

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But, aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all Bonds and Treasury Notes from local taxation*. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the Government. In all other forms of indebtedness the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers, and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.

And by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country will give further information, and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS

September 11

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila

ADDRESS

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old men and women to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN.
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLARD BEEN,
JOHN A. SIMMS,
} *Committee*

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH C. BUSTILL, SARAH H. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS
HAIR BRAIDERS,
AND
LADIES' HEAD-DRESSERS,
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WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS,
WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles

Ladies' Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEEOLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Cleansing, Whitening, Softening, Flourishing, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair, removing dandruff, preventing premature baldness, roots [illegible] garments, removing grease spots, and curing rheumatic pains, Tet ter, &c. apr 1y

HAIR BOUGHT.

Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
Oriental Lustres,
Alapaccas,
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Shepherd's Plaids

A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Tweeling Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
NO. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞ An early call solicited. mar1-6m

AID FOR SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Wives having husbands, and mothers or fathers having sons, or motherless children having fathers in the Fifty-fourth or Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, or Fifth Cavalry Regiments, are, if needy, entitled to a State allowance. Wives must state the date of their marriage, with the names and ages of their children under sixteen years. All applicants must state their ages, and be particular to write their names and Post Office address plainly. Also, the name of the soldier, his Regiment and Company. These cases are not paid immediately, but are carefully investigated. All those who are entitled to an allowance will receive it if they apply for it.

Address, enclosing stamp,

JOHN S. ROCK,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
and Government Claim Agent,
No. 8 Tremont Street, Boston.

august 27—3t

TEACHER WANTED

A Male Teacher (Colored) is wanted in South Carolina to take charge of a large School, to be taught in the African Methodist Episcopal Church He must have a correct knowledge of the English branches, and possess an ability and love for teaching A professor of religion and a member of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will be most suitable.

A firm situation and a good salary may be obtained by addressing the undersigned, provided such person be endorsed as qualified by Rev Elisha Weaver, Wm. Moore, A L Standford and R H Vass.

N B—An endorsement of any two of the Reference will suffice.

JAMES LYNCH,
Superintendent of African M E Churches
in Department of South Beaufort, S. C.

august 27—3t

LINCOLN HOUSE,
BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Subscriber would inform the Public, that he has built and opened a

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

in this city, opposite Quartermaster's Office, where persons can be accommodated with Large and Airy Sleeping Apartments, and the Table will be supplied with the best the Market affords.

We have many Officers among our patrons. Colored Persons share with them the accommodations of the House.

☞ PRICES MODERATE ☜

ALE, &c., Sold to Civilians and Officers

HENRY BRAM.
Aug 27—3 mos. PROPRIETOR.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

"THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST."
REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,
NO. 615 & 617 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Where you will find skillful hands, who use superior instruments, and have the advantage of a well arranged light.

☞ Pictures are made of all sizes; from a Carte de Visite to a life size in oil, at prices which can guarantee good work, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody. Pictures are made life size from small ambrotypes or Daguerreotypes 1y

STOVE STORE!

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of the very best patterns of Stoves, made in Philadelphia.

THE WILLIAM PENN,
THE NOBLE COOK,
THE NIAGARA,
THE WELLINGTON,
THE BANNER COMPLETE,
THE CHALLENGE COMPLETE,
UNITED STATES COMPLETE

Are amongst his variety of First Class Gas Burning Cooking Stoves

Also, THE NATIONAL RANGE,
THE GLOBE RANGE,
THE PHILADELPHIA RANGE.

HEATERS, FURNACES, FIRE-BOARD,
STONES AND CASTINGS
FOR REPAIRS.
Job Work Promptly Attended to.
WILLIAM STILL,
107 North 5th St., Philadelphia

SECOND EDITION.

THE BOOK FOR THE NATION
AND
THE TIMES,
BY
A CITIZEN U. S. N. A.

12mo Pamphlet 25 Cents

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Among the many publications from the press this is eminently timely. Setting out with the idea that the present calamities upon our country are the just judgments of God for our national sins, it faithfully proceeds to show the prominent ways in which, as a nation, we have sinned, viz:—By adopting a national Constitution which makes no formal recognition of God; by not regarding as a nation, civil government as an ordinance of God, by disregarding the law of God in relation to the moral character of our civil rulers; and by maintaining slavery, and refusing to try it by the word of God. These are its leading positions, and they are generally well maintained We would rejoice to see this pamphlet have a wide circulation.—*Christian Instructor.*

It is a sound, earnest, patriotic plea for national religion and national righteousness, and it should be read and circulated over the land by the hundred thousand. What our nation needs now, more than increased forces or able generals, is a reverent recognition of the authority, sovereignty, and holiness of Jehovah of Hosts.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A rigorous and earnest appeal for national repentance and amendment. We are refreshed in turning from Bishop Hopkins' sophistical arguments to the straightforward declaration of the pamphlet—"There is an awful measure of guilt incurred by justifying slavery from the Bible, and at the same time refusing to try our slavery by the Bible."—*American Presbyterian.*

It is pious and patriotic, and has, in opposition to its long-winded rival ["Hopkins on Slavery"] the rather important advantage of truth.—*The Lutheran.*

⁂ Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

Published by
WILLIAM S. & ALFRED MARTIEN,
606 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

Go and Buy Cheap at the
NEW STORE.
ONE PRICE NOTION STORE.
GEORGIANA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of HOSIERY, GLOVES, LADIES' TRIMMINGS and FANCY GOODS.

Also PERFUMERY and STATIONERY.

No. 833 PINE ST., PHILA.

☞ *Call and See us.*

June 11—6mos.

MRS M BENNETT,
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO 405 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Billous Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury Her Indian syrups alone are used by her She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

SPECIFIC
LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject in life. It will prove a cure in these affections if properly applied and attended to

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth, and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease

For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water

For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar affections, the Liniment is to be applied externally

TESTIMONIALS.

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the diseases for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband.

MRS C YOUNG

John Cook, of Washington City, says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world It is a perfect cure."

JOHN COOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have tried this Liniment, and find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of an old person feel as if they were young

MRS H. A LEE

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure It has never failed in any case where I have applied it.

PROFESSOR DAVIS.

CAIRO, OHIO

This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pain in the head or limbs.

SUSAN RHODES

ZANESVILLE, OHIO

I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure.

E. J HARGRAVE.

[july23 6mos]

MRS. H. A. LEE. AGENT

For Sale at the Office of Christian Recorder.

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HOTEL,
NO 620 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
THOMAS D JORDON, Proprietor.
☞ *Boarding and Lodging.* ☜
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ALGER'S
PRONOUNCING BIBLE.
IN WHICH
THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, ARE DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.
[illegible] PAGES OCTAVO PRICE $1.50 WITH MYTHICAL PSALMS, $1.00.
WILLIAM S YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables, and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such places as [illegible], and [illegible], or such personages as [illegible], and [illegible]. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions. It finds its way into our school-houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that, and still more, when the pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well-known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the word which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Lincoln, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c.,
B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON
S. F. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in *first* books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the *Pronouncing Bible* may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage to your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted.

A true copy.

Attest. JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

For sale by

REV. ELISHA WEAVER
No. 619 Pine St. Philada.

JOSEPH BRISTER,
DENTIST,
NO. 844 LOMBARD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms, in a superior manner, and at prices ranging from 50 cents to $5 per tooth, upon Gold, Silver, Platina, Vulcanite, or of Continuous Gum work.

Also, the Filling, Extracting, and Cleansing of Teeth attended to.

Patients waited and attended to at their residences when requested.

References.

Dr. James H. Wilson, 907 Lombard Street.
Dr. Hudson S. Barr, 1310 Walnut Street.
Dr. James H. Briscoe, 920 "
Drs. Birnstein & Son, 913 "
Dr. Cardwell, 539 Pine Street.
Dr. Avery, 223 North Tenth Street. 1y

AVERY COLLEGE,
Allegheny City,
PENNA.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this Institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition for term in the several departments, embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal, apl 1y

GEORGE B. VASHON, A. M.

If you wish your clothing made to look equal to new, go to the Old Established

STEAM-DYEING, SCOURING, AND REPAIRING WORKS,
NO. 120 S. FIFTH ST., ABOVE WALNUT, AND NO 1003 SHIPPEN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JAMES W. BROWN.
Formerly with Granville Stokes, No. 806 Chestnut St.)

SEA BATHING.
THE BANNEKER HOUSE,
CAPE ISLAND.

Is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to maintain the reputation of this well known and favorite resort.

☞ TERMS MODERATE

AMY WILLIAMS,
jly 2 2mos Cape May, June 28th.

A NEW
BOARDING HOUSE
AT CAPE ISLAND.

MRS. H. LUNN has opened a private Boarding House in North street, first house from the Bridge

It is hoped our colored friends, or Christians, will give us their patronage

BOARD—$7 50 for Ladies, and $8 for Gentlemen. MRS. H. LUNN.

Cape Island, August 11th, 1864,
[aug 9 1 mo]

I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT.

I

I saw a little blade of grass
  Just peeping from the sod,
And asked it why it sought to pass
  Beyond its parent clod?
It seemed to raise its timid head,
  All sparkling, fresh and bright,
And wondering at the question, said,
  "I rise to seek the Light."

II.

I asked the eagle why his wing
  To ceaseless flight was given,
As if he scorned each earthly thing,
  And knew no home but heaven!
He answered as he fixed his gaze
  Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
  "I rise to seek the Light."

III.

I asked the planets why they kept
  Still on their circling ways,
Nor, tempted by ambition, swept
  Far into boundless space?
They answered, "'Tis yon glowing orb
  Restrains us in our flight,
In all our wanderings we turn
  To drink his floods of Light."

IV.

I asked my soul, what means this thirst
  For something yet beyond—
What means this eagerness to burst
  From every earthly bond?
It answers, and I feel it glow
  With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
  I rise to seek the Light."

—Louis S. D. Rees.

THE INFIDEL CHALLENGED.

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

[The following lines were suggested by the attempt of Renan and other rationalists to destroy the Godhead of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.]

O ye, who with unhallowed hands,
  Have borne our Lord away,
And quenched for us the light of life,
  Night giving us for day—

Where have ye laid him? Tell us where,
  That we may bring him back—
Without him we must lose our way
  Upon life's narrow track.

Where have ye laid him! In the tomb,
  To mix with mortal dust?
If death hath power to hold him there,
  Where may we put our trust!

Have ye enwrapped him in the mists
  Of your own darkened mind?
Thinking to hide him there so deep
  That none who seek may find?

Who is like him in heaven above,
  Or on the earth we tread?
If ye can lay him out of sight,
  What will ye give instead?

Earth's treasures? If we had them all,
  Without him, we were poor!
Her crowns, her thrones, her diadems,
  Were powerless to allure.

What will ye give us in that hour
  When stoutest spirits quail?
To bear us through the fearful strife,
  When heart and flesh must fail?

And when we've crossed the stormy flood,
  And reached the heavenly shore,
Who'll wipe the tears from all our eyes,
  And bid us weep no more?

Who'll lead our hung'ring, thirsting souls
  Where living waters flow?
And feed us, that we never more
  Hunger and thirst shall know?

How can we sing the song of heaven,
  When He who had been "slain
From the foundation of the world,"
  May ne'er be praised again!

If ye could take our Lord away,
  Then heaven and earth would roll,
And pass forever from our sight,
  All withered like a scroll.

Blessed be God, ye have not power
  To hide him from our view,
For he hath made his dwelling-place
  In contrite hearts and true.

And ye can never drive him thence—
  His Godhead ne'er disprove,
Till Earth's foundations ye can shake,
  And heaven itself remove.

O rifle Earth of all its joys,
  But steal not one bright gem,
Which Jesus Christ, our risen Lord,
  Wears in his diadem.

—*New York Jour. of Commerce.*

The Family.

MY SISTER.

My father was what is called a small planter.

The idea generally prevails among Northern people that planter is a synonym for grandee and satrap; that there are but two classes of whites among the agriculturists of the South—the wealthy lordlings and the poor "white trash." The fact is, there exists every grade of planter, from the owner of one slave to the master of thousands. The planters of the South present nothing like the equality in wealth and social influence that is to be found among Northern farmers.

My father was a poor planter, as I was made to feel one day at school, when a little girl, the daughter of a neighboring planter, put the question, so common among children at the South, "How many negroes has your father got, Poky?"—My name is Pocahontas.

"He's got two men and a big boy, five women, and one little baby; that's nine," I said, counting them on my fingers.

"Only nine? Why, Poky, I'd be 'shamed to tell it. Why, my father's got, oh! so many—I can't count them."

I heard of those nine negroes many times after that to my shame and confusion: "Poky's father hasn't got but nine negroes."—"We've more than that about the house."—"Wonder who waits on them."—"The white people have to work, I reckon." Such were some of the comments which reached me.

I dreaded after that being questioned concerning the number of my father's slaves; and when quizzed by those people, to be found every where, who take advantage of a child's years to make all manner of impertinent inquiries concerning family matters, I was seriously tempted to exaggerate the number. Indeed I did once tell Mrs. Dr. Healing, in answer to her inquiries, that my father had sixteen working hands, but did not inform her that these hands were equally distributed among eight slaves. I was ashamed to have people see them in the field at work, they looked such a little handful, while some neighboring fields were black with the devoted animals. I used to feel my cheek tingle whenever a visitor rode up the lane; I knew he would notice the number of negro cabins—only three: he couldn't very well help counting them. I importuned my father, as often as I dared, to move them to a grove back of the house, so that every body who came on the plantation needn't know how few there were, and to allow each of the women a house to herself, so as to increase the number of cabins.

But though my father was among the least wealthy, there were no very large planters in the neighborhood. True, there was Mr. Lashore, recently from South Carolina, who had rented two farms of a half section each until he could have time for the selection of a plantation to his liking. He owned a fabulous number of slaves of unadulterated African descent—not a mulatto among them. He was master to over a hundred negroes; but then he was father to fourteen children—seven tall, brawny, black-eyed, Indian-haired maiden daughters, with one sallow little hunchback, and six sons, short, heavy, dark, who were so alike that I could never distinguish them. His slaves numbered over a hundred, as I have said; but when they should come to be distributed among the fourteen children, it would have to be by long division, my father used to say. So it was that though the Lashore ladies were the only people in the neighborhood who came to church in their carriage, with their ebony coachman perched on the high seat in front, and their ebony maid-servant seated behind, there were others among us anticipating larger legacies than could fall to them.

Though there were in our neighborhood—which was called Beechwood—no lands of more than average fertility; no commercial advantages, no fine building sites; no picturesqueness of scenery, the country being tame and monotonous; no superior water facilities; nothing to redeem it from the commonplace—yet locations there were much sought, the lands were valued at a higher figure than better soil ten miles removed; and I remember hearing that the Methodist circuit-rider—the only preacher we saw—had made the invidious remark that Beechwood was the Athens of his circuit. The explanation of the pre-eminence with which our community was honored was to be found in the existence of a Young Ladies' Seminary, and, on the east hill, a white framed Methodist church.

That was an odd kind of a school on Beechwood Hill, whose like, I am sure, I shall never again see. A hewn-log building—a block-house, a Northerner would say—some eighteen feet square, constituted the school-room, while the boarding department was comprised in what was denominated a double log-house. This consisted of two square rooms with an open passage-way between. Above each of these departments was a garret room, with naught over head save the roof of rough oaken boards, which presented but a slight barrier to the almost tropical heat of the sun. Add to this house a single shed-room, and you have the entire building where, year after year, with the family of the school teacher, Mr. Cunningham, were congregated a number of boarders, varying from ten to twenty-five, collected from the most wealthy and influential families for sixty miles around. These, with the daughters of the neighboring planters, constituted the school—that sun whose genial warmth and light permeated and invigorated the whole community. Think of that log-cabin Institution conferring honors, granting gold medals and diplomas, and every year sending forth its alumni! However, none need sneer at this; for though the course of study was not extensive, and the text books were old-fashioned—Murray's Grammar, Olney's Geography, Pike's Arithmetic, the English Reader, etc.,—yet diplomas were never conferred unworthily. There was no shallowness or make-believe about the school, though there was much that was homely and severe.

To this school, two miles distant, for three and a half years I walked along a lonely road, which led through woods and skirted thickets of hazel, into which, during the nutting seasons, I was constantly tempted by the clustering nuts, and from which I was as constantly deterred by fear of runaway negroes.

At the end of that time a desolation came upon the neighborhood, occasioned by the closing of the famous school. The teacher turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and in the course of time erected a two-story framed dwelling-house in a woodland adjoining his former residence. Then, with the old school buildings as a nucleus, those famous academic grounds were converted into a negro quarter, and those classic shades became peopled by the children of an illiterate race.

On the extinguishment of this literary sun, the benighted people began to rub their eyes and to look around for a candle or rush-light, or something to take the place of the great luminary. All, by common consent, seemed to feel that their literary heavens could never again be illuminated by such an orb of light and glory. "What shall we do for a school?" "Where shall we find a teacher?" were now the all-absorbing questions. Some public-spirited men, apprehensive with prophetic ken of the catastrophe which had now left us in darkness, had by subscription secured an amount sufficient for a school building, which was soon in process of erection. And then every man in the neighborhood seemed to consider himself a special committee for the procurement of a teacher. After much consultation and disputation—many suggestions, and a vast deal of advice—a teacher was engaged, a young man from the village. He refused to take the school until a given amount was guaranteed. Thus it came that my father was required to subscribe three pupils, though he had but two children—myself and a sister three years younger—who had hitherto been under my mother's tuition.

The teacher boarded with us, and on the evening preceding the opening of the school he and my father talked over the subject of Fanny's studying Latin.

"She has a head for it," said the teacher, running his fingers through her thin white hair, always brushed so carefully. "Are you any thing of a phrenologist, sir?"

"No, I am not," answered my father, in a loud, emphatic tone. "I don't believe any man can tell what kind of a mind or disposition I've got by feeling of the bumps and knots on my head. No, sir; I don't believe in bumpology!"

"Well, we won't discuss the matter, though there is no doubt in my mind that this little girl would learn languages with wonderful facility. She has language unusually large. This is indicated by a prominence of the eye and by a depression towards the lower part of the orbit, caused by a development of the cerebrum in the posterior upper part of the orbit of the eye. The possession of this faculty of language will enable the possessor to invent, learn, remember, and apply with facility the arbitrary signs that stand as the representatives of ideas. Suppose we test the theory. I say this little girl has language large. Allow her to study Latin, and let us see if she doesn't acquire it with unusual facility."

"Well, now, sir, I don't propose to send my child to school, and pay out my money, and to have her waste her time studying some tomfoolery, for the sake of finding out whether some other tomfoolery is right or wrong. No, sir, I'm not such an ignoramus as you take me for."

"But, sir, you surely will not call the noble Latin tomfoolery."

"It would be tomfoolery for her. What use will it ever be to her? What good will it do her? It will do for male teachers and preachers to study Latin, but what good will it ever do that girl?"

"It *will* be of use to her," said my mother, decidedly. "It will give her a better position in society. Any thing is useful which will increase people's respect for you; and you know that the world thinks well of a good scholar. What made our neighborhood the finest in all this portion of the State? and what makes Mr. Cunningham so respected wherever he's known? You may scold as much as you please but it won't alter the fact that education and learning increase people's respectability. Fanny can study Latin without any additional expense too. You've subscribed three scholars, and you've got to pay for them. Fanny might as well take Latin and save the money."

My father made some farther show of fight, as was his wont, but I knew it was a settled thing that Fanny was to study Latin, for my mother seldom failed to carry her point.

I had never before given a second thought to Fanny's talents or scholarship. She was so much younger, was such a wee thing, we had never been brought into competition. True, my mother had not unfrequently said to me that, considering our ages, she was the better scholar. But on such occasions I eased my heart with the ironical reply, "Oh! that's because you're her teacher." Then, too, Fanny often spelled words in her shy, modest way, on which I had failed; or she occasionally parsed some word that had puzzled me; but this momentary superiority had occasioned me but a momentary uneasiness. What did she know about geography, in which I was perfectly at home? History—what did she know about that? and hadn't I been half through the 'Child's First Book of History'? And wasn't my "ciphering" a profound mystery to her? I knew so much of which she was ignorant that I had never thought of her in the light of a rival. I had never cherished any feeling of envy toward the little thing. But from the time when the decision was made that she was to study Latin I became envious of my sister. That night I was awake a long time for a little girl. Fanny was about to enter a strange, mysterious land, which to me was blockaded. They were going to make a great scholar of my sister; they considered her more capable than I, they thought more of her; or why did they not put me to Latin!—I was the elder.

The following morning, as I was turning the grindstone for my father as he held an axe pressed to the wet, revolving stone, I broached the subject prominent in my thoughts.

"Pa, is Fanny going to study Latin?"

"I suppose so," he replied, with a snarl. "Your mother will have it. It 'ill be just so much time thrown away, I suppose; but I'll have to pay the money any how, and she might as well try and get some good of it."

"I wish I could study it."

"Why?" he asked, with peevish impatience. "What good would it do you if you knew all the *Latin* in the world?"

"It will do me as much good as it will Fanny, and I am older than her." (A three-years' attendance at Mr. Cunningham's famous school had not insured me against grammatical errors.) "May I study it, father?"

"No. I want you to hurry and get through your schooling. I can't be paying out money always for you. You must get through in two years at the farthest, and then you can teach school yourself, and Fanny can go to school to you, or you can marry a man with a long row of negro cabins."

The suggestion of being a school-teacher wore any thing but a pleasing aspect, for it was a familiar thing to witness among my school-mates the resentment occasioned by the slightest insinuation that they would ever engage in teaching. And "being educated for a teacher" was a stinging taunt, employed when deep mortification was intended.

As we walked to school that morning—my little sister and I—I watched her narrowly to ascertain whether she gave herself airs; but the little thing, in her green gingham sun bonnet and blue-checked apron, high to the neck and long-sleeved, walked modestly and demurely by my side, turning in her toes—walking pigeon-toed I used to tell her—and now and then stomping them against some grub in the newly-cut road. On such occasions she would look up timidly and apologetically in my face, and then her eyes would seek the ground as though she meant to look out for the grubs thereafter.

It was with considerable interest that I entered the new school-room. My life had been so narrow—I had never been five miles from my father's plantation—I had seen so little, that trifles had their interest, and the commonplace its romance. The new white framed school house seemed palatial. It was an oblong building with a door on each side and a chimney at each end, though there was but one fire-place finished, rough planks being placed over the opening in the floor at the other end.

The classes were soon arranged, for the new teacher was a worker, and I was engaged on an example in "Tare and Tret," having for the time forgotten Fanny. But this obliviousness was not to endure. The class in Latin was called. I looked up, and amidst a number of girls and boys twice her size, I saw my little sister with a timid, half-frightened manner moving to the recitation-bench.

When I think of that nervous, frightened child for the first time in a school-room, with her thin, white, baby-like hair parted and brushed so carefully, and with that pitifully timid look in her large, honest blue eyes, there surges through my heart such a wild regret, such a restless, impatient, unsubmissive grief—such remorse. Oh could I but relive that period! How would I shelter and cherish and foster that little sensitive plant! It would be my happiness to lay the poor, timid child in my bosom, and soothe her as I would my own baby. But what a different heart I carried then! I was envious of my little sister. I cared nothing that others in the school studied Latin—the advancement, the superiority of no other pupil gave me any concern. My little sister, whose improvement should have been dear as my own, of her I was envious.

All my attention was directed towards that recitation-bench. There she sat, the pale, earnest child of nine years among those great boys and girls, looking straight at the teacher with her large, solemn blue eyes. She was the first called upon to recite. How cruel my envy made me! I more than half wished to have her fail. Every eye was turned upon her—the whole school was breathless, for Latin was a strange, mysterious something to those unscholarly children; it had never before been taught in the neighborhood. Soon her infantile voice, slightly tremulous, broke the silence: "*Musa, musæ, musæ, musam,*" etc.

"Very well! very well!" cried the teacher, cordially. "Now decline *litera* backward, beginning at the ablative plural."

I expected her to fail on this requisition, as I knew she had been studying musa only, and I was not then aware that the word represented a class. To my surprise she went through with it without hesitating. Then the teacher cross-questioned her, passing from the singular to the plural number, skipping cases, back and forth, in quick succession. No halting, no hesitating; she had it all clear as light. Murmurs of admiration ran around the room. I alone was sullenly silent; all generously conceded her triumph except her own sister. Now I tell of her success with pride, I would publish it to the world; then I would have wiped it out forever.

When the recitation was ended she came to her seat beside me, and with a quiet happiness in her eyes said, as she looked up shyly into my face:

"We take the second declension next time, Poky."

"Stop calling me Poky," I cried, snapping out the words, and turning my back upon her.

Oh, that I could again hear those words from that little child! What care I should take to assure her of my sympathy, my pleasure, my pride!

I do not know how she received those cruel words. I was ashamed to look in the child's earnest eyes.

About an hour later, with a wearied look in her pale face, my little sister brought her head close up to mine, and whispered—

"Poky, I've learned my Latin lesson; will you please lend me your slate and pencil, and," she continued, brightening, "I'll draw your picture, and you shall be a lady with a long dress and a parasol. Will you, Poky?"

"No, I won't; my slate's got my sums on it."

"Is algebra nice, Poky?"

"Mind your business."

There was no relenting in my ill humor during that morning. In vain the boys threw over their *billets-doux* in the shape of paper bullets; in vain the girls across the room spelled their fun on their fingers; in vain the teacher commended my aptness in mathematics. All availed me nothing so long as I saw Mordecai sitting in the king's gate.

At noon, as Fanny and I were with the dinner-basket between us on the trunk of a fallen tree, in the shade of an ancient elm, she, speaking with unusual animation, said—

"Poky, I wish you could study Latin; it's funny, and I like it." My impulse, on hearing this speech, was to take the little thing by the shoulder, and shake her until she was dizzy. "But learning Latin makes any body hungry," she added, with a ludicrously devouring look at the dinner basket which I was then uncovering.

This last remark was a suggestion. I'd make the little hungry, tired child wait while I took my dinner. I'd punish her for throwing her Latin in my face constantly.

"I am older than you," I said; "so you sit there and wait until I have eaten my dinner, then you can have yours."

Her great, solemn blue eyes grew larger as they were fastened on my face with a half wondering, half grieved expression. She had all her life been used to yielding her will to mine; so she uttered no remonstrance, but sat in silence, watching me as with the utmost deliberation I proceeded to take my dinner. I remember now just what was in the basket: two slices of boiled ham; four beaten biscuits baked brown and permeated with butter, to which they had been treated while smoking hot from the oven; two hard-boiled eggs, with a little paper of salt; a small vial of sugar-house molasses, and a bottle of rather blue milk. In taking my dinner I chose the best of every thing—not that I was a selfish glutton, but that I meant to punish my sister for studying Latin. I knew, though I did not look at her while taking my dinner, that she kept her large eyes fastened on my face, and I wondered what she was thinking about, and what her thoughts of me were like. Having finished my dinner, I set the basket on the log, and ran off to play, regardless of the look of entreaty from the poor child, who had never before been from her mother's side.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS.

The rooms in St. James' Hall, long enlivened by the Christy's Minstrels, is now devoted to a singular exhibition, bearing for its title the singular word printed above.

Entering the room the spectator finds his attention attracted by a large waxen head, bearing no slight resemblance to the late M. Jullien, with something like a silver funnel stuck into his mouth. This head does not stand on a pedestal, but is sustained by gilded chains suspended from the ceiling. At the first glance it might be taken for a very idealized "Aunt Sally," but on closer inspection the spectator will perceive below the bust a small glass case containing some sort of mechanical apparatus. To an aperture in this case an exhibitor applies a key, and after a winding up process has been duly accomplished, a pair of little bellows are seen to work, and the sound of a human voice, singing the music and words of a song, quite as distinctly as any flesh and blood vocalist, issues from the mouth of the head. Six songs, terminating with "God Save the Queen," constitute the entire entertainment. Two other heads, likewise with funnels in their mouths, may be observed at the back of the room, but these are not yet brought into active operation. When their musical education is complete we may possibly be favored with duets and trios.

If we remember rightly, it was Alexander the Great who played the lyre with such wonderful skill as to elicit from his father the remark that the performance was too good for a future king. In the same manner notwithstanding the assurances that the loss of "Polly Perkins" and the fascinations of the "dark girl dressed in blue" are celebrated "by means of the rarest and most exquisitely arranged mechanism," we cannot help remarking that the articulation is almost too unexceptionable for a machine. There is nothing wooden, or metallic, or squeaky, or hitchy, in the whole performance, but the lyric effusions go off as glibly as though some artist at the Music Hall were singing them through one of those pipes that form a communication between the principal's parlor and the clerk's room in a merchant's counting-house. Hence we fear wicked Pyrrhonists will arise who will doubt the connection between the winding-up of the machine and the utterances of the melodies. Of course, they will be altogether wrong, but the presence of a voice less decidedly human would have incalculably increased the facility of refuting them.

However, the skeptic and the believer will both agree that the exhibition is extremely ingenious. The head is not large enough to contain any human performer, nor does it communicate in any visible manner with any remote source of sound. There it hangs, in chains, in a state of defiant insulation, and if you will not believe that its voice proceeds from the little bellows, it challenges you to point out another origin.

To most persons of the present generation the "Anthropoglossos" will, we think, be an absolute novelty, but the older among us will, perhaps, recollect that at a time when the name of Madame Tussaud was unknown in London, there was, on the southern side of Fleet Street, a collection of wax figures, ostensibly belonging to one Mrs. Salmon. In one of the rooms of the edifice that contained this collection was the so-called "Invisible Girl," a small suspended box, from which issued a voice that answered questions and sang songs. Whether the old "Invisible Girl" was similar in principle to the "Anthropoglossos" we cannot say.—*London Times.*

PRINTED BUTTERFLIES.

Lithographic prints of butterflies colored after nature, are very life-like. Some of the American artists are getting up lithographical specimens of these "flying flowers," which look so natural that people have undertaken to pick them off the paper or pasteboard on which they are printed. But a London publisher has gone one step ahead *of* our butterfly mongers. He has issued a book illustrated with real butterflies. They are flattened out on the page like a crow on a barn door, with bodies, wings, antennæ, and even the downy dust of their pinions, all in good order, and the original brilliant colors undimmed. Some subtle paste or glue fastens them tight to the page, and a varnish preserves all the delicacy of their hues. At first sight they would be taken for marvellous imitations of the real insect, and it is only by a reference to the preface of the book, that the reader learns that the butterflies are the genuine articles.

The publisher states that the hundred and odd specimens which he presents to the public, were fortunately so common in England, that he was enabled to preserve them in sufficient abundance to furnish forth a good-sized edition of the book. The accompanying text is descriptive and poetical, and the general effect of the work is pleasing. One objection to this mode of printing butterflies in America is, that the largest and finest specimens cannot be netted in sufficient numbers to do any thing like justice to our national products in that line.—*Christian Advocate.*

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Malibran, the famous singer and actress, tells the following amusing anecdote of herself: "Not long since I was playing *Desdemona* at the Paris opera-house for my benefit, and the stage was covered with bouquets. It was the first time that flowers had been thrown upon the Paris stage, and I never beheld any more lovely; but you see I was obliged to die, and it was a great pity, for under the circumstances I couldn't pick them up. *Otello* had to die also, and the man was *bête* enough to prepare to stab himself just where he must fall on at least half a dozen of the best. This was more than I could endure, so, although I was quite dead at the time, I exclaimed in a low voice, 'Take care of my flowers! take care of my flowers!' Louis Philippe was in a side box that night and heard me; and on the next day I had a magnificent present of exotics from St. Cloud, with a polite message signifying that his majesty, observing my posthumous love of floriculture, begged my acceptance of the accompanying tribute."

HOW TO CURE A HUSBAND.

A woman, whom her husband used frequently to scold, went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint; and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a phial with colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her silence escaped the usual annoyance. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man and anxiously begged to have another possessed of the same virtue. "Daughter," said the man "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue and, my life on it, he will not scold you in future."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Cæsar has had the testimony of ages to his bravery, and yet he refused a challenge from Anthony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message:—"If Anthony is weary of his life, tell him there are other ways to death, besides the point of the sword." How well would it be if there were more instances of the like independence of mind!

Some years ago, a person requested permission of the Bishop of Salisbury to fly from the spire of his cathedral. The good bishop with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual as well as his bodily safety, told him he was very welcome to fly *to* the church, but he would encourage no one to fly *from* it.

MORTALITY AMONG CHILDREN

The mortality among the children in our cities, as well as in the country, is sad to contemplate. Is there any necessity for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parents ever lost a child, except by accident, without thinking: "If I had treated it differently, it would not have died." The loss of our own three first-born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three almost always healthy living ones are evidences that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. A few hints on the topic may not be without use.

Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the proper preparation of food. The kind of food they eat is not of half so much consequence as the manner of its preparation. Give a child a large apple and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lumps will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juice; but after a time, the remaining portion of the lumps will be forced down into the intestines and go through the length of fifteen to twenty feet, producing at least griping and irritation all the way, if not diarrhœa or dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe or nearly so.

Feed a child on boiled potatoes cut up, or on potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat, and you will be pretty sure to find more or less lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that these lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines? But mash these same potatoes finely before feeding them, and then the fine material will be digested and afford nutriment instead of giving uneasiness and pain "under the apron."

The same holds true of most meats. Cut up fine—as fine as shot almost—they will be digested, and produce nourishment; while if fed in coarse pieces, they will lie in the stomach, like a meat poultice on the outside, the cause of uneasiness if not of inflammation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are that they will induce immediate sickness or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first change of heat or cold.

Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reducing them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantity with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and in a measure to grown people as well as to children.

Many persons are over nice or anxious as to what their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, and unfit them for a vigorous resistance of colds and malarial diseases, by feeding them on toast or rice, weak gruel, etc. Give them rather a good supply of food finely reduced so that it may be quickly digested in the stomach, and they will grow vigorous and be able to withstand the changes of climate, and the exposures to which they are ever liable. Mothers, consider these things, and see if they are not true and in accordance with reason.—*American Agriculturist.*

Advertisements.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'

FAMILY LINIMENT

IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,

EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

In composition it is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, headache, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 20, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a potent remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs LUCY WATERMAN.

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CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefit they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs the patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure, he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, he then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have dosed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

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Officers installed to their several positions are as follows—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Harris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fauset; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbatt; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister	E. [illegible],	G. P. P.	Sister	Anderson
"	"	E. Bowers,	"	"	J. I. Green,
"	"	M. H. [illegible],	"	"	E. A. [illegible],
"	"	E. Newman,	"	"	White,
"	"	S. Davis,	"	"	S. Hall.

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Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. Vol. IV.—No. 37.—New Series. Whole No. 193.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

SLAVERY.

Thy chain is breaking now, and on thy brow
Hangs a funeral pall. When Sumter felt
The shock of artillery, the hours of
Thy days were numbered; and at the lodging
Of the messenger of war in her
Invincible masonry, thy doom was
Sealed! When the first spark of rebeldom lit up
A flame in her combustible material,
A slave began to love the taste of
Freedom, and bid defiance to the ruthless
Shackles that held him bondman, and with
Deliberation, proclaimed that he was free.
How many years thou hast lorded it, Slavery,
With tyrannical bravery! Thy sceptre
Wielded might and influence o'er
Southern soil; but thy menials are beginning
To be free—sipping the atmosphere
Of liberty. O, Slavery, thou art
In thy death struggle! Thy farewell breath
Is breathing, and comes lightly up. Thy vessels
Of human traffic have quit Afric's shores,
And float all sailless, sailorless, rotten
And wind shaken. Thy fangs were cruel,
Slavery! and thy sting sank deep
Into the flesh, and left it torn and bleeding.
Men fared sumptuously, and bathed
Their forms in opulence—the fruits produced
By slaves, who toiled with lacerated backs.
O, Slavery! though thy life is dying out,
Ne'er canst thou repair th' evil
Thou hast wrought. Thou canst not smoothe
The sorrow wrought furrows, whose lines
Track so deeply on the brow of thy subjects.
Thou canst not give life to the unburied dead,
Slain by thine unrelenting hand.
Thou canst not give husband to wife, nor
Wife to husband, nor children to parents;
Nor lessen the space between the separated living.
O thy hearts and homes thou hast
Made desolate!—husbands wifeless, wives
Husbandless, children parentless, and
Friends friendless. America!
"Tis a land of the free, the home of the brave!"
If any spot hath God's righteous frown,
'Tis America! England saw her soiled garments,
And washed them. America nursed
And fondled her mean treasure,
Till it struck at the heart of the nation,
And laid our glorious land in devastation!
But thou art dying! The flower of freedom
Is budding; clouds shall soon fall
Upon thy coffin-lid, and thy grave shall ever be
An ungodly, unhallowed spot!

RAYMOND.

For the Christian Recorder.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER GRAYSON SINGLETON.

He loved his travellers in the Lord,
Who labored day by day;
To make you love the truth restored,
He pointed out the way.

His God and Christ were his delight,
His chiefest joy to gain;
Who will perfect the foulest spot,
And wash out every stain.

But free from toils and cares and pain,
This sufferer rests his head;
His groans and aches were not in vain,
Though numbered with the dead.

In Paradise he lives to-day:
A state of peace and joy,
Where mortal spirits ever stay,
That sin may not annoy.

There saints immortal ever live;
With joy their works abound,
To praise their Saviour, ever near,
And God, who gives their crown.

To him were wife and friends endeared,
For truth he loved and God he feared;
His many virtues wound his fame,
As one who's gone in Christ to reign.

His works will speak, when flesh decays,
To spread abroad the Saviour's praise;
The good will live, while evil dies,
To give th' reward the bad despise.

Philada., Sept. 4, 1864. A. B.

For the Christian Recorder.

"THE MIRACLES OF VESPASIAN."

(Continued.)

V.

We come now to treat of the facts, in reference to these professed miracles.

1st. He who professed to work them was seeking imperial honors, and most keenly did he feel the weight of the contest in which he was engaged. Before embarking in that terrible contest with Vitellius, he is heard to say: "In undertakings of a private nature, men may advance or retreat, as they see occasion; but when the contest is for sovereign power, there is no middle course. *You must conquer, or perish in the attempt.*" Feeling thus, is it strange that he should attempt to lay all things possible under tribute? And what is so potent, for weal or wo, as the religious affections of a people? Vespasian and his flatterers behold the religious temperament of the Egyptians, especially the peculiar reverence which they paid to Serapis, a deity which had been miraculously transported to their realm, and most magnificently enshrined at Rhacotis.

Himself and his party knew, that, to possess Egypt, was to possess the granary of the empire; and so they concluded, as the sequel fully proves, to make capital of the two simple sufferers, realizing the pleasing fact: "If a cure took place, it would add new lustre to the name of Cæsar." To have Vespasian and Jesus appear oppositely in this regard, it is but sufficient to quote the memorable words spoken to Pilate: "My kingdom is not of this world."

2d. The men came to the aspiring hero at the behest of Serapis.

The facts are these: By the advice of the Egyptian priests, the afflicted poor must abstain from food, and lie in the temple of that god, stretched on the skins of victims slain at his altar; and their thoughts and imaginations, while in that disordered condition, "were considered as light divine and prophecy."

But why should they repair to Vespasian? Was there complicity between them? This need not be supposed; for the manner in which the prince received them at first forbids it.

But why should they repair to him? It will be remembered, that it was in the year 70 of our era, at which time the name and fame of Him, who was said to call Himself the "King of the Jews," was world-wide. Cities of half the note of Alexandria had long before heard that He had given sight to the blind and healed paralytic limbs; and, indeed, remotest tradition has always said, that St. Mark hastened to this very city and taught and died.

Does it require too much faith to believe that those two sufferers, in common with the world, had heard of the kingly Physician? and that, meditating upon their ills while lying beneath the shadow of their god, they thought, that, if He, who aspired to be King over the despised Jews, could do such wonders, surely, he who aspired to be king of the Romans (now, happily, in our midst! they thought,) ought to be able to do the same; and, rising from their suffering couch, they repair unto Vespasian.

The manner in which the invalids were received deserves more than a passing notice. Tacitus says: "Vespasian smiled at a request so absurd and wild." The thought, apparently, had not yet entered his mind, that this visit could be turned to his account; and so he would have dismissed them immediately. But we are told that they were importunate in their cries, while the flatterers, ever in attendance, prevailed upon the prince not to disregard entirely their petitions. Ah! the curtain begins to rise, and the royal farce commences. *The flatterers prevailed* upon him! These men, fresh from Palestine, where the note of Jesus' miracles was sounding on every hill-top, heard them, too. They saw the fast-growing power of Him, who, but a few years since, had been executed as a common malefactor; and all consequent upon the assumption, that He had given sight to the blind and healed paralytics. They at once conclude, that a grand stroke of policy could be here made in the interest of their master.

Behold them gather round the would-be emperor, and whisper in his ears the thoughts of their hearts. They bade him gaze upon the rising fame of Jesus, now resounding in every land, and only asked: "That they might be left to manage the affair?" giving him the assurance, that a successful rival to the despised Jesus would be found in the divine Vespasian. Who doubts but the assent was readily given? How unlike the conduct of these flatterers were the selfish actions of the disciples, when their Lord was approached by the woman of Canaan! "Send her away, for she crieth after us!" they all exclaimed.

SHALOM.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Christian Recorder.

CAPE ISLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. IV.

The promptings that effect opposition to the present administration is not that it is not honest, nor that it is not doing all in its power to crush out rebellion, but because it simply turns the negro loose from his chains on the rebels, as an additional means of crushing it out and restoring permanent peace to the country.

The Government may take the ox, ass, lands and tenements of the rebels, and be perfectly justifiable; but, so soon as it touches the "nigger," it has violated the law of God and the Constitution.

The nomination of General McClellan for the Presidency by the Democratic party is simply on the score that he hates the "nigger," and worships the white man. It is not Government nor justice, but the white man. His nomination involves no single principle of justice and humanity, but "The Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is."

If the rebels were satisfied with the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is, why did they rebel against the Government, even before the present administration was inaugurated, and organize another Government and Constitution, differing, on the subject of slavery, from the Federal Constitution? That fact was, I think, proof positive that they were not satisfied with the old Government. If I can understand it, all that the Democratic party can do or offer as peace measures is, to disband the negro soldiers, revoke the Emancipation Proclamation, and hand over all contrabands, or press them back within the Confederate lines, and then treat with the rebels for the restoration of peace.

But will the rebels treat with them, unless they first acknowledge their independence as sovereign States? And then will they not insist on a full and complete acknowledgment of the Montgomery Constitution? And, if they succeed in that, will they not have as effectually overthrown the Federal Government as if they had done it by force of arms? If so, what becomes of the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was?

Either the Confederate Government will overthrow the Union and the Constitution by the propositions for peace, or they will have to be subdued by force of arms, with the additional danger, that, by the truckling of the Democratic party, the whole war will have to be fought over again.

It is not likely that the rebels will accept peace upon the old or new compromises that do not fully acknowledge the supremacy of the slave power, when it is considered that they war against the old Government for this very supremacy.

Should they accept peace on any other conditions, what will they gain by the war? Nothing but what they had before they began it. And would it not be a full and frank acknowledgment that we were wrong at the outset? Thus what becomes of the terrible waste of life and property? These must all go to gratify a thirst for power; and what warrant have we, in the future, that the same terrible drama will not be enacted again?

It is hardly possible, that, in a republic, where men are annually called from the peaceful avocations of life to consider the policy and interests of the Government, that the same question now agitated will not again be brought under discussion. A Government, part free and part slave! It is as easy to imagine no friction in the worst regulated machinery, as to expect no conflict in interests so at variance with each other. The free North must give up all freedom of opinion and a decent respect for free institutions, and become pandering slaves to the institutions of the South, or they must maintain the national dignity, by making freedom and free institutions, as was originally designed, prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land.

God grant that the American people may have fortitude to persevere in the struggle until they have expelled forever from their midst this terrible bone of contention, which corrupts the very fountain of national existence!

What is the political aspect of the country at the present moment? The Democratic party seeking to gain power by appeals to the prejudices of the white man against the negro, and abuse of the administration, with the cry of Peace and compromises to the South. These compromises have always failed to heal strife, and will fail again. While, on the other hand, the Government, finding itself throttled by red-handed rebellion, is struggling to save the national life and expel from its midst the cause of the trouble. That the Government will prevail, is as sure as its cause is just.

SEA-SIDE.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM OUR NEW ENGLAND CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

The month of August is past, and is numbered amongst the things that once were.

Praise ye the Lord. Let all tongues and people celebrate Him with songs of joy. Sing aloud and exalt His power and goodness. Adore Him, ye nations. Prostrate yourselves before Him, ye islands. Praise and glorify the Supreme Ruler of the universe. It is He whose power drew forth out of nothing the elements, the heavens, and light itself. It is He who separated the earth from the bosom of the waters, and His almighty hand formed the sea, and all the innumerable host of creatures which live upon His bounty. It is He who has given light and heat to the sun, who has prescribed laws to the moon, who has marked out the course for the stars, and who flashes in the lightning and speaks in the thunder. It is He who bids the tempest roar, and the strength of the lion and delicate structure of the insect are monuments of His power. To gladden the hearts of men, He has taught the nightingale to warble his melodious strains. He gives to the flowers their fragrance, He balances and puts in motion the air, He calls forth the winds, and directs their course. The sea, at His powerful word, swells in billows, and again subsides at His command; for God reigns in the bosom of the deep. Let us, then, bow down before and adore the Supreme Being, whose grandeur is manifested in all His creatures, and the traces of whose infinite power the whole creation declares. Let Him speak, and say that George B. McClellan shall not be elected, next November, to the Presidency of the United States, and it shall not be done; but grant permission for John C. Fremont or Abraham Lincoln to hold the reins of Government, with Congressmen of their party in the majority, and we will continue to rejoice in the Lord our God.

I shall, at a more convenient season, speak of the candidates for the White House at Washington, of the man that said the black and white races could not live together in this country, and also of the little military humbug.

On the 1st of August the friends of freedom, or a few of them, celebrated the day with a pic-nic at one of our pleasant places of resort in the summer for pleasure. They had a good time until the time had nearly arrived to return, when some of St. Patrick's sons visited the place, and for awhile it was very unpleasant to be there.

One of the intruders, I am told, was handled without gloves. When the party was returning, they were saluted with a shower of ground apples, but no one was hurt. One or two ounces of lead, followed up with a little fine dust, would have backed them to their dens.

On the 7th we had a glorious Quarterly Meeting in Bridgeport, Conn. Love Feast at nine o'clock. Your humble servant tried to speak at eleven o'clock. At two o'clock two persons were baptised by immersion. At three o'clock we tried to preach again, after which we administered the Lord's Supper. Rev. Spywood, ex-superintendent, and Rev. William J. Fuller, pastor of Zion, in Bridgeport, assisted.

At night Rev. Fuller preached one of his masterly sermons. The Lord was with us and blessed us.

Our Quarterly Meeting took place on the 21st. The pulpit was occupied by brother Isaac Emery, of Bridgeport, Rev. Silas Michael, of Zion, and Rev. L. Black. At sunrise we held our general class. The members, truly, were blessed. It was good for one to have been at such meeting. It was a high day.

Monday night we had one of the best Love Feasts that I have attended since I have been in New Haven. We still live, thanks to God for His mercy. Pray for us, that the Ruler of heaven and earth may give us a little more faith, that we may hold fast to our profession.

The Zion congregation is about to sell their church, on account of the low class of poor white pro-slavery Irish demons that have settled all around the church; and they have been disturbed so much, that they rented a hall to hold their Sunday night meetings in. They only occupy the church in the day-time. All services in the evening are conducted at the hall. Their elder, Silas Mitchell, is very much beloved by his congregation. He is a gentleman, and I believe him to be a Christian.

The Rev. William Barnett, pastor of the Baptist church (colored,) has returned from England, where he has been on a begging tour for his church. He brought home with him all the necessary apparatus to give panoramic exhibitions. His first effort was in Union Hall, in this city. I was not present, but the reporters for the daily papers said that it was a complete failure, and that there were only about a dozen persons present, including dead-heads. They reported, that he was not qualified to explain the paintings he exhibited.

The first week after his return, there was quite an excitement in his church, growing out of a letter that was handed to the deacons of the church, touching the characters of the pastor and the Rev. Mr. Boles, who has recently come to this city and attached himself to that church. They suspected the Rev. L. Black was the writer. No time was lost in bringing him before the church. The members fought Rev. Black's battles, and one of the other party became so alarmed at Mr. Black, (who was calmly seated, listening to all that was going on,) that he ran out without his hat, and called in four or five police to arrest Mr. Black and lady. After going with them to the police-station, and telling their grievances, Mr. Black and lady were told to go home in peace.

About two-thirds of the congregation called upon Mr. Black, in the way of a surprise, and presented him with a handsome purse, well filled with greenbacks, besides other presents, as an expression of their appreciation of his valuable services as pastor during Mr. Barnett's absence. That is just the way for friends to show a poor preacher how much they appreciate his labors. Will somebody please to appreciate our labors, and come on with the greenbacks, so that I can send some money to the editor of the *Recorder?*

Yours, fraternally,

WILLIAM W. GRIMES.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 3, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.

New Orleans, August 22d, 1864.

To the Rev. Elisha Weaver.

Dear Sir:—I beg leave to offer a few thoughts through your valuable paper, on the progression of the A. M. E. Church in this city.

Since the introduction of your paper, by the Rev. William A. Dove, we have been enabled to comprehend the true principles of the A. M. E. Church, of which privilege, owing to the black code of Louisiana, we were deprived.

The Annual Conference of Missouri District certainly made a wise choice in the appointment of William A. Dove to the charge of St. James' Chapel, for he has proved to be the right man, at the right time, and in the right place. He has made the official men strict adherents to the Discipline of the Church, and enforced regular disciplinary rules for the government of its members.

He has given satisfaction in all things with one exception, which arose from an article in the Discipline, which says, "In no case shall a minister re-baptize." Now, this is what they cannot understand, for many of them are fully convinced that they have been called to the water, and cannot rest contented until they have been immersed. But little Dove, notwithstanding his wish to please his people, remains firm to his duty, maintaining the Discipline. But such is the respect for him, that they hold their peace, in spite of their continued dreams of baptism.

The Rev. Mr. Dove has preached one hundred and twenty-seven sermons, received four hundred and forty-seven members into his charge, and converted or brought over to the connexion two churches; one at Jefferson City, and one at Carrollton; the former with ninety members, and the latter forty-six. There are two colored M. E. churches in this city, named, Wesley or St. Paul's chapel and Soul's chapel. St. Paul's has a membership of about fifteen hundred, paying a yearly revenue of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars; while Soul's chapel pays in from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars; which is a considerable sum, going yearly to assist and aid the M. E. church in building and supporting institutions from which our race receives no benefit. This fact has wrought itself into such magnitude, as to attract the attention of at least one-third of the membership, or the enlightened portion. The majority of the members being uneducated, are willing to remain where they formerly were, under the M. E. Conference. Well may it be said: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

St. Paul's chapel, as well as Soul's, were presided over by white preachers, until the arrival of the Federal Fleet in front of this city; since which time, they have been controlled by three old men who think themselves preachers, but they are the only persons entertaining such a thought, and in time might have been convinced of their deficiencies, but for Chaplain B., who supposing from the fact of his being a Chaplain in the U. S. Army, that he was all powerful, ordained the three, one a deacon, and two elders, regardless of the M. E. Discipline. But as that is a question to be decided by his Bishop, I shall leave the matter with him.

These bogus elders being satisfied that they were O. K., commenced their ministerial exercises as though they were duly ordained, pronouncing their work to be good. They were not contented with being called according to their ordination, but instructed their members to call the deacon, elder deacon, and the Elders, elder bishops. The church in Carrollton, or its members, petitioned the Rev. Wm. A. Dove, through their minister, Rev. James Allen, setting forth that they were desirous of being received by the A. M. E. Church, and praying him to admit them; which prayer he granted, on the 31st ult. But, at the very hour that Mr. Dove was taking in the Carrollton church, which was formerly a branch of St. Paul's church, the above-named elder deacon and elder bishops, through fear of a movement which I shall mention hereafter, passed St. Paul's and Soul's chapels over to the Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church in this District, which caused much confusion and dissatisfaction among the enlightened portion of the members; some of whom were anxious to know whether their elders would be admitted in the Conference, and, if so, could they ever be advanced to the office of Bishop, in the M. E. connexion. They were informed, by Chaplain B., that they could not, because they were not prepared for such an exalted position.

The Chaplain can prove that very easily, from the fact of their going over to his church. Now if they are not prepared to sit in a white Annual Conference from intellectual disability, they have one consolation, at least, that of their cents being acceptable yearly, or oftener, to the amount of four or five thousand dollars.

On the Sabbath that the Rev. Mr. Dove received the Carrollton church, he promised to preach for them, on the following Wednesday. But Mr. Dove was met, while on his way up, by the Rev. James Allen, who informed him that from some cause unknown, pickets had been placed between the city and Carrollton, and advised him not to go; consequently, Dove and Allen remained in the city. But not so with elder bishop Ross, who, with a sufficient force armed with clubs, Chaplain H., as grand inspector general, supported by Chaplain Strange, repaired to the church, with the intention of driving the harmless little Dove away. But the Dove had discovered the dry land a few days previously, and, on the discovery, had snatched the branch and returned to his ark of safety.

Elder bishop Ross, and his formidable supporters, then held a consultation of war, the result of which was, to place Strange in command of the forces, and charge upon the pulpit; and, I must confess, it was a brilliant dash, and *worthy of pulpit raiders.* After taking possession of the sacred desk, he, in accordance with instructions from the inspector-general, who remained outside, thereby showing that he is a *prudent* man as well as a first class *financier*, demanded the keys and an unconditional surrender of the building. He then ordered all persons who had left for the A. M. E. Church, to come back to their church; only three of whom obeyed his very peremptory order. After having accomplished this great work, they retired for the night, flushed with glory. The Rev. Allen being apprized of what had taken place, concluded that the time for action had arrived; he therefore applied to the Provost Marshal of Carrollton for advice, who told him to go on with his services, and, if he was molested, to send him word as soon as possible.

On the following Sabbath, Mr. Allen invited the Rev. J. M. Vance, of St. James' chapel, to occupy the pulpit, which invitation was accepted by that gentleman, who commenced the service, or was about to do so, when in came a fellow known by the name of Emperor Williams, with a body guard of about twenty women, his looks indicating anger, when he demanded the pulpit of Mr. Vance. It is proper, here, to inform the reader that this Williams had never received a regular license to exhort, much less to preach. Mr. Vance told him, with a gentlemanly dignity, that he could not have it. His body guard then opened their tongue-batteries, charged with scandal, in such a manner that it was found necessary to apprise the Provost Marshal, who sent and had Williams arrested and brought before him, and was about to lock him up, when the kind-hearted Allen remarked, that he only wanted Bro. Williams to let him and his charge alone, nothing more. The Provost Marshal then told his highness, that if he was caught there again he would lock him up; and, with these friendly words, he was allowed to depart. And he did, too! Ha, ha, ha! You must excuse me for laughing, but had you seen him getting away, I am sure you would have laughed too. While getting away, he must have thought, as did Macbeth, when informed by a guard that he saw the wood move:

> If this which he avouches does appear,
> There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

His body guard, who remained in the church waiting for their lord, when Messrs. Allen and Vance returned without him, opened their batteries a second time, but it proved ineffectual. One of the women then snatched up the Holy Bible, and used such language while bearing away that good book, that proved her to be unworthy of the name, woman. Allen then opened the door of his church, and received eleven new members, after which, the services were closed in the name of the All-wise.

On Sabbath evening, the 7th inst., a vote was taken at St. James' chapel, to know whether they would have the Rev. William A. Dove another year, or not. The vote, in the affirmative, was unanimous; which was a compliment. The church was filled to its uttermost.

That talented gentleman, Mr. George W. Le Vere, Chaplain of the 20th New York regiment, C. I., has our heart-felt thanks for preaching for us, whenever it is convenient for him to do so. He is a model Chaplain, diffusing light wherever he goes. He promised Mr. Dove to visit the church as often as possible. William A. Dove left here, on the 18th inst., for the Annual Conference, bearing with him a petition from the Quarterly Conference, for his return to this charge. A very worthy association, in this city, known as the National Union Brotherhood, attempted to unite with the Methodist churches, and might have accomplished the good work, only for those mock elders, who were apprehensive of being taken from a position they were incompetent to fill. For this reason, and the advice of Chaplains B. and S., they turned two churches over to the M. E. Conference.

Good by, Mr. Editor, for awhile. D.

For the Christian Recorder.

CAMDEN CORRESPONDENCE.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

On every side, whichever way we turn, and at almost every step, we meet those whose countenances indicate that they are unhappy—that they do not enjoy that pleasure which, seemingly, is already measured out, and waiting within their grasp. And oftentimes we are grieved when we listen to the sad complainings of a friend; and in a moment are we ready to weep, but we are suddenly reminded that many of our seasons of discontent are brought on by borrowed troubles, and that *all may be happy.* When we look around on this vast and beautiful globe of ours; when we view the great and lofty mountains, whose craggy summits lift up their heads in magnificent grandeur, and bathe in the refreshing light of the sun's luminous rays—when we view the great variety with which the fields of nature are every where richly teeming—when our wearied frames, of each day's toil, are refreshed with the silent repose produced by the delightful alternations of day and night—when we observe the grand scenery which beautifies the day—the sublime arrangement of the heavenly bodies which make night glorious, how can we consistently complain! Are we discontented and miserable because our heavenly Parent wills it to be so? Has He not graciously arranged nature to suit our various wants? Can we not see, even with our limited knowledge, that, surely he has aimed to provide for our happiness? And can we for a moment suppose that his superior wisdom has fallen short of such an important aim? Dear reader, let us take a walk abroad and view his wondrous works, and even in the narrow limits of human observation we may see much to convince us that our great Creator has wisely prepared every thing necessary for our happiness.

He has spread under our feet the rich carpet of spring, which (as summer comes on) grows thicker and softer, unfolding its beautiful tints of nature's choicest colors, which are now beginning to fade. This beautiful carpet woven by His own almighty hand, will soon, agreeably to one of nature's irrevocable laws, disappear to give place to the enriching carpet of winter.

So let us away; first to the forest, where roam the wild beast, whose flesh, fur, and other properties, too tedious to mention, are all wisely ordered for our convenience. What unbounded wisdom is here displayed in rearing up the lofty oak, the tall cedar, the pine, and palm, and many other trees, which, not only afford shelter and protection for the animals intended for our use, but also furnish material for our dwellings, and timber for our ships to bear us across the ocean, that wondrous department of nature's storehouse wherein so much food is stored for our use.

What a wonderful contrivance is this great body of water! It is not only an inexhaustible storehouse of food, and various articles of supplies, but it also serves as a convenient highway, over which the products of one climate are carried, and exchanged for those of another. It also affords a grand receptacle for the many streams which drain our countries, and by the great process of evaporation, its waters are again lifted from its restless bosom, borne aloft, and when they reach that point where vapor condenses, they readily fall to moisten the ground, making vegetation spring to life, and thence away to the brook, creek, or rivulet, carried along to mingle again with the proud waters of the sea, from whence they came.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men! He provides us with air to breathe, and by his goodness He has appointed agents to assist in keeping it pure, flies and bugs to destroy the decaying vegetation, birds and worms to eat the dead flesh of animals, wherever found in a state of decomposition, which would create noxious vapors, and poison the air, thereby rendering it unhealthy. He has given us flowers of pleasant odor to deck our pathway, streams of water, running at our feet to quench our thirst; fruit, in endless variety, abounding almost every where; indeed, the whole creation seems to have been made not only to serve man, but to delight him also; and what is still better and more to be appreciated, He has given us capacities for friendship, affection, science, etc.

How can the recipients of such favors be dissatisfied? the objects of such unbounded goodness be unhappy? Oh, whisper it not aloud! The wild winds must not hear it. If we are miserable, the fault is ours. We too often disregard the things about us which might be used for our profit and pleasure, and grasp at something beyond our reach, or anxiously wait for the approaching morrow, which, when it comes, only brings disappointment. We frequently violate the laws of health by eating immoderately, talking too much, sleeping too long, thereby making the mind unhealthy, a natural consequence of an unhealthy body. Oh, happiness! precious plant! countless thousands have sought thee, but, alas! they have mistaken thy whereabouts. Ah! how few possess the secret of cultivating it. It will not thrive in solitude. Selfishness will choke it out. In short, to be happy ourselves, we must use all of our powers to promote the happiness of others.

Yours, WEST JERSEY.

Camden, Sept. 6th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BISHOP WAYMAN.

Brother Editor:—When we closed our last communication, we had visited Wilmington, Del. On the 11th of August we started for Easton, Md., where we arrived in good time, and after spending a few hours very pleasantly, we procured a horse and buggy, and moved up toward Caroline county, my native home. Mrs. W being with me, I had many of the curiosities of the Eastern Shore to show her, such as women working in the fields, driving ox carts, and riding on horses without a saddle.

After we had got about twelve miles from Easton, we came to the farm where Frederick Douglass was born. The place looks very much changed,—the old buildings are all torn down, and new are now erected. We met on the road an old gentleman, who informed us that a grandson of Captain Anthony, (that F. Douglass speaks of in his narrative,) is living on the old place now. I inquired for a half brother of Frederick Douglass, who lived on that farm when I was last along that road. The old gentleman said, poor Perry was sold some years ago South.

We continued our journey up the road, and once in awhile received a familiar bow from some one in the fields, who appeared to recognize me as an old acquaintance. Finally we came to Hillsborough, formerly called Tuckahoe Bridge. Here we saw but one face that we knew, and that was a man who was too old to go to war, or I expect he would have gone. Leaving Hillsborough, we took the road towards the residence of my aged parents; and soon we entered the field, and saw, a short distance from us, an ancient-looking house. The usual Eastern Shore signal, on the arrival of a visitor, was given, namely, the barking of a dog. An aged man came out, whose head bore the impress of the frosts of many winters, and Time's plough had made many furrows in his cheeks. That man was Francis Wayman, my father.

Old Jacob was not more pleased to see Joseph, than my father appeared to be to see me. After receiving an introduction to Mrs Wayman, we walked into the house to see some one else. There we met a lady who has been the mother of sixteen children, and who has sixty grand-children. That lady was Matilda Wayman, my mother. The meeting was a very agreeable one, for we had not been home for four years. When the time came to retire for the night, my father, according to his usual custom, went on his knees, and gave out the hymn—

"And are we yet alive?"

The singing of my aged father reminded me of what I was in the habit of hearing nearly forty years ago. When I was but a child they had family prayer, and they still have it. Their children are all grown up; all, except four, are gone to their long homes, and still they have family prayer.

On Wednesday morning we took a ride to look more thoroughly upon the scenes of my youth. The place where I was born was the spot I wanted to see once more. As we rode along the road, looking upon the memorable spot, oh, my thoughts were many. The house is gone—the yard is grown up with bushes—there my two grandmothers sleep.

We then visited Denton, Md., where the A. M. E. Church was organized many years ago by Rev. J. G. Bolangh. We returned to my parents' residence, where we made ready to return to Easton on Thursday. At night I addressed a large congregation. Mr. G. Witten, the preacher in charge of the Easton Circuit, is much respected by the community.

On Friday, 19th, we returned home to Baltimore; and on Saturday, 20th, attended a large Bush Meeting a few miles from Port Deposit, Md. Sunday, 27th, was spent in Alexandria, Va.

A. W. WAYMAN.

Baltimore, Sept. 5th, 1864.

SOUTH CAROLINA CORRESPONDENCE.

Morris Island, S. C.,
Co. H, 54th Reg. Mass. Vol. Inf. Militia,
August 22d, 1864.

Dear Recorder:—How things have changed since my last letter to you! As the times, and years, and seasons change, so will the minds of the men of this age. You can see by my letter, that we are once more upon Morris Island with our regiment. We broke up camp on Block Island, on the 20th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and embarked in small boats. After loading a very large scow, which was to convey Co. H and baggage from the Island of Despair to Island Disconsolate, the current being so strong, and nothing but small boats to take her in tow, the writer, with a crew of men with a pontoon boat, laden very heavily, took the lead, and after a tiresome journey reached the point designated for the landing of the equipage. We then took a crew, and went to the assistance of our comrades, who had, by some bad management, run the scow aground; the wind being so very strong, it was impossible to get the boat off; but, after casting anchor, we took up our march for the camp of the noble 54th, groping our way through the sand, and with the lofty hills upon either side it put me in mind of Napoleon crossing the Alps; while the soldiers, bearing heavy knapsacks upon their backs, reminded me of Christian groping his way from the City of Destruction to the wicket gate, with his burden of sin upon his back.

So, here we are once more at home, all snugly quartered upon the beach, doing our duty like men.

We have a very nice mess organized here, with the writer chief of mess No. 1, Corporals Schaffer and Pleasant. The former christened the latter Clerk; J. H. White, Steward; George Brown, Second Steward. We call it the Happy Family of Company H.

The roster of mess No. 1 is as follows:—J. H. W. N. Collins, chief; J. Schaffer, do., Ind.; W. E. Pleasant, clerk, Ohio; J. H. White, steward, Galesburgh; George Brown, D class, Illinois; E. C. Smith, class, Lock Haven; J. H. Davis, class, Chicago; J. Davis, class, Galesburgh; J. J. Watts, class, Carlisle Brick Yard; Geo. Brodin, class, Indiana; Jas. Riley, class, Old Pennape; W. H. Morse, class Gen. Smith, Vermont.

All seems quiet at the front.

Mr. Editor, I have met with a very sad catastrophe. I lost my little daughter some three weeks ago. Oh, how my heart sank when I heard of her death! She has left this world, to go and try the realities of another. Why should we weep for those that depart this life, for they go to join the bright seraphic host of heaven? She leaves a father, mother, and sister, to mourn her loss.

"Dearest baby, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
Yet 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When this life of sin is past;
And with joy we hope to greet thee,
Where no parting e'er will be."

Nothing more. Yours in Christ,

J. H. W. N. C., O. S.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Dear Sir:—I informed you, on the 29th ult., that Rev. Brother J. A. Handy was enrolled at Washington, D. C., and not permitted to return to his work here, until after the draft, which will take place there on the 5th of September. In addition to the $100 raised last Sunday afternoon, and the $113 collected last Sunday night, by his people, to aid him in buying a substitute, last night they added $87 to the amount in hand, making the sum desired, ($300) to add to the $200 Bro. Handy intends to raise; for he must pay $500 for a substitute. After the $300 were raised, a brother stated that some money was wanted to pay expressage on this amount, in sending it to Bro. Handy, whereupon $7 84 were added—making a grand total of $307 84. Certainly, this was a noble course of action! I hope Copperheads will read, and inwardly digest this wholesome example, and forever remember that colored people can both take care of themselves and their church affairs—moreover, can sustain the Government and the laws of our country. One speaker, at the meeting held last night, said that there were three reasons for desiring to raise the $300:—1st. Mr. Handy cannot be spared from our pulpit; 2d. We shall sustain the Government by the act; and 3d. Answer the law regulating the draft. Rev. David Owens gave a brief history, covering the ministry in this church, of the rebel ex-pastor; of Rev. G. Greeley, late missionary pastor, now our missionary at St. Augustine, Florida; and of the four months' pastorate of Bro. Handy—contrasting the church bondage of the days of slavery, with the religious freedom since the commencement of Rev. G. Greeley's pastorate. It was a good and true speech—just to the point. Rev. Richard Sylvester very happily alluded, in a short speech, to the example of Jesus, who once told a fisherman to take from the first fish he should catch, on a certain occasion, a piece of silver, and with it pay the obligations of himself and Jesus to the Government. Said he: "We are now answering the laws of our country, and complying with them. Now, my friends, put your hands *deep down* in your pockets, and hook up the money for this grand object; then our book will return Bro. Handy to our embrace." Two soldiers addressed the meeting: one knew Bro. Handy at Baltimore; the other was converted, a short time since, under Bro. H.'s ministry in this church.

Truly yours, JAMES F. SISSON.

August 31st, 1864.

Where God's word is openly persecuted, there it likes to remain; but where it is truly preached, it is not much esteemed.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 10. 1864.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any one inform me of the whereabouts of the two brothers, Jordan Shepherd and Randall Shepherd, who left Norfolk, Va., some 18 or 20 years ago, or more. They are my brothers, and I shall be under many obligations to any one who can give me any information concerning them.

Word can be left at the Office of the *Christian Recorder*, or to the undersigned, at Portsmouth, Va. RACHEL SHEPHERD.

August 1st, 1864. 6w.

NOTICE.

My second course of Quarterly Meetings will commence with a General Class, at Norristown, on Friday evening, Sept. 16th. On Saturday, 17th inst., Quarterly Conference, at 3 P. M.; at Germantown, on Saturday and Sunday, 24th and 25th inst.; and at West Philadelphia, on the 1st and 2d of October. PETER GARDENER,
Preacher in charge of W. Phila. Circuit.
sept 3—2t

NOTICE.

Love, Purity, and Truth.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RIGHT WORTHY NATIONAL GRAND COUNCIL OF NORTH AMERICA, OF THE I. O. OF G. S. AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.—Notice is hereby given that a Grand Convocation will take place at the city of Wilmington, state of Delaware, on Tuesday, 20th of September, 1864, at 12 o'clock, M.

State and District Grand Councils will be represented by the constitutional number of delegates. One Past W. Chief and Past Daughter from Subordinate Lodges, will attend, properly accredited, and bearing the seal of the respective Lodges sending such representation is requested.

SAMUEL VAN BRAKLE, R. W. N. G. C.
ROBT. B. J. PROCTOR, R. W. N. G. Sec.

P. S.—An election for officers will take place.
sept 3—3t

NOTICE.

The A. M. E. Sabbath Schools, of Camden, East Camden and Kaighnsville, will assemble at their respective meeting places, on Wednesday next, Sept. 14th, at 9 o'clock; thence, (in procession composed of scholars, teachers, parents and friends,) to proceed to Diamond Cottage, where they will unite in singing a few choice pieces, after which they will be dismissed.

The friends of Sabbath Schools are all invited to be present.
T. G. STEWARD,
Minister in Charge.
H. MACKEY,
GEORGE WHITE,
B. F. BROWN,
Superintendents.

NOTICE.

Any information respecting John Burton, who enlisted in the 14th U. S. C. T., will be most thankfully received by his cousin
CATHERINE JONES.
Sept. 10—2t. *West Chester, Pa.*

NOTICE.

A Grand Festival Entertainment will be given by the ladies of Union Baptist church, Minster St., on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 28th and 29th inst., in the basement of the church. The committee will spare no pains to make the occasion pleasing and entertaining to all. Admission, 25 cts.; single evening, 15 cts. Tickets for sale at office of *Christian Recorder*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Hudson, N. Y.	
Mrs. S. J. Smith, per Rev. W. M. Watson,	$1 25
Columbus, Ohio.	
L. Scott, per Rev. G. H. Graham	1 25
West Chester, Pa.	
E. A. Cheriske	1 00
Penningtonville, Pa.	
John Larkins, per Rev. J. V. Pierce	1 15
Warren, Mass.	
Calvin Cutter	2 00
Binghampton, N. Y.	
Rev. E. B. Davis	1 25
Amityville, N. Y.	
Rev. J. S. Locking	1 00
Frankford, Pa.	
J. G. Fry	1 50
Near Petersburg, Va.	
Chaplain White, 28th U. S. C. T.	2 00
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes	1 00
Carlisle, Pa.	
Mrs. M. A. Conn, per Mrs. Jones	1 15
Laurel, Del.	
Rev. William H. Turner,	4 50
Per Rev. William H. Turner:	
N. Blackson, Seaford	1 15
S. Blackson, "	1 15
J. Bradley, "	1 15
Mahala Cullen, "	1 15
Port Royal, S. C.	
B. R. Johnson	1 00

CAN CONTRABANDS LEARN?

We have received a letter from B. R. Johnson, informing us that he has been transferred to U. S. S. New Hampshire. He states that many of the crew (contrabands) came on board unable to distinguish *a* from *p*, and when their term of enlistment expired, they could read and write. Who can say that colored men cannot study?

For the Christian Recorder.

Fort Duane, near Beaufort, S. C.,
Aug. 29th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—By chance, your journal happened to come within my sight. I read in it a letter from Miss Lizzie Hart. I also read your editorial in relation to the colored people and the colored soldiers, and I must acknowledge that I fully concur with you. All we want is that those at home should take care of our families, and speak cheerful words to us, do their duty as Christians, and we will do ours as soldiers.

T. R.
Sergt. Co. C., 26th U. S. C. T.

PREACHERS, who do not preach the punishment of sin, and also the forgiveness of sins, open the gates of hell, and shut those of heaven.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Cruel Treatment of Colored People in Louisville, Kentucky.

We arrived in the city of Louisville on the 20th of August, accompanied by Bishops Quinn and Campbell, and Brother Myers. We had not been in the city long before we heard of them taking up the colored people, and some of the whites also. On the night of the same day that we arrived, an omnibus load were arrested at a late hour and at once taken up to headquarters, but we were glad to know that they were finally released.

Rev. John Turner, being one of those who were arrested, produced legitimate authority and the right for him and all of his brethren to be in the city, by virtue of their Conference being appointed to assemble there. Hence they were released.

On the following Saturday night a large number of our ministers were taken out of their beds at a very late hour, after having retired to enjoy their wonted undisturbed slumber, and dragged wickedly to headquarters. Brother Woodfork's house was also visited by these drunken police, who were slipping around at a late hour of the night, and who, in a spirit of fiendish brutality, struck his dear wife Maberly down to the floor. Brother Woodfork could not stand and see this cruel and uncalled for act without protecting his dear wife, which he did by way of letting the tremendous power of his muscular arm and fist fall full upon the offender, knocking him down and hurling him clear across the room with one vengeful sweep. Some of the other men struck him, and it is said that they knocked them down, and then attacked him with the butt-end of their guns, bruising his head and face considerably; but he managed to get away from them, and thus escaped being taken along with them that night.

On the following day Brother Woodfork entered suit against one of the policemen by the name of Cave. The trial came off to-day, while we were writing; and the Provost Marshall finally acquitted him, with the understanding that he was never to deport himself in such a manner again.

The only reason why Brother Woodfork did not gain the suit was because his skin was of a darker hue—or, as our enemies would say, because he was a "nigger." Had he been possessed of a white skin, he would have gained the suit without any difficulty. Lord, save me from such injustice and corruption. When will the white Americans learn to do right by the people of color, of whom God himself is the great Creator? On that great Day of final account what a fearful reckoning there will be! Then justice will be done to all. God will see to that, and many of the poor and persecuted colored people will be assigned to the highest mansions in glory. Many who are now lords over the oppressed will be assigned to the regions of night, on that great day of account.

In regard to the authorities, they have been informed of the treatment we have been subjected to, and they have assured us that we should be protected. We therefore hope that we shall now be enabled to go through without further molestation.

We are glad to find colored soldiers here in Louisville, notwithstanding the fact that many of the Copperheads and negro-haters declared that no colored person shall or should be allowed to wear the uniform of "Uncle Sam." But "Uncle Sam" has shown them that he was dictator and ruler over the country, and consequently they wear the uniform in spite of all opposition. It looks somewhat strange to see colored soldiers walking about the city, and many of these, too, as guards—guards over white men. They take up rebels, Copperheads and bushwhackers. Our Northern people, with all their boasted freedom, are not willing to have colored guards over white people.

Our old friends are glad to see us, but no more so than we are to see them. It looks like old times—though many, since we were here before, have gone to their long and eternal home; but those who are living express their determination to maintain their integrity. God be praised. And if our enemies would let us alone, we could and would do a great work for our people and the Lord.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSOURI ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Louisville, Kentucky.
Saturday Morning, Aug. 27, 1864.

The Missouri Annual Conference met at 9 o'clock. Bp. Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bp. Campbell.

Conference was opened by Bishop Quinn, who gave out the hymn found on page 142—

"Lord, all I am is known to thee," &c.

The throne of grace was addressed by Bishop Quinn, and a chapter from the Bible was read by Rev. W. A. Dove.

On motion, Rev. John Turner and Rev. B. L. Brooks were appointed Secretaries. The roll was called, and the members answered to their names.

On motion of Rev. W. A. Dove, a committee of three was appointed on Finances, and one on Petitions and Memorials. The Conference then transacted some little business, after which the Bishop called attention to the 61st page of the Discipline, treating on Finances and Reports, etc., etc.

As the hour for adjournment was now at hand, the appointments for the Sabbath were read, and Conference then adjourned, to meet on Monday morning.

Monday Morning, Aug. 29.

Conference met per appointment, and the usual exercises were used in opening the Conference. The Minutes of the previous session were read and approved. The examination of the character of ministers was taken up: all were found to stand fair, except a few marks against some for being absent at the opening of the Conference. Satisfactory reasons, however, were assigned for their lack of punctuality. Brother Carter was charged by Brother Myers with insubordination. Revs. M. M. Clark and Chas. Burch were then appointed to consider this matter and conduct the case.

The hour for adjournment having arrived, the appointments were read, and Conference adjourned, to meet at 4 o'clock, P. M., on same day.

Four o'clock, P. M.

Conference met per adjournment. The case of Brothers Myers and Carter was now resumed. Witnesses were examined, and after much time had been consumed in the matter, a vote was taken in order to ascertain if Brother Carter was guilty or not. The result was his exoneration and acquittal.

Conference then adjourned, to meet on Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Tuesday Morning, Aug. 30.

Conference assembled at 9 o'clock. Bishop Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bishop Campbell.

Bishop Campbell opened Conference with singing and prayer, and by the reading of a portion of Scripture. The roll was called, and the preceding Minutes read and approved. Conference continued to dispose of the marks until all were gone through with. The Conference next proceeded to the filling up of committees. The Committee on Letters and Petitions made their Report, which was received, and the facts noted in it read, which embodied a large number of applications from various members and churches in the connexion.

The Lord be praised for what he has done for us, and for what he is still doing to bring our poor scattered and afflicted people together!—Where there is union, there is strength; and the closer we unite ourselves, the stronger shall we become.

The hour for adjournment having arrived, the appointments were read, Wednesday morning (31st) appointed for re-assembling, and the brethren dispersed for dinner.

Wednesday Morning, Aug. 31.

Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bishop Campbell. Conference was opened by singing and prayer, and the reading of a portion of Scripture by Rev. Thomas Strother.

The roll was called, and Minutes read and approved.

A question arose between Bishops Campbell and Quinn and the Conference as regards the boundary line between the Ohio and the Missouri Conference. The Rev. Dr. Lynn, of the Methodist persuasion, was called upon to state what he considered to be Eastern and Western Kentucky. He said that the Kentucky river ran between—that all East of said river was considered Eastern Kentucky, and all West of it Western Kentucky, thus giving the Missouri Conference, Frankfort, Ohio and Lexington. So we suppose that this will be the permanently existing arrangement until the sitting of the next General Conference.

A number of brethren were presented for the itinerant service.

The Conference is very well attended by the citizens.

The hour of adjournment having now arrived, Conference adjourned, to meet on Thursday morning.

Thursday Morning, Sept. 1.

Conference assembled at 9 o'clock. Bishop Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bishop Campbell.

Conference was opened with singing and prayer, and by reading a portion of Scripture. The roll was called, and the Minutes read and approved.

A large number of the brethren were offered for the itinerant work, and a member of the Conference included. The most of those thus presented are from the Southern M. E. Church, in the States of Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri, and also Kentucky and Kansas. There were also a number of persons presented for ordination.

At 12 o'clock Conference indulged in a short recess of fifteen minutes. Conference resumed business, and the brethren from various circuits and stations reported the state of their membership, church property, &c., which reports tell of a considerable increase.

Conference now adjourned, to meet on Friday morning.

Friday Morning, Sept. 2.

Conference met per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bp. Campbell. The Conference was opened with the usual exercises. The roll was called, and the Minutes read and approved. The Reports of brethren were continued.

Up to the hour of 11 o'clock, Conference had suspended business in order to allow the Editor and General Book Steward an opportunity of speaking for himself, which he did, occupying some three-quarters of an hour—after which a call was made for persons to come forward and subscribe for the *Recorder*, and to make donations to it for the purpose of sending the paper to our brave soldiers now on the field and in the hospital.

Conference, after the transaction of some other matters of business, adjourned, to meet on Saturday morning.

We should have stated that previous to the adjourning of Conference, the Rev. M. M. Clark offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we, the members and elders, deacons and preachers, in charge of circuits and stations, pledge ourselves to raise one seventeenth part of the ten thousand cash subscribers that the Editor and General Book Steward has called for by the 1st of January, 1865.

This is right. Let all the residents of the Districts wherein our brethren have charge of stations go to work manfully at once, and do their duty.

Saturday Morning, Sept. 3.

Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Rev. Bishop Campbell, and was opened with the usual exercises. The roll was called, and the preceding Minutes read and approved.

Conference next proceeded to unfinished business.

We should here state that last night was the time appointed for the grand missionary meeting. The speakers were Revs. M. M. Clark, H. R. Revels and Thomas Strother. The church was densely crowded, and nearly fifty dollars were taken up. An auxiliary society was also formed, subject to the parent society. The affair was a success.

Conference, to-day, received for the itinerancy and ordination thirteen candidates. This is quite a large and creditable number, and speaks well for us.

The Conference moves along with much peace and quietness. All is harmony and love—harmony in thought and action, and love in heart, one towards another. This is as it should be. The amount of missionary work which this Conference has laid out so far, greatly exceeds that of any of our Annual Conferences that have yet been held.

There is at present a great demand for our Gen. Conf. Minutes. We cannot account for this extraordinary demand—probably it is because we have none.

The Conference will adjourn on Monday or Tuesday.

We have received the following sums for the *Recorder*:—

Louisville, Ky.	
Mrs. E. Roxborough,	$2 50
Charles M. White,	2 50
Mrs. M. H. Lester,	2 50
Miss Mary Johnson,	2 50
Mrs. Mary A. Williams,	2 50
Mrs. Chas. Johnson,	2 50
John Morris	3 00
Rev. Bartlett Taylor,	2 50
Rev. John W. Eads,	2 50
Mrs. Lucille Young,	2 50
Dennis McDonald	2 50
Mrs. Adia Maxwell,	2 50
Mrs. Charlotte Edwards,	1 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson,	2 50
Mrs. Sarah F. Howard,	2 50
Mrs. Mary F. Goff,	2 50
Mrs. Frances Harden,	1 25
Nathaniel Brown,	2 50
Natchez, Tenn.	
Rev. J. Hobersham,	2 50
Rev. L. N. Marry,	2 50
Rev. John Clabrun,	2 50
Murfreesboro', Tenn.	
Rev. Braxton James,	2 50
St. Louis, Mo.	
Mrs. Catherine Napier,	2 25
Helena, Arkansas.	
Rev. Jas. M. Alexander,	2 50
Atchison, Kansas.	
Nicholas Johnson,	2 25
Mrs. Lucy Phillips,	2 25

The following is a list of the donations subscribed to send the *Christian Recorder* to our soldiers:—

Louisville, Ky.	
H. N. Rankins,	$1 00
Robert McCary,	50
Rev. L. N. Merry,	25
Rev. H. Reedy,	50
Rev. Gilbert Algee,	50
Rev. John Taburn,	50
Rev. Thos. Jackson,	25
Rev. Prince Wright,	50
Helena, Ark.	
Rev. James M. Alexander,	5 00

WAS IT LEGAL?

Away out West, there lived an old lady whose sole possessions in *this* world, (the writer was not well enough conversant with her to be able to judge what share she owns in the *other*,) was an aged jackass. This jackass had been the property of her husband, who died about sixteen years before the time of which we write, and, as the old lady supposed, was now about twenty-four years old.

It so happened, that Uncle Abraham had ordered a draft, and consequently Mr. Brown was appointed enroller for the district in which the old lady lived. In due time he reached the old lady's house, and inquired, "Who lives here?" (Now, the long-eared resident had been called John from time immemorial, and the old lady was accustomed to speaking of him as a member of the family.) "Nobody, but me and John," answered she. "How old is John?" said Mr. B. "Twenty-four years of age," said the old lady. "What is your name, madam?" inquired Mr. B. "My name is Susanna Elmira Colaney," says she, "and John has been living here eighteen years, and we raised him ever since he was quite young." "All right, ma'am," said Mr. B., and proceeded to write, "*John Colaney, age 24.*"

In due course of time the drafting took place. The fourth name pulled from the wheel, was *John Colaney*. The neighbors all wondered who he was, and the old lady was frightened almost to death. "What shall I do?" inquired she of the old parson. "Trust in God!" said he.

The old lady, we believe, succeeded in borrowing $100, and John was exempt. Was she not a model woman?

CUTTER'S ANATOMY—PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

We have received from the author a copy of the above named work, and also a copy of "First Book on Anatomy, &c., by Calvin Cutter." Although we have not had time to give them a thorough perusal, we are satisfied that the author has been successful in his endeavor. The structure of the human system is plainly described, and we recommend them to all teachers and others in want of text-books on the subject. He makes a very liberal offer to teachers, for which we refer our readers to his advertisement in another part of our columns.

OUR SCIENTIFIC COLUMN

At the earnest solicitation of many of our readers, we have determined to devote a column of the RECORDER to *scientific matters*. We hope that such will be read with interest, as we promise them articles worthy of their investigation. We desire as many of our contributors and all who are acquainted in this line, to favor us occasionally with an article.

For the Christian Recorder.

JUNIUS versus ISAAC.

MR. EDITOR:—I am one of the many who have, since its very commencement, taken an interest in your paper. Looking upon it as an organ destined to exert an influence on an oppressed and despised race, as it emerged from servitude, semi-barbarism, or involuntary ignorance, sometimes of the grossest kind, I cannot but think you hold a post of especial importance, and should admit nothing in the paper calculated to mislead the honest inquirer, or give false views of duty or doctrine.

There are two things in the *Recorder* which surprise me—first, that some articles are so well written; and, second, that some are so badly written.

Now, it is very natural for a novice to imagine that, when he has learned how to scribble, he has learned how to write. If the writer cannot distinguish or discriminate, an editor should be able to do so. Original articles now and then appear in the *Recorder*, which would prove no disgrace to any paper; why, then, should it be disfigured by productions of a most opposite character?

Philosophers tell us, that "from nothing, nothing can arise." If a man has nothing in his own brain, he cannot fill the brain of another. Strange as it may seem, however, some brainless individuals have done something to unsettle our *shaky* world. Witness the pretended discoveries of Mohammed, Emmanuel Swedenborg, Joanna Southcote, and Joe Smith! Forsaking the living realities and divine truths taught in the Holy Scriptures, such visionaries, enthusiasts, and impostors have not only deluded themselves, but succeeded in deluding others—"deceiving, and being deceived." "Because we hold the truth," itself, "in unrighteousness, God" sometimes "gives us up to strong delusions, to believe a lie."

If we commit ourselves to such blind guides, we ensure our destruction. "If the blind lead the blind, they both fall into a ditch," deep and dismal as hell itself, which is represented as without bottom, if not without bounds!

So much for introduction. We now proceed to notice the article which elicited these remarks.

Among the crude writers in the *Recorder*, is one signing himself "Isaac Carr." Had the article contained merely the usual amount of balderdash or nonsense commonly found in such unfledged attempts at soaring, I would have voted for its remaining in its original insignificance. But when a paper, purporting to be a *Christian Recorder*, proceeds to record, and give currency to such blasphemous, trashy, sentiments, as in the article adverted to, it is time to speak out and let the reader and the writer know that "their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges."

Before the birth of the Redeemer, a divine messenger informed his virgin mother, that "that holy thing which should be born of her, would be called the Son of God." John proclaimed that, "In the beginning the Word was with God, and the Word was God." At his baptism, "the Spirit of God lighted on him as a dove," and the Father himself announced to us, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: Hear ye him." When the prince of this world came to tempt him, (as he did the first Adam, when *he* was on trial,) he found nothing in him as a fulcrum for his temptations. He "did always the things that pleased his Father." He was ever "holy, harmless, undefiled,—separate from sinners." When He atoned for sin, he needed not, as the symbolic high priest, first to offer for himself, and then for the errors of the people; but he has, "by his once offering, for ever perfected them that are sanctified."

After such explicit declarations from heaven, who would expect to have "Isaac Carr," or any body else, to inform us that our immaculate, divine, and ever-glorious Redeemer "overcame in temptation, and conquered the evil of *his* human nature received of the mother and maid, it *became* divine, which was done when he died on the cross," etc. What can be more absurd, contradictory, and unscriptural, than to assert that His Divine nature became human, or his human nature became Divine?

It is certain that our Lord, when he became incarnate, assumed human nature—he united it with the Divine. How could he have been the Redeemer without this assumption? As God, he could not suffer; as mere man, he could not redeem: for how could the sufferings even of an innocent being expiate or atone for the smallest offense? The sufferings of Gabriel himself could not atone for the smallest transgression. It required the sufferings of a Being of infinite dignity, to remove the guilt of offenses committed against a Being of infinite dignity.

We are sorry to see "Isaac Carr," or any one else, trying to revive such ridiculous errors, long since exposed and exploded. We are aware that a passage in Hebrews has been distorted and perverted to answer the purpose of Unitarians and others. But "the foundation of God standeth sure, nevertheless," and we can say, with more confidence than they, "It became him, by whom are all things, and for whom are all things, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." Common sense, as well as the whole tenor of Scripture, shows that the word "perfect" here, is to be understood in the sense of complete or finished—not as implying previous imperfection. Even the sacrifices of the Mosaic law pointed out the same thing. they were to be perfect of their kind, and "without blemish." If otherwise, they were abhorrent to God, and utterly rejected by him. How, then, could the great Antitype himself be stained with imperfection? When He expired on the cross, he exclaimed, "It is finished!" His work was complete. It, not himself, was thus perfected.

I regret to write so much about so small a production, but thought it would be wrong to let such derogatory, and I may say, blasphemous reflections on our immaculate Redeemer pass unrebuked.

Now, Mr. Editor, as some of our poor colored soldiers are calling for bread, why should you give them a stone? If they ask of you a fish, why should you offer them such a scorpion? "Is there not bread enough, and to spare," in our Father's house?

There is doubtless piety enough and talent enough in the various branches of the African Church, to draw forth some solid and substantial food, either as milk for babes, or meat for strong men, without depending on the crudities of miserable drivellers and dreamers, or the unscriptural fancies and vagaries of fanatics and pretenders. JUNIUS ALBUS.

COLORED SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: While confined in Charleston Jail, South Carolina, in June last, as a prisoner of war, the following note was placed in my hands, and the accompanying list. Massachusetts journals are requested to give them wide circulation.

Respectfully yours,
AN EXCHANGED OFFICER.

New York, August 9th, 1864.

SIR: I do, in behalf of my fellow-prisoners, earnestly hope and pray that this may be the means, through you, of procuring our release. The privations of the white soldiers are nothing in comparison to ours, in our destitute condition, being, as it were, without friends, and in the enemy's hands, with an almost utter hopelessness of being released, and not having heard from our families or friends since we were captured.

MASS.

List of Colored Soldiers and Sailors held as Prisoners of War at Charleston, S. C., June 13, 1864.

Corporal Ralph B. Gardner, Co. A, 54th Massachusetts, captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Jas. Allen, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Ft. Wagner, July 18, 1863.

William F. Hill, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Corp. Chas. Hardy, Co. H, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Lemuel Blake, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at James Island, July 14, 1863.

Geo. Counsel, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at James Island, July 14, 1863.

George Grant, captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Samuel Wilson, Jesse Brown,
William Rigsly, Alfred Green,
Daniel States, Cornelius Henson, Co. C,
Geo. F. Prosser, Co. D, Nathaniel Hurley, Co. E,
Wm. Grover, Wm. Butler,
Jefferson Ellis, Co. F, Geo. Mushroom,
John Grey, George Thomas,
Charles Stanton, Co. G, Solomon Anderson,

Sergeant Walter A. Jeffries, Co. H, captured July 16th, 1863, at James Island, South Carolina.

Corp. A. Williams and Wm. H. Kirk, both of Co. H.

Wm. H. Worthington, Co. H.

John W. Dixon, Co. H, 54th Mass.

James Caldwell, Joseph Proctor,
John Leatherman, Enos Smith,
Wm. H. Harrison, Fred. Wallace,
Israel Williams.

Sergt. Alfred Whiting, Co. I, captured at Ft. Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Stuart Woods. Baltimore Smith.
Joseph Beard, Co. K.

Sergeant Robert Johnson, Jr., Co. F, 55th Mass., captured at N. Edisto Island, S. C., Nov. 12, 1863.

Edward Logan, Co. F, 55th Massachusetts, captured at N. Edisto Island, S. C., Nov. 12th, 1863.

Orren Brown, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.

Wm. Johnson, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.

Wm. Wilson, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.

Wm. Taylor, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.

James Mellet, U. S. frigate Wabash, captured at Fort Sumter.

For the Christian Recorder.

VISIT TO BURLINGTON, N. J.

MR. EDITOR—SIR:—Permit me, through your most valuable medium of circulating interesting matter, to make a few remarks concerning my happy visit to Burlington, N. J.

On Thursday, the 1st inst., having left this city, I arrived in Burlington, and proceeded to the grove, where, on entering, I gazed upon the happy participants, who were causing the woods to resound with pleasing emotions. By chance, Rev. Mr. Gould, the pastor, observed me, and making his way through the crowd, requested me very anxiously to address the assembly. I declined making any remarks whatever, but, after meditating awhile, consented to say something. By so doing, I had quite an agreeable time indeed. One would have supposed, had he not known the nature of the meeting, that it was a camp, instead of a Harvest Home. Addresses were also delivered by Revs. C. H. Hedges, J. S. Thompson, students of the Ashmun Theological Seminary, the Rev. Jas. Smith, of this city, and William Offer, of New Brunswick. The remarks were very much in keeping with the times, and handsomely handled. The speakers appeared to be in earnest about the great matter of our final restoration in this and all other lands. Our lives are in the hand of God.

In the evening I was very much gratified with the performances of the grand concert held in the church, under the direction of Prof. Burris, that accomplished master of his profession. The young ladies sang with so much grace, that they won laurels from the enemies of the black men, who filled the galleries and the main audience room. God speed the wise Ethiopians! And if Miss Livingston continues to sing as well as she did on that evening, we will soon have another bright opera singer, who will be an honor to the race. After the pronouncing of the benediction, by your humble servant, the large congregation retired to the basement, from a repast of music to a feast of the season; and you may depend upon it, we had a happy time during its continuance!

Bro. Gould truly is an energetic man. He just suits our race of people precisely; and all we want, as a people, is such men as will go ahead through much opposition, and who will not flinch one single iota.

Yours, J. H. TURPIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. MORGAN HEARD FROM AT LAST.

Camp left of Petersburg, Va.,
August 28th, 1864.

DEAR RECORDER:—There is nothing of importance that has occurred among us since my last letter. Our regiment has mostly been on fatigue service since that time. We have marched round to the left of Petersburg, near the Weldon railroad, and have been engaged mostly in felling trees, and building breastworks and forts. I see in last week's *Recorder*, that there is much inquiry into whether Rev. Mr. Morgan is dead or alive. He is still alive, and was in the terrible charge of July 30th, where he acted very bravely, and came out without a scratch. He was taken ill soon after the charge, and is now in the hospital, from which we hope he may soon return.

This is a splendid Sabbath morning! But no sound of the church-going bell greets our ears. It reminds me of the words of the poet—

"The sound of the church-going bell
These rocks and valleys never heard."

It is a painful fact, that this regiment has not heard half a dozen sermons since they have been out. We have no chaplain. Is there not an opportunity here for some enterprising minister to improve? Under the present circumstances, the moral improvement of the men in this regiment is not very great. Profanity has reached such a pitch, that it very often shocks the ears of even wicked men.

We are now encamped on a splendid farm, which contains a large house, and is surrounded by a number of small ones, which were used as the slaves' quarters. There is a large orchard on the place, which had just been set out three or four years ago. Not more than forty yards distant from the house, is the family graveyard, surrounded by an iron railing. The whole place shows signs of wealth, affluence, and ease. How much joy—at the same time, how much misery has been experienced beneath the roof of this lordly Southern mansion! But, alas! the desolations of war—fences broken down and destroyed, houses disfigured and burned, gardens that were once modern Edens, now torn up, their beauty and decorations scattered to the four winds! All this is the result of slavery. God hasten the day when war shall cease, when slavery shall be blotted from the face of the earth, and when, instead of destruction and desolation, peace, prosperity, liberty and virtue shall rule the earth!

Yours, etc., JOHN C. BROCK,
Com. Sergeant, 43d Reg. U. S. C. T.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp of the 1st U. S. C. I. in front of Petersburg, Va., Aug. 31st, 1864.

DEAR EDITOR:—I now set myself down, upon a rather uncomfortable seat, not to my taste, but as it is the only furniture we can afford in our intrenchments, we have to make out the best we can, until we can get better. The blessed Master did not make this large and beautiful world in one day, nor did he make it in two. And Dear Editor, I think, as God did not hasten his own works, why should men try to be so hasty?

We know that we have been a down-trodden race, and we know that our pale-faced enemies are trying every day to trample upon our rights and privileges, and to beat it into the public mind that we have no right to demand the rights that a white does. But for all that, God above the Devil. Our dear and brave brothers now in the field, fighting for their country's cause, must not be so hasty. Look more to God, and not so much to the State of Massachusetts, to give you your rights and privileges. God is a just God, and if it be His will that we become equal in rights and privileges with the white man, it will be so, and all the united governments on this earth cannot stop it.

Dear Editor, I have left the home of a dear mother and father, and many relatives, whom I love and respect next to God, and many other soldiers have done the same, to save our country and dear homes from a savage and invading foe, and the government has promised to give us all the same pay and rations that it gives the white soldier; but, by some mismanagement, it had failed to do so until the 21st of July, 1864, when God had appointed the hour for us to get it. We get it now, my dear brother soldiers of Massachusetts, and other complaining regiments. You must wait for God to give you your rights, and not for the United States. It is through Him it comes: He is the friend of us all; and it is an insult to Him to hasten His work. We must wait for Him, and I know that all will be well. Now, dear Editor, adieu for the present, as the rebels have disturbed my seat.

I remain yours for justice,
GEORGE O. DE COURCY,
Serg. Co. F, 1st U. S. C. Infantry.

For the Christian Recorder.

Beaufort, South Carolina.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—After a long silence, I avail myself to write to your dear paper. Please do not view it with a critic's eye, but rather pass over any imperfections. Allow me to say, that the 3rd U. S. colored troops, are living in hope of returning home again. I feel more inclined to press the army farther and farther, and let my destination in life be what it will, I do firmly vow, that I will fight as long as a star can be seen in our old flag—the star spangled banner.

How inspiring the thought, that, as for a moment the din of battle is hushed, the cry of contending armies in the shock of war's bloody contest dies away on the mind, there goes up to the throne of the Great Ruler of the universe, a paean of praise, which, starting amid the forests of Maine, rolls across the home of the descendants of the Puritans, gathers strength and volume as it passes over the wealthy and populous middle states, where the hum of machinery is hushed, and the streets of traffic are deserted, and dies not away until it has been echoed by the snow-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, and mingled sounds with the eternal chorus of the Great Ocean. Thus the conflicts of battle-fields have brought men from the East and West, shoulder to shoulder—heart to heart—in this great struggle for a nation's life.

It is not necessary to mention Gettysburg to make the reference clear to your mind: but the names of the worthy association with Bunker's Hill, Yorktown, and the like, has magic powers in making the heart of every true patriot in the land beat quickly. Thank God that . was won! Nor is it to be forgotten, that while a portion of our army and navy are still watching and waiting for an opportunity to strike a crushing blow at the very centre of the rancorous heart of rebellion, at Charleston, the fort whence the brave Anderson and his handful of gallant men were driven by smoke and flames, now lies a heap of ruins, a symbol of that ruin into which, we trust, the Confederacy, founded upon treason and rebellion, will itself soon fall.

I pray to God to spare us to see our dear firesides again; may God bless and help us in our endeavors to put down this unholy rebellion.

Yours truly, J. T. W.,
Company G, 3d U. S. C. Troops.

LETTER FROM BORDENTOWN.

For the Christian Recorder.

Bordentown, N. J., Sept. 2d, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I take great pleasure in dropping you a few lines concerning the state of my charge. We appear to be getting along very well at present, only there is not as much of the genuine grace of God flourishing among us as I desire to see.

The colored ladies of Bordentown, being moved by the Divine Spirit to do something for their Pastor, got up a surprise visit, and, on the 31st of August, 1864, in the evening, (on that evening we generally have preaching,) the Minister being apprized of it, or that something more than ordinary was going on, delivered a short discourse. About half past nine o'clock, the procession appeared at his door, in front of his house, headed by the amiable Mrs. Unice Collins, well known for her fidelity and usefulness as an instructer of youth, and after knocking, they were politely invited in, and, after enjoying themselves in eating some of the luscious fruits of the earth which they had brought with them, they presented to the Minister the neat little sum of thirteen dollars and thirty cents in money, and left valuables sufficient to increase it to twenty dollars.

O, that all the people, on circuits and stations, would do likewise. Those ladies will ever receive this brother's gratitude.

The committee were, Mrs. Unice Collins, Miss Sarah Chermen, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, and Miss Margaret Davis. Yours in Christ.
JAMES HOLLON.

For the Christian Recorder.

INTERESTING FROM FRANKFORD.

Pursuant to a call made, a public meeting of the colored citizens of Frankford was held in the A. M. E. Bethel church, Oxford street, on Monday evening, August 22d, 1864. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer. Mr. Randol Pleasants, Sr., was chosen Chairman. Mr. Joseph G. Fry was appointed Secretary. On motion of Mr. William S. Walker, and seconded by Mr. William Watson, that the call for a national convention of colored citizens of the United States be read,—moved and seconded that we elect one delegate, and furnish him with credentials, to represent Frankford in the coming National Convention that is to be held in the city of New York on the Fourth Day of October, 1864. On motion that we appoint a Nominating Committee—and that Mr. Peter R. Brake, Mr. Jacob Myers, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Job Trusty, and Rev. Henderson Davis, be on that Committee.

We, your Committee, beg leave to make the following report:

We, by the authority of the colored citizens of Frankford, have nominated Mr. Henderson Davis, Jr., and Mr. Morris to be elected." Mr. Samuel Morris was elected as a delegate to represent Frankford in the coming National Colored Convention.

The following resolutions were offered by Mr. Lewis Bedford:

Whereas, the colored citizens of Frankford and vicinity have unanimously concluded to send a delegate or representative to New York, and

Whereas, the said delegate or representative is going to leave home, friends and situation in behalf of and for the express purpose of vindicating and encouraging the following principles—namely: sound morality, temperance and frugality, education, industry and thrift; and

Whereas, the said delegate has purposed upon receiving no emolument for his services, except what is necessary to defray his public and private expenses at home and abroad;

Therefore be it, and it is hereby,

Resolved, 1. That the colored citizens of Frankford on this Monday evening do contribute and collect the small sum of thirty-five dollars, which sum is necessary to defray the expenses of said delegate.

2. And be it further resolved that we, when assembled, do elect by ballot a responsible Treasurer, in whose hands all public and private contributions and collections shall be placed, until such times as the aforesaid sum, thirty-five dollars, is raised.

3. That we do, on and after this Monday evening, contribute and collect the above sum as speedily as possible.

4. That we do, if not incompatible with or for any future meetings or regulations which the members of the church have or will make, hold a meeting on every Monday evening until the above sum is collected.

5. That the proceedings of the previous meeting which led to the election of Samuel Morris meets our highest approbation, and that we highly appreciate Mr. Morris as a gentleman and a scholar, and as the right man in the right place.

The above resolutions were all unanimously adopted.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Great Gathering at Chicago—Democracy—What they Purpose Doing—A Surrender of the Government into the Hands of Traitors—Their Candidate for President—His Antecedents—A Living Record—The Duty of all Colored Voters in this Country—Our Right to Vote at this Presidential Election—Our Duty in the Matter—A Word to the Colored Soldiers in the Field.

MR. EDITOR:—The most important and all-engrossing topic, which has claimed the nation's attention within the last week, has been the great Democratic Peace-at-any sacrifice Convention, assembled in Chicago. The magnitude of the national struggle, the enormity of this slaveholders' rebellion, and the contest of that old, defunct party to regain power and bring back those good old days, when they moved, at the sound of their master's whip, to catch the panting fugitives fleeing to the North, are, indeed, matters not to be passed by lightly by the American people.

A nation or government directed by the popular voice or votes of the whole population, acquiescing in the choice of candidates by an assembled convention, must necessarily be surged to and fro, unsettled, on so vital a point as choosing men into whose hands the helm of state is to be placed for four succeeding years. No crisis in this people's history has been so pregnant with their weal or wo as the present. The administration has had to meet and overcome the rebellion, besides contending with treason at home and in every department of Government.

Much dissatisfaction has arisen in consequence of the long and tedious progress of the war. Every obstacle which could be placed in the way of the administration has been eagerly applied by the Democratic party and the copperheads, combined with the secessionists. The Democratic party are bent on the overthrow of the Government, the surrender of the dignity of the nation, the acknowledgment of the Confederacy, the re-enslavement of the freedmen, the opening of the great inter-slave communication and traffic between the States, the return of the rule of Davis, Toombs and Brooks, and the reenacting of the disgraceful days of the attempted assassination of Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber. They are endeavoring to bring back those fearful struggles which afflicted our country in Kansas, when the blood of patriots moistened that virgin soil.

If that party succeeds in the election of its candidate and assumes the Government, every black man may prepare to be deprived of every right which he now enjoys, and the race may also look across the ocean for a place of asylum. View the antecedents of that party—the Dred Scott decision, the Missouri Compromise, the Lecompton swindle, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Fugitive Slave Code of 1850, the denial of the right of colored men to own vessels and act as commanders. All these wrongs we do remember.

That party would never grant a colored person a proper passport to go to a foreign country. Colored sailors were not protected when going into Southern ports, though they were English subjects. Colored men *could not testify in the United States Courts* under Democratic rule. No Democratic Governor of any State would encourage the enlistment of colored troops until the Republican Governors and the administration began the work, and Democratic influence has robbed the colored soldiers of their proper and full pay as other soldiers. In the acts of Congress relative to that matter, the Democrats have voted in solid phalanx against every right of the colored people in this country. Every law which has passed Congress detrimental to our interests has been brought forward by a Democrat, and sustained by Democratic votes and speeches. The great mobs in our large cities have been inaugurated by leaders of that party.

The first official act of George B. McClellan, when he assumed the command of the troops in Ohio, on entering Virginia, was to assure the slave-holders that he would maintain their rights, and *"put down any indications of insurrection, on the part of their slaves, with an iron hand."* Can any colored man vote for this *"Chickahominy Swamp Angel?"*

General McClellan has no record which will commend him to a single colored voter in this country. The Democratic party has done no single act which recommends it to the favorable consideration of any colored man, woman or child in this or any other country. It is the avowed enemy of our race, inciting the low animal passions of the ignorant foreigners against us, because we are black and helpless in this Government.

They have robbed us of all means of aggrandizement, and then derided us because we are ignorant and impotent. They, by their laws in the States, have deprived us of all rights to political franchise, closed the school houses against us, closed workshops against us, closed the court-houses against us, made us *aliens, who were born on the soil, and naturalized those who were aliens by blood and birth.*

The manhood of our race has been acknowledged. We have been acknowledged as citizens. These citizens *can vote for the President of the United States.* Let every man vote for that man and party who have done and are still doing so much for the disenthralment of a race and the redemption of a republic. We are in the midst of a great commotion. Many things ought to have been done, which have not; but all that has been done for us has been done by this administration and that class of men who uphold it.

The real friends of the administration are the friends of humanity and of the oppressed. Soldiers and sailors of our race, you were made such by this administration. Has your manhood been recognized by the Government? It is more than was ever done before since its formation. Bear in mind, that, until the election of Abraham Lincoln, this Government has been administered by slave-holders and Northern Democrats. For nearly eighty years, the South has had control of the navy, the army, the judiciary, the Presidential chair, the Post-office Department, the appointment of all foreign ministers; in fact, all Government has been in the hands of the buyers and sellers of our race. Hence you could not go in the navy except as servants, nor into the army except as waiters on officers. You could not bear arms, wear uniforms nor stand guard and demand and receive the countersign and password. You could not receive bounties and prize money. You had "no rights which white men were bound to respect," under Democratic rule.

Freemen of the South, under Democratic rule, you worked the cotton and sugar for your masters, and supported your mistresses in idleness. Now you raise that cotton for yourselves, and sell and purchase goods for your own children. Ten acres of land are now given to every family, and every colored soldier may purchase a homestead in the rich soil of the South. Colored gentlemen of energy and ability are to day owners of large plantations, and are tilling them to advantage *with free labor*, remunerating the workmen and amassing fortunes themselves. The Sea Islands, the Valley of the Mississippi, the savannas of Florida, and the rich soils of Alabama, with all other States where the edict of emancipation shall be established by the strong hand of the Government, and maintained by the strong arms of those sons of toil who have watched at midnight around the smouldering fires, hoping and praying for a day of deliverance from slavery. These shall be a mighty bulwark of protection, watching, with sleepless vigilance, the liberty of their children, the integrity of the nation's commands, and shall be a terror to all rebels.

Let us not be discouraged. While we have so much to complain of, yet, out of these hardships—above these trials—we shall yet stand upright.

Soldiers, the Government has ordered that colored troops shall do no more hard labor in trenches than white troops shall perform. The Government has also ordered, that colored troops shall receive the same pay and rations as other soldiers of the United State. *It is by the Attorney-General's decision, that you are entitled to the same pay, and President Lincoln, through the War Department, has ordered you to be paid.* Shine out, fair sun. Let us see his (Lincoln's) shadow as he passes.

Hope on, brave Fifty-fourth. Justice will come soon.

JUNIUS

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BINGHAMPTON.

MY REV. BROTHER IN THE LORD:—I would like to let you and the friends know that the Lord is working in this part of His vineyard. We had Quarterly Meeting on the 31st of July. We had a grand time on Monday night, when we had a Love Feast. We had Quarterly Meeting in Owego on the 7th of August, and the good Lord was with us, and we had another good time.

The Lord is making His strong arm to bear on the hearts of the people. We are holding a protracted meeting in Owego, and sinners are crying for mercy. We hope that they may find it. Pray for us, that the light from the East may shine in the West. Pray for me, that I may be a faithful dispenser of God. I feel that His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me. "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

In our protracted meetings we have taken two into the church. The *Recorder* reaches our city every week, and it is received with great joy.

Yours, for the onward march of Christ,

E. B. DAVIS.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM PORT REPUBLIC, N. J.

MR EDITOR:—For the third time, I will pen you a few lines, hoping that you will find a space in the columns of your worthy paper. What I have to say will be presented in the form of general remarks.

First. Concerning the draft, which bears, with much grievance, on my mind. It has recently been to my house, and taken from me my nearest and dearest of all earthly friends. No one but those who have experienced it can tell how hard it is.

Secondly. Concerning the condition in which it has left our church. It has taken all of our male members, with the exception of one, who has only been connected with the church for two months. Our little church has only been built a year, and is not yet free from the temporal bondage.

Thirdly. Concerning the pastor which we have this year. Though a young man in the gospel, we hope that he will exert all his influence in the endeavor to free our little edifice from debt, and that he will be taught by our fathers in Israel, as young Timothy was instructed by St. Paul. By so doing, he will bring sheaves to God, his work will prosper, and we will be able, through the midst of this cruel rebellion, to look forward with blessed anticipation, and say, as did Job, "I will wait until my change comes."

Now, Mr Editor, my concluding remark will be in regard to the call which I made at your book-store in the evening of the 19th of August. I had not the good fortune of finding you in, but was much pleased to find the store so well filled with books of various kinds.

No more at present.

I remain your well-wisher in the cause of Christ,

MRS. R. A. SMITH.

Port Republic, N. J.

For the Christian Recorder.

HARVEST HOME.

There was a grand Harvest Home held in Princeton on the 25th of August, 1864, by the members of the A. M. E. Church, prepared for and conducted by a Committee of male and female members of said church, of which Mrs Margaret H. Conover was the leading spirit. There was a good, plain dinner provided in the woods for the people, at fifty cents each, with which the multitude appeared to be well satisfied; and there was, in addition, a refreshment-stand in the woods, all of which were well patronized by the people.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Theodore Gould and William Offer. In the evening of the same day, there was an exhibition given in the church, by the Sabbath-school. After which, there was a table supplied with the delicious fruits of the season, for the comfort of the crowded assembly.

The proceeds of all, was for said church in Princeton.

The amount received by the Committee in the woods and in the church was,	$186 74
Expenses paid out, . . .	66 49
Amount cleared, . . .	$120 25

There was also a collection taken up in the woods, for the purpose of replenishing the library of the aforesaid Sabbath-school, to the amount of $10 81, which was expended for books in the A. M. E. Book-store by the elder of the said church.

JAMES SCHENK, *Superintendent.*
REV. HENRY DAVIS, *Elder.*

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION ENLARGEMENT.

The work of the United States Christian Commission has grown far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and is daily increasing. To carry it on and extend it still farther, until, if possible, it shall become commensurate with the wants of the army and navy and willingness of the people, the Commission has been increased from twelve members, the original number, to forty-seven. The Executive Committee has also been enlarged from five to fourteen. And two secretaries, one for home and one for field organization, have been associated with the general secretary, heretofore alone in the work.

In this enlargement the aim has been:

1. To bring into the counsels, activities, and responsibilities of the work a large number of distinguished Christian gentlemen of well known wisdom, prudence, patriotism, piety and energy.

2. To preserve the nationality of the Commission by the election of one or more members from each loyal State and Territory in the Union.

3. To preserve its catholicity by having it embrace in its membership the different branches of the Church of Christ.

4. To increase its central executive force by having a larger number of members residing in Philadelphia and New York, within convenient distance of the central office.

The following are the officers and Executive Committee of the Commission:

OFFICERS.

George H. Stuart, Esq., Chairman.
Joseph Patterson, Esq., Treasurer.
Rev. W. E. Boardman, Secretary.
Rev. Lemuel Moss, Secretary Home Organization.
Rev. Bernice D. Ames, Secretary Field Organization.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

George H. Stuart, Esq., Philadelphia.
Rev. Bishop E. S. Janes, D. D., New York.
C. Demond, Esq., Boston, Mass.
John P. Crozer, Esq., Philadelphia.
Jay Cook, Esq., "
Joseph Patterson, Esq., "
Rev. Bishop M. Simpson, D. D., "
Stephen Colwell, Esq., "
William E. Dodge, Esq., New York.
Rev. Herman Dyer, D. D., "
Walter S. Griffiths, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.
G. S. Griffith, Esq., Baltimore, Md.
H. G. Jones, Esq., Philadelphia.
W. E. Boardman, Ex. Off., "

By order of the Executive Committee,
GEO. H. STUART, *Chairman.*

For the Christian Recorder.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOHNNY JORDAN.

Johnny is sleeping,
Prepare him for rest,
With his little hands
Folded over his breast.

Sweetly he's sleeping,
Tread about softly,
Stifle thy weeping,
Raise him tenderly.

Bear him along,
Lower him gently
To his last home,
Cover him carefully.

Carefully to rest,
Sweetly he'll sleep
On the Saviour's breast,
Forgetting to weep.

Cease now thy weeping,
Ye'll listen not long,
Soon hear him singing
The angels' sweet song.

The parting was hard,
But Jesus knew best;
The flower ye cherished
Is safe on His breast.

NACHED.

Norfolk, Va, Sept. 7, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

The Dying Words of Grayson Singleton, furnished by a Friend.

Blessed are those who learn all to follow Christ, through whose merits we are saved. I am so filled with the love and mercy of God, that all I can say is, "Glory, glory to God for His goodness and mercy in saving a poor sinner like me."

I'll soon be with Jesus, where troubles are o'er,
To earth I bid adieu,
To God I give my partner,
Who'll befriend and guide her through.

God will be her Friend when I am gone,
To soothe her mournful sighs;
The promise given makes me yield
Till I join her in the skies.

A. B.

Philadelphia, Sept. 4, 1864

DIED.

FIELDS.—at Cape Island, Aug. 21st, 1864, HENRY S. B. FIELDS, only son of Abraham and Mary C. Fields, aged four years, six months and three weeks.

HENSON.—Died, July 21st, 1864, in Brooklyn, L. I., LAURA JANE, daughter of Ann Eliza Henson, aged two years and six months.

Little Laura was our darling,
Pride of all the hearts at home;
But the angel came and whispered,
Came and whispered "Laura, come."

The above simple but touchingly beautiful little verse was selected by a sister of the departed one.

MARY BROWN.

Washington, D. C.

Our Country.

Details of the Capture of Fort Morgan.

THE REBEL STEAMER NASHVILLE [illegible]—MOBILE [illegible].

The details of the movements of the navy and land force at Mobile, are highly satisfactory. Fort Morgan surrendered on the 23d after twenty-four hours' bombardment. On the night of the 25th Captain Jewett succeeded in blowing up the rebel ram Nashville. She was just below Mobile. She was three hundred and sixty feet in length and was to have mounted twelve guns. In dragging for torpedoes in the channel below the fort, he succeeded in taking up six.

Fort Morgan was assailed on the part of the navy with thirty guns of various calibre, sixteen eight and ten inch mortars, three monitors, and several fleet also eleven and fifteen inch shells and rifled thirty-two pounders and with shore batteries. The citadel was set on fire the same afternoon.

After vain efforts to extinguish the fire, the rebels became greatly alarmed lest they should all be blown up, and flooded the magazine with water and threw a large quantity of powder into the wells. No sooner was this light discovered than General Bailey ordered all our batteries to commence firing in order to prevent the rebels from extinguishing the flames, which they did with great vigor and shells from nine-inch Dahlgren and eight and ten-inch mortars fell amid the flames with fearful rapidity, driving the rebels to their casemates. They soon waved a lantern as a signal of surrender to the navy, which was not understood. The shore batteries kept up their fire all night.

A PROPOSAL TO SURRENDER.

At twenty minutes to seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, a rebel officer, Captain Taylor, bearing a white flag, and accompanied by about forty men carrying a small sail boat marched out at the main sallyport facing Fort Gaines, with the intention of pushing off to the flag-ship three or four miles distant, with a note from General Page proposing to surrender the fort, and asking what terms would be granted. General Bailey informed the flag of truce officer that the army and navy were one, that they represented one government and that they were fighting in the same glorious cause.

About this time General Granger arrived at the wharf, in front of Fort Morgan and the note of General Page was handed to him. General Granger replied that he would communicate the contents of the note to the Admiral, and when his answer was received the terms of surrender would be dictated. Soon a demand was made for the immediate and unconditional surrender of Fort Morgan, with its garrison and all public property. General Page wished to stipulate for the removal of his sick and wounded to Mobile but this was flatly refused and he then requested that the formality of surrender might be deferred until two o'clock in the afternoon that he might have time to pack up his baggage and get his men in order to march out. This request was acceded to.

THE REBELS MARCH OUT.

At precisely two o'clock the rebel army, numbering a little over six hundred, marched out at the main sallyport without music and without banners, and were drawn up in line at the foot of the glacis fronting towards the bay. Two regiments of Union Infantry—the Thirty-fourth Iowa and twentieth Wisconsin—preceded by a brass band playing "Hail Columbia," and with the Stars and Stripes and the colors of their respective States floating proudly above them marched by, and halted about five paces in front of the rebel line. The rebels then stacked their arms. After which the bands struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." The rebel flag was torn down, and the old flag of our Union was once more flung to the breeze which are wafted over the ramparts of Fort Morgan. Then a national salute was thundered from the guns of the men-of-war in the bay, and in the gulf from Fort Gaines, and from some of our batteries on the peninsula.

WHAT WE HAVE GAINED.

In twenty days' campaign we have captured three forts, 1500 prisoners, 100 pieces of cannon, and a vast quantity of small arms and munitions of war, provisions enough to feed the garrisons for six months; captured, and now have in perfect fighting trim, the ram Tennessee—the strongest war vessel afloat. We have taken several other vessels, which can all be put to useful purposes, and we have penned up in Mobile harbor at least three first-class English blockade runners. All this has cost the army one man killed and six wounded. It has cost the navy the loss of the Tecumseh and part of her crew, and very few casualties on the other ships. It is a remarkable fact that, during the bombardment on Monday, Fort Morgan never fired a gun. Our batteries fired so rapidly and with such extraordinary accuracy, that the rebels did not dare to show themselves outside of the casemates. Fifteen guns were broken, dismounted, or in some manner rendered useless to the enemy, had he been able to man them.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FORT.

Over one thousand shells were exploded in the fort. The brick walls inside and out are fearfully battered, and the citadel a mass of ruins. I was informed by Captain Palfrey, that it will require from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars to repair the damage done by one day's bombardment. The lighthouse is pierced and riddled in a dozen places, and is ready to totter and fall before the lightest breeze. The rebels kept a lookout in the top until one sharpshooter made it too hot for him. Our boys put musket balls through every pane of glass. We had a line of eighty-pound Parrotts and four-inch Dahlgrens, the latter under command of Captain Tyson, of the Hartford, within fifteen hundred yards of the fort. From three to five hundred yards in front of these we had an irregular line of mortars, eight and ten inch calibre, under command of Major Roy, of the First Indiana Artillery.

ANTICIPATED CAPTURE OF MOBILE CITY.

The next steamer from New Orleans will probably bring the account of the capture of Mobile, the removing of the obstructions being the only serious impediment now. These can be removed in a week.

The Capture of Atlanta.—Washington, Sept. 2d—10.45 P. M.—The following despatch from Major General Slocum dated this day in Atlanta, just received confirms the capture of that city.

"General Sherman has taken Atlanta, and the 20th Corps now occupy the city. The main army is on the Macon road near East Point.

"A battle was fought near that place in which General Sherman was successful. The particulars are not known.

(Signed) H. W. SLOCUM Major General."

An unofficial report states that a battle was fought near East Point by General Sherman, with Hood. The rebel army was cut in two, with very heavy loss to the enemy. It also states that General Hardee was killed.

Our loss is not known.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Important from Georgia.

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE IN ATLANTA—OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

Washington Sept. 2, 8 P. M.—This department has received intelligence this evening that General Sherman's advance entered Atlanta about noon today.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War

FURTHER CONFIRMATION OF THE NEWS.

Louisville, Sept. 2—Brigadier General Ewing, commanding the Western District of Kentucky, has just received a despatch from the front announcing that Sherman's advance entered Atlanta at 9 o'clock this morning. No further particulars have been received.

Married,

On the 31st ult., by Rev. Henry Davis, in Philadelphia, Mr DANIEL WEMER to Miss CHRISTIANA C. TRACEY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. R. Reeve at the residence of Mr Longfellow, Mr JOHN SMITH to Miss SARAH H. PAINE.

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna. to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position as well as trustworthy and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to the great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & General Book Steward.

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been taxed almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the striking scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them, and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN.
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLARD BUSH,
JOHN A. SIMMS, } *Committee*

DRY GOODS STORE.

New SPRING and SUMMER Goods,
Of Late Styles, just opened.
Valencias of Various Colors,
Oriental Lustres,
Alpaccas,
Mousslin de laines,
Shepherd's Plaids.

A Large Assortment of Ginghams, Calicos, &c. Foreign and Domestic Muslins and Toweling. Also, Taylor's, Dressmakers' and Regalia Trimmings, all can be had at the old establishment—

S. SHORTER HAWKINS,
NO. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
An early call solicited. mar1-6m

TEACHER WANTED

A Male Teacher (Colored) is wanted in South Carolina to take charge of a large School, to be taught in the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He must have a correct knowledge of the English branches, and possess an ability and love for teaching. A profession of religion and a member of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will be most suitable.

A fine situation and a good salary may be obtained by addressing the undersigned, provided such person be endorsed or qualified by Rev. Elisha Weaver, Wm. Moore, A. L. Stanford and R. H. Cain.

N. B.—An endorsement of any two of the Referees will suffice.

JAMES LYNCH,
Superintendent of African M. E. Churches
in Department of South Beaufort, S. C.
august 27—3t

LINCOLN HOUSE,
BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The subscriber would inform the Public, that he has built and opened a

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

In this city, opposite Quartermaster's Office, where persons can be accommodated with Large and Airy Sleeping Apartments, and the Table will be supplied with the best the Market affords.

While many Officers are among our patrons, Colored Persons share with them the accommodations of the House.

PRICES MODERATE.

ALE, &c., Sold to Civilians and Officers.

HENRY BRAM, PROPRIETOR.
Aug. 27—3 mos.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest, at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into six per cent gold-bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15th persons making deposits subsequent to that date (August 15th) must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one quarter of one per cent.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

Convertible into a Six per Cent. 5-20 GOLD BOND

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than nine per cent. premium, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent.

It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than

Ten Per Cent. per Annum!

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But, aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all Bonds and Treasury Notes from local taxation.* On the average, this exemption is worth about one per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the Government. In all other forms of indebtedness the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers, and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.

And by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country will give further information, and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

September 3

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments, hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Ice Cream of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. ly

"THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST."
REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,
NO. 615 & 617 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

Where you will find skilled hands, with the superior instruments, and have the advantage of a well arranged light.

Pictures are made of all sizes, from a Carte de Visite to a life size in oil, at prices which can guarantee good work, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody. Pictures are made life size from small ambrotypes or Daguerreotypes. ly

STOVE STORE!

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of the very best patterns of Stoves, made in Philadelphia.

THE WILLIAM PENN,
THE NOBLE COOK,
THE NIAGARA,
THE WELLINGTON,
THE BANNER COMPLETE,
THE CHALLENGE COMPLETE,
UNITED STATES COMPLETE

Are amongst his variety of First Class Gas Burning Cooking Stoves.

Also, THE NATIONAL RANGE,
THE GLOBE RANGE,
THE PHILADELPHIA RANGE.

HEATERS, FURNACES, FIRE-BOARD,
STOVES AND CASTINGS
FOR REPAIRS.

Job Work Promptly Attended to.

WILLIAM STILL
107 North 5th St., Philadelphia

Go and Buy Cheap at the
NEW STORE.
ONE PRICE NOTION STORE.
GEORGIANA GLEAVES

Has just opened a large assortment of HOSIERY, GLOVES, LADIES' TRIMMINGS and FANCY GOODS.

Also PERFUMERY and STATIONERY.

No. 633 PINE ST, PHILA.
Call and See us.
June 14—6m.

MRS. M. BENNETT,
HERB DOCTRESS,
NO 404 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague Convulsions, Colic, Cancer, Rheumatism, Worms, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

SPECIFIC
LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject in life. It will prove a cure in those often four if properly applied and attended to.

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth, and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.

For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water.

For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar affections, the Liniment is to be applied externally.

TESTIMONIALS.

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the diseases for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband. MRS C. YOUNG

John Cook, of Washington City, says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world. It is a perfect cure." JOHN COOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
I have tried this Liniment, and find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of us old persons feel as if they were young. MRS H. A. LEE.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it. PROFESSOR DAVIS.

XENIA, OHIO.
This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pain in the back or limbs. SUSAN RHODES.

EVANSVILLE, OHIO.
I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure. E. J. HARGRAVE. (July 23 3mos)

MRS. H. A. LEE, AGENT
For Sale at the Office of Christian Recorder

ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

JOSEPH B. BUSTILL, SARAH H. BUSTILL.

WIG MAKERS
HAIR BRAIDERS,
AND
LADIES' HEAD DRESSERS,
No 403 South Sixth Street,
Philadelphia.

WIGS,
BRAIDS,
TOUPEES,
FRIZETTES,
CURLS,
PUFFS.

WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.,
STRAIGHT, WAVY, OR CRIMPED.

Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles

Ladies' Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, and Head-Dressing.

BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair—removing Dandruff—Cleansing, Softening, Invigorating, Beautifying, and preventing Premature Baldness.

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for shampooing the hair [illegible] apr 1y

HAIR BOUGHT.

Persons writing for information in relation to the sale or purchase of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

CUTTER'S
ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

To encourage the formation of Classes in Physiology and Hygiene, I will supply to Teachers my works upon Physiology at Publishers' Wholesale Prices, and give a set of Large, Colored Illustrating Charts (9 to 16 in set) gratis.

For particulars, address,

CALVIN CUTTER.
Sept. 10—3t. Warren, Mass.

ALGER'S
PRONOUNCING BIBLE.
IN WHICH
THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, ARE DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.
[illegible]
WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and the only peculiarity is its assistance to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scripture correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from they would hear no more of such places as [illegible], or such personages as [illegible]. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct rendering of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names is an evil that is not confined to families in their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our school houses, and even intrudes itself into many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every [illegible] to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to them; and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of God.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man, and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to Dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD. G. B. EMERSON. S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words, but in first books, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Consociated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy.

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

For sale by REV. ELISHA WEAVER.
No. 619 Pine St. Philada.

JOSEPH BRISTER,
DENTIST,
NO. 844 LOMBARD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms, in a superior manner, and at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1 per tooth, upon Gold, Silver, Platina, Vulcanite, or of Continuous Gum work.

Also, the Filling, Extracting, and Cleansing of Teeth attended to.

Patients visited and attended to at their residences when requested.

References.

Dr. James H. Wilson, 907 Lombard Street.
Dr. Hudson S. Bare, 1310 Walnut Street.
Dr. James H. Briscoe, 920 "
Drs. Rienstein & Son, 913 "
Dr. Cardwell 530 Pine Street.
Dr. Avery, 223 North Tenth Street. ly

AVERY COLLEGE,
Allegheny City,
PENNA.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev. Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition for term in the several departments embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $3. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal, ap9 ly

GEORGE B. VASHON, A. M.

If you wish your clothing made to look equal to new, go to the Old Established

STEAM-DYEING, SCOURING, AND REPAIRING WORKS,
NO. 126 S. FIFTH ST., ABOVE WALNUT, AND NO 1003 SHIPPEN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAMES W. BROWN,
Formerly with Granville Stokes, No. 603 Chestnut St.)

AID FOR SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Wives having husbands, and mothers or fathers having sons, or widowless children having fathers in the Fifty fourth or Fifty fifth Massachusetts Infantry, or Fifth Cavalry Regiments, are, if needy entitled to a state allowance. Wives must state the date of their marriage, with the names and ages of their children under sixteen years. All applicants must state their ages, and be particular to write their names and Post Office address plainly. Also, the name of the soldier, his Regiment and Company. These cases are not paid immediately, but are carefully investigated. All those who are entitled to an allowance will receive it if they apply for it.

Address, enclosing stamp,

JOHN S. ROCK,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
and Government Claim Agent,
No. 6 Tremont Street, Boston
august 27—3t

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Three Receipts, showing how any one can make a Fortune, will be sent for Fifty Cents, by addressing,

J. C. D.,
Sept. 16—4 mos. Care Box 334 Philadelphia, Pa.

LINES

Quite early in the morning 'ere the day hath dawned,
I've marked a single star, pure, spirit-like and bright,
Rise like a holy thing—an eye of radiance bland,
Above the sleeping vale, and lonely mountain height.

And often I have thought, were its sweet light withdrawn,
How deeply Earth would miss that one connecting star
The banisher of dark, and herald of the dawn,
Shining so purely still in the high heavens afar

Was there not one who said "*I* am the morning star
To whom all eyes will turn?" Fair emblem of his love!
Beam brightly on though clouds full oft our vision mar
'Till night is past for aye, and day dawns bright above.
A. L. C.

ANGELIC MINISTRY.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts; but O! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward,
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?
EDMUND SPENSER.

The Family.

MY SISTER.

CONCLUDED.

At the close of the school session, we started on our walk of two miles home The teacher, after inquiring if we knew the way, walked on, and soon left us behind.

"There!" I cried in a harsh, upbraiding tone, when he was out of hearing, "if it wasn't for you I might go along with Mr. Woodbridge. I'm sure I'd rather talk with him than with such a simpleton as you. Do come along! What a great poky you are!"

"You're Pokey," she replied, with a little laugh, in allusion to my name

This clever rejoinder from the little thing I punished by angrily crying out, "None of your impertinence, or I'll go off and leave you!"

This threat silenced her at once, and occasioned her to send nervous, timid glances into the shadowy, darkening woods through which the new road wound, and which she believed to be haunted by fugitive slaves. Then I hurried on as rapidly as I could walk, forcing the child to a run. After awhile I remarked the weary thump, thump of her little feet, and her quick, short breathing, with, every now and then, a fall as her foot struck a grub or other impediment in the rough road: still there was no complaint, no remonstrance from the patient child.

"Why don't you come along!" I screamed every few minutes. "You needn't think to keep me travelling at this snail's pace much longer. It'll be dark before we get home. I don't mean to wait for you any longer," I said, at length, and started off at a brisk run

"Oh, wait for me, Poky!" I heard my little sister cry out in pitiful accents; but my merciless feet only moved the swifter.

However, I dared not go home without her, so at a turn in the road I hid in a clump of undergrowth by the way. Ere long I caught the sound of her frightened sobbing, and soon she came in sight, running, but oh, so heavily, as though each step must be her last! My first thought was to spring from the thicket with some frightful noise, but I allowed her to pass. She kept on running as rapidly as her little tired limbs would permit, while I followed leisurely, enjoying her suffering.

A little child, frightened, foot-sore, and weary, alone on a lonely road with darkening woods around, and sobbing piteously, oh! there is terror and torture in that memory

After a time, from sheer weariness, she ceased running; then I ran softly until within a few yards, when I uttered an unearthly noise. With a cry of terror she sank to the ground, but not until she had turned her head to ascertain the horror which was upon her. Seeing me, the poor little thing tried to smile For the remainder of our walk I endeavored to banish unpleasant things from her mind, for I had become apprehensive that she might report my treatment. In such an event I knew that severe punishment awaited me, for my father was a hard man.

"Well, how do you like school, Fanny?" asked our mother, as the child came in her long night-dress to kiss her good night.

"Some of it I like; I love to study Latin, and I love at noon to see the girls play, and I like the dinner. Mother, it tastes better than warm dinners at home."

My eyes fell, for I expected to hear the whole story of my playing mistress at dinner. But not a word was there concerning my cruel treatment. Emboldened by her generous silence, on the following day I renewed my persecutions. These were followed by a series of petty annoyances, studied slights and grievous, cruel wrongs through weeks of patient long-suffering. Still the child did not seem to lose her confidence in me. She deferred to my judgment, yielding her will to mine, and when my persecutions relented, there was something like a return of her former sober, undemonstrative kind of affection. But in general her great, thoughtful eye studied my face with a frightened, inquiring look, as though endeavoring to ascertain what new torture awaited her. In the mean while she went steadily forward in her Latin to the delight of her teacher, and was the wonder and talk of the neighborhood, and the pride of her mother. Had she faltered, had she occasionally failed in a recitation, I might have oftener forgotten to be unkind; but that perpetual perfection—for her recitations were nothing less than perfection—was unpardonable.

It was not long before she came home with a quiet exultation in her eyes,

"Father," she said, as he sat on the rude piazza in his shirt-sleeves, "I must have a Latin Reader. We are going to translating."

"A *Latin Reader!*" he cried, peevishly. "And what good, I should like to know, is all this *Latin* to do you? It won't help you to earn your bread; it won't buy you a frock. No man will marry you any sooner for having your head filled with *Latin*. I don't intend to work myself to death to fill the house with *Latin* books. Here, I've been picking cotton all day—working just like a negro—and I don't mean to spend all I make buying books, that are of no earthly use to any body!"

Fanny looked with a solemn kind of wonderment at her father during this rush of words, while I secretly rejoiced at the mortification which I well knew she must feel My poor mother—I don't know what we might have suffered, but that she stood between her children and their father's harshness.

"The child can't study Latin without books," she very quietly remarked on this occasion.

"Well, and who cares to have her study *Latin*? What good will it ever do her?"

"Educated people are more thought of than ignorant people, as *you* should know." [My mother hadn't learned the arguments in defence of classical education. Her mind saw but one advantage.] "Isn't it any thing to be talked about and praised by the whole neighborhood, as Fanny is? There's Oliver Lashare, he's always talking about her. He remarked, to a company of gentlemen in the village the other day, that she was a prodigy And just see how every body notices her at church I care something for what people think of me I've got some pride! Your father never did have any pride," she continued, turning to me. "The family would have gone to the dogs long before this but for me. I've kept your heads above water."

I longed to side with my father in reference to the Reader; and I could have done so with some propriety, as my toes were out, and my mother had that morning answered my petition for a new pair of shoes by the information impatiently given, that she had no money to spend for shoes. But there was nothing I so much dreaded as that my envious feeling toward my sister should be suspected My father yielded, as he generally did after a certain show of combativeness, and the Reader was purchased. On the day that the book was placed in her hands, I was almost wild with rage and indignation. There were my toes staring into my face through my yawning shoes; yet there was money for Fanny's Latin book: I could have torn it into inch pieces! I was hungry for my sister's happiness, her comfort her pleasure That morning, in school, I could not study; my mind was seeking some new misery for her. It was not until I saw the girls at noon assembling for play that I made my decision. No one enjoyed the games at noon more than did Fanny, in her quiet way. On this particular day, being pleased with her Reader, and with the fables she had been translating, she came to her play with the right mood for its full enjoyment. I was the leading spirit on the play ground, and I determined to exclude my sister from the game So I stood up there, and called one name after another until every girl in the school was embraced except Fanny. And there the poor child stood slighted, mortified, disappointed, grieved. She stood for a moment, and then turned and walked into the deserted school room companionless

But my unkindness could not defraud Fanny of the deep pleasure she found in her Latin Reader. What wonderful stories I used to hear from her about beasts, and fishes, and birds, that talked and quarrelled, plotted and waged battles! What a marvel the child seemed; so clearly, and accurately, and invariably, with mathematical precision, getting the author's meaning! How strange those things sounded conveyed in her babyish voice—so hated then, so sweet to memory now!

In the mean time, there was, on my part, a ceaseless crossing of her wishes, a systematic wounding of her tender nature I studiously excluded her from my pastimes; but for this she found comfort in her dolls. On Saturdays, and when the weather kept us from school, she would sit playing with these puppets, holding grave, motherly converse with them; assuming the character of teacher, her pupils would recite Latin by the hour. I felt that through these dolls I could give her a blow, and the opportunity was soon offered.

One morning during the summer vacation my old teacher, Mr Cunningham called My mother was very proud of Fanny's scholarship—poor woman! she had little else upon which to pride herself—and on this morning, as was her wont when we had visitors, she summoned my sister to read and translate some Latin. This she did in such a manner as to excite the enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Cunningham. He perched her on his knee, patted her pale cheek, stroked her fair hair, and kissed her noble brow again and again. He took her by the shoulders, and shook her with affectionate playfulness, saying that he meant some night to come and steal her, and have her for his little girl, and asking her if she would marry him if he should put a spider in Mrs. Cunningham's dumpling. He didn't notice me, except to remark that I ran up like a bad weed.

In the afternoon of the same day my mother went to make a call on a neighbor. There was such bitterness in my heart toward my sister that I would not allow her to speak to me. She went to the garret, and brought down all her dolls and doll's clothes. There were some wonderful specimens of dress-making and millinery among them She had never had a doll or toy bought for her—our father didn't believe in throwing money away on such fooling—and it had cost her a vast deal of work, and a vast deal of trading and bargaining to get her dolls, and to clothe them She loved them as her life. There was quite an array of rag-dolls without legs—which deformity was concealed by their long dresses—and without shoulders, being the same size all the way down, which were, however, fortunate in the possession of eyes, nose, and mouth, in the shape of little daubs of ink. These were dear to her, because the work of her own hands; but her heart's idol was a little store-doll, as she called it, which she had named Florine. This young lady had a wonderful quantity of hair, dressed very high, with a tall comb and with great puffs against her small old-womanish face Her chief charm, however, consisted in the fact that she was jointed, and could be made to sit down and to move her arms. Fanny had purchased it from one of her school mates at the price of one hundred peaches and eleven bouquets, which patiently, morning after morning, she was for weeks engaged in delivering.

It was a cruelty more cruel than the grave to consign to the flames, as I did that afternoon, those little doll dresses and bonnets which she had been at such pains in making; those precious bits of lace, and ribbon and finery, those dear rag-dolls, and, above all, Florine, the beautiful, the beloved. One by one I dropped them on the glowing coals, and saw them as they browned, shriveled, flashed into flame, and then died to ashes. Fanny stood by crying, wringing her hands, and beseeching me to desist. When I held up Florine, swaying and dangling her over the coals, the child's pleadings were as those of a mother for the life of her babe When she saw the loved form stretched on the cruel coals, she snatched it half consumed to her heart, and, with the lamentation of Rachel for her slain children, threw herself on her face. I went out of the room for some moments, and when I returned she had gone up to the garret. That night, for the first time in her life, Fanny uttered a complaint against her persecutor. My mother on her return found the child with eyes swollen and head throbbing. After repeated inquiries and much urging her great sorrow burst from her amidst sobs and tears:

"Oh! mother, Poky burned all my dolls and their little dresses, and Florine—she looked so pitiful—oh! oh!"

It may gratify the reader to learn that for the following week I was kept on bread and water But poor Fanny was inconsolable. She resolutely declined my mother's offer to purchase her a new doll with joints. Florine's place in her heart should never be yielded to another dolly Such seemed to be her feeling.

Time rolled on, and my sister advanced with a sure, firm tread through Cæsar and Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Sallust and Horace, and all the way with my envious eyes following her, for time did not cure my mind of its shameful disease. I was not proud that all the neighbors remarked the steady, unfaltering pace with which that little girl kept shoulder to shoulder with great boys, with the young Lashares, and the physician's sons, and with my old teacher's boys. My family-pride was not gratified. I did not care to rise on her shoulders. I only felt that I was overshadowed by my younger sister. Had she been my senior I might have taken pride in her success, but to be eclipsed by a child so many years my junior, in that was the humiliation Even to this day I can never see great superiority in a younger brother or sister without a feeling of regret.

I have said that time failed to cure my heart of its envy. I assumed a superiority which I did not always feel, in all matters where my sister was concerned. She possessed a quick humor, a dry kind of wit, which I should have enjoyed in another; but in her they failed to call out any appreciative smile or remark. When she was speaking I made it a matter of habit to appear indifferent or absorbed; and as she warmed and glowed I became cold and listless. I never noticed a remark of hers unless it gave me the opportunity to censure or criticise. Now I could almost feel amused at the ridiculously stiffened countenance I could assume whenever my sister spoke Particularly at her quaint wit and droll humor would my features grow rigid as steel

Fanny was just turned fourteen when our father died. My mother, with her purse released from his penurious grasp, was led by her pride into extravagance unwarranted by her limited means. Fanny and I were placed in an expensive boarding-school where a large outlay in dressing was demanded. There we were put to the study of music, in accordance with her [illegible] wish. Then a carriage and a span of handsome iron-gray horses were purchased, and, shortly afterward, a piano and new parlor furniture, preparatory to my *debut* as a young lady Some thirteen months after my father's death the last payment on the plantation, amounting to some four hundred dollars, fell due. My mother, already paying heavy interest on borrowed money, sold one of the slave women to meet the payment. Her husband becoming dissatisfied, with his son, a lad of sixteen years, made good his escape to Canada from which quarter he sent us a letter of adieus, not, however until my mother had spent three hundred dollars in efforts to recover the fugitives. Well, all these things together brought a large debt upon the estate, and one day, some three years after my father's death, the farm and negroes were sold at auction. My mother took a small house in the village and advertised a spare room for gentlemen boarders that never came About this time, Fanny, who had always been a tiny, delicate thing, gave indications of having inherited the seeds of consumption from our father's family. She began to decline rapidly, and my mother, with whom she was always the favorite, became absorbed in the care of the sick girl.

"Pocahontas," said my mother, as she perceived that her advertisement for gentlemen boarders remained unanswered, "I suppose you'll have to go to teaching; I don't see any other way Somebody must do something. Fanny can't, and I don't see what I can do."

Had I been sentenced to the gallows I could scarcely have felt worse than on hearing this from my mother, convinced, as I was, that she spoke the truth But I passed weeks after this in irresolution and inactivity. I had a feeling that to sit there in that poor house, in my shabby dress, with my sister sick and with want staring us in the face—to sit there doing nothing was less disgraceful than to go to work. Such is the unhealthy sentiment which slavery engenders

However, after a time, feeling that starvation was at the door, I summoned sufficient courage to answer an advertisement for a visiting governess to take charge of the instruction of a little boy and girl in an adjoining village. In a few days I received a letter from the mother containing information in reference to the situation, and stating that, provided I could teach Latin, the position was at my acceptance. I wondered what my father would say to this! Here was what promised to be a pleasant situation, with light labor and good pay, from which I was shut off by my ignorance of Latin, which he had always pronounced a useless study for me.

On the day that I received the letter my sister was lying on a lounge, her usually pale face lighted by a beautiful flush. I did not appreciate her condition. I saw her every day up and dressed, uncomplaining and looking well I had no thought that she was near the Dark River Her sickness had wrought no material change in my manner. There was no open persecution; but I was cold, and endeavored to make the poor girl feel my indifference to her health and comfort. I have not the memory of a single kind or sisterly act performed for her to comfort me now

My mother, I suppose, had acquainted Fanny with my disqualification for the governess's place; for in my plans, and arrangements, and confidences I completely ignored her existence.

"Poky," she said, shyly and timidly.

I merely lifted my eyes to her face in token that I heard her; I would not condescend to speak.

"You know, if you could get that place, mother would give up this house and go to N——, so that you could board at home; and I've been thinking that you might study Latin at home You are very clever; you could learn so much faster than the boy, you know. In two or three weeks you could acquire all that a child of his age could learn in a year Your perceptions are so quick, you'd not be likely to find any difficulty, and if you should, I— Well, you know I've studied it for a great many years, and perhaps I might be able to help you, you know, Poky," she said, deprecating, and with a pitiful, beseeching tone.

As I remember it now, I hear in that tone the pleading of a slighted, heart-crushed sister. Then I believed I could have walked up to her and taken her life—the little chit of a girl proposing to teach me Latin!

"Fanny," I said, trembling in every muscle with rage, "if you ever mention your Latin to me again I am afraid I shall kill you You have been the bane of my existence You have caused me all the unhappiness I ever knew I hate you, and I'd see you starve before I'd learn any thing from you."

I was too excited to mark narrowly the effect of my words. I observed, however, that when I had finished speaking she covered her face with her hand, closed her eyes, and lay very quiet, while I swept from the room.

Those cruel words were the last I spoke to my sister. I found in a distant State, a situation as resident governess at a poor salary in a very pleasant family. I did not begrudge the remittances which went to the support of my mother and sister. Indeed, I enjoyed the thought that my sister was in a degree dependent upon me. Occasional letters passed between my mother and myself, but they contained no messages for or from Fanny. I don't know whether or not my mother observed this. Perhaps she excused their absence, on the one hand, from the general character which I gave my letters, and on the other from my sister's sickness As I have before said, I did not appreciate my sister's condition. "Fanny is a little better this morning"—"Your sister does not seem so well to-day"—I would read from my mother's letters; but had I believed her to be near eternity I know I should have been afraid to hate her. Indeed, being removed from her, there was considerable abatement in the bitterness of my feeling. I had a position in Southern Illinois, where teachers are honored, and the thought that the great scholar of the family was lying at home a useless burden, dependent upon me, contributed much to the softening of my heart toward her. Besides, I had been diligently engaged since my residence there in the study of Latin, accepting occasional aid from the Episcopal minister of the place. I was apt to learn, my mind was disciplined. I advanced rapidly, and in a few months was reading and translating Virgil with fluency. Then, as my sister's superiority in this direction gradually lessened, my envy diminished. I regretted that I had not at an earlier date undertaken the Latin. Fanny and I might have held pleasant companionship together; we might have loved each other I felt that it would be pleasant to have the love of a noble nature Fanny's quaint fun, her droll humor, her originality and freshness of mind, her meekness and long-suffering, began to be remembered. There were some faint yearnings toward my misused sister, some desires for a pleasanter relation with her. "The next time I write to mother I'll send Fanny a message," I said one day. That night I had a telegram requesting me to hasten home, as my sister was dying. The first thought which came to me on reading this almost paralyzed me with horror. My sister will take those cruel words of mine into Eternity with her; she will never know of my penitence; she will never pronounce my forgiveness.

"Hurry! hurry! hurry!" was about all they could draw from me as they made the necessary arrangements for my departure The boat, almost as soon as we started, entered upon a race with another steamer; and while the other lady passengers cowered and trembled at the fearful speed at which we moved, I exulted. Often, as I stood on the guards watching the mad dash of the turbid waters as we sped down the mighty river, and thinking of my sister as dead, I was tempted to throw myself under the wheel, where death was certain, and in the land of spirits seek her whom I had so injured, and win her forgiveness

At last I was set down at home. With a fearful dread I remarked that there was not a sound or look of life about the house. The doors and blinds were all closed, though it was a beautiful day in May, and the soft, sweet air would have been grateful to an invalid's cheek As I turned the door-knob I perceived a knot of crape Then I crept softly into the little parlor where I knew she must be lying An open rose-wood coffin rested on the chairs I opened the shutters and drew back the curtains, then I [illegible] beside the coffin and looked for the last time upon the face of my little sister. Those solemn, blue eyes, with a heartache look in them were closed forever; the droll, wistful mouth was rigid, over the meek, patient heart the faithful hands were folded On the brow which had a look of almost painful intellectuality, rested a wreath of white rose buds

This much I remarked, and turned to go, when a blindness, a darkness—the darkness of despair and the horrible pit—enveloped me, and I plunged headlong.

"Tell Poky that I forgive her." This, uttered by my mother in a tone of insistance, was the first thing I remember after my fall by my sister's coffin. The words had just arrested my attention, though my poor mother had been repeating them to me a hundred times a day for more than a week.

"What is that you say?" I cried, starting up in bed. "Who said that?"

"Your sister said it, dear, your sister Fanny; and she left her love and some messages for you. Would you like to hear them?"

"Yes, tell me," I said, eagerly; "tell me all about it Make haste!"

"A little while before she went," responded my mother, "Fanny called me to her, and said, 'Mother, I shan't last until Poky gets here, and when she finds me dead and gone forever, she'll feel very sorry for some things; but tell her, mother, that I forgave her, and that I have loved her all along, for she was my own, own sister. She'll want to do something for me—I know she will—and tell her to plant a rose-bush over my grave; tell her I meant to ask her to do so with my arms around her neck, but they'll be stiff when she comes. So, mother, kneel down here, and kiss me for poor dear Poky' And that was all she said."

I heard and understood and devoured every word my mother had spoken, and I wept—the despair had gone.—*Harper for September.*

HARRY AND THE DEAD KITTEN.

BY DATE THOMAS.

It was a sorry time in the white farm-house among the maple trees—such a time as seldom comes but once in the history of a household; for that most unwelcome visitor, scarlet fever, had made its appearance, and smitten down one after another with its fiery hand. Up stairs lay little Mary, raving in delirium, and struggling for every breath she drew, and beside her watched her father and mother, not knowing but every hour would be her last. Upon the lounge, in the sitting-room below, lay Harry, with the same flushed cheeks, but not with the same panting breath. In the crib was three-year-old Helen, who, in reply to all inquiries, had only the answer, "I don't feel well to-day," and whose only want was to be "rocked" continually Then in his mother's room, on the trundle-bed, was Hiram, with his head on the floor and his feet in the air more than half the time. He was not very sick; but, as the rash had made its appearance on his neck and arms, it was thought best that he should keep quiet for a few days, which he did by turning somersaults and cutting all manner of capers on the trundle-bed. He had never been sick in his life before, and thought it must be a fine thing to have nothing to do but to lie a-bed, and be waited on, and have nice toast and arrow-root and jellies to eat. So he was not at all sorry when he found he had the fever, and he determined to enjoy his miserable health to the utmost. But it was dull work, and he soon grew tired of it; and nothing kept him there but the thought of a garden full of weeds, which it would be his duty to pull as soon as he was declared well. Then, too, there was that wee troublehouse, Georgia, who, though she mercifully escaped the fever, yet, from having all her life had so many devoted and obedient subjects, had grown to be the most exacting of baby queens And now that she had lost her favorite occupation of pulling the children's hair, and trying to dig out their eyes with her little soft fingers, still made it manifest that her wants must be attended to, whatever became of the rest.

It was, indeed, a sorry time. But just then a prize was discovered, one which was worth more at the time than its weight in gold would have been. It was a nest of four little kittens, with their eyes just opened. Of course, they were immediately pressed into the service, and thenceforth beguiled many a weary hour of the suffering children and their tired nurses Other playthings had long ago ceased to amuse, but these little creatures possessed the charm of life and locomotion. Fearless of infection, they cuddled in Harry's neck, crawled over his face, or hung suspended by their claws from his shoulder, while it was a never-failing source of delight to him to watch their first attempts at play, and to teach them to come at his call. As for Helen, they were her babies—sick babies—and she wrapped them up in blankets, nestled them in her arms, and spent many an hour in hushing them and herself to sleep. Hiram concluded to endure a few more days upon the trundle-bed with the kittens for company; and little queen Georgia was quite willing to take them for playthings instead of the children's heads. But they were not quite so willing to be made martyrs of as the children had been Nothing cared she for that, however, and when some more than usually vigorous pinch of her fingers brought forth a piteous mew from the little creature, she would look up and laugh, as if it was grand sport But we couldn't have the kittens abused, even by her little hands, and so she had to be content with admiring them from a distance. And all this time, Kitty Ann, the old mother-cat, would sit and look on, as proud and happy as could be. She evidently thought that four such nice little kittens had never been seen in that house before.

There was another very important member of the family, the old yellow house-dog—Rowdy by name—who was so old, and fat, and lazy, that he was good for nothing but to bark at the pigs and chickens, and scare people who were going quietly along the road in the night-time Nevertheless, he was a great pet with the children, and for this reason, as well as for the good he had done in his younger days, he was allowed more privileges than dogs commonly have But Rowdy had one great fault—a fault, I am sorry to say, which is not confined to dogs alone He had a very jealous disposition, and wanted to receive all the caresses, and the pattings, and the attentions himself, and, when he saw the kittens made so much of, he did what some boys and girls have been known to do—went off by himself into a corner and sulked. Nothing could prevail upon him to make friends with them It was in vain that Farrie took a kitten in one hand, and, with the other upon Rowdy's head, gave him a moral lecture upon the duty of dogs and cats to live in peace and quietness together; in vain, Harry tried to coax him to the lounge when the kittens were there; he would only growl and show his teeth, and skulk under the table, where he could look sideways at them out of his great, brown eyes.

Of course, everybody laughed at Rowdy to think he would be so silly and make himself so unhappy for nothing, but no one dreamed he would carry his ill-will so far as to want to hurt the helpless little things But one night he was discovered with the gray kitten in his mouth, giving it a rough shaking The poor thing was released Rowdy was severely reprimanded, and no more was thought of it But the next morning, early, as Harry was sitting bolstered up on the lounge, in came Kitty Ann carrying her little gray kitten in her mouth. She jumped upon the lounge, and laid it softly in Harry's lap; then she looked up in his face and mewed most piteously. She said, just as plainly as words could have said it, "Something is the matter of my kitten—do help me, Harry" It was dead, killed doubtless by Rowdy's shaking the night before Poor Harry! he fondled the little dead thing, and spoke soothingly to its mother; but the tears were in his eyes—and, as for that matter, there were others in the room who bore him company. Whether Kitty Ann understood it all or not, she was comforted certainly; for she jumped down from the lounge, rolled over two or three times on the floor to express her joy, and then, with a parting look of satisfaction and a soft, purring mew, she went off on a mousing expedition.

But Harry could not bring the dead kitten to life again, though he would gladly have parted with any of his possessions, if he could have done it. It was taken out and buried while its mother was away, and when she came back she never inquired after it, and never seemed to miss it. She had given it up to Harry in such perfect confidence, and she seemed to think whatever he had done for it must be for the very best. In a few days, I suppose, she had forgotten it entirely, for cats are blessed with short memories.

I am sorry to say that Rowdy's temper and habits are not improved As the children became better, and the kittens grew more playful and pretty, Rowdy sulked more and more, until finally he was never invited to join them in their frolics. Sometimes he snapped at the kittens as they passed him; but he received so many scratches in return that he was finally glad to let them alone But he still creeps under the table, and looks at them with that sidelong, evil glance, that tells how gladly he would give the rest of them a shaking, if he only dared.

Now, children, there are two or three lessons you can learn from this little story. Do you know what they are?

GERMAN ECONOMY.

A late tourist in Germany describes the economy practiced by the peasants as follows:

Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees so laden with fruit, that did he not carefully prop them up, tie them together, and in many places hold the boughs together by wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight He has his own corn plot, his plot for mangel wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and therefore he and his family have the strongest motives for exertion. In Germany, nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples lying in the sun to dry You see strings of them hanging from the windows in the sun. The cows are kept up the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows, by the roadside, river and brook, is carefully cut by the sickle, and carried home on the heads of the women and children, in baskets or tied in large cloths. Nothing of the kind is lost that can possibly be made of any use. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose grass that covers the waste places, are cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, and in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands.

LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value, like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are the tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, that show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility, significantly. They indicate the character and destiny.—They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather, the real heroism of life is, do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.—*The Happy Home.*

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CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.
Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 10 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.
Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.
Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain I have tried a great many things, without any definite result. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 30, 1861,
Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

[illegible] PENNA, Sept 3, 1861.
Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 19, 1861
Rev. L. S Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis The knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Its nature is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the nature and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. ly

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

IN MEMORIAM

BY WILLIAM DOUGLASS.

As flowers do oft their fragrance o'er us shed,
After their lovely transient lives have fled,
And as the sun, though hidden from our view,
Leaves on the evening sky its radiant hue,
So the remembrance of the good and just
Lives with us, after they have turned to dust.

So shall thy name be treasured by the few,
Who thy rare excellence and virtues knew.
For to thy character, there was combined
The Christian's soul with the ripe scholar's mind;
And in our hearts thy memory shall dwell,
As blooms the evergreen and immortelle.

* * *

[The following piece has been sent us for publication. We shall be glad to receive any thing that the author may see fit to give us.]

For the Christian Recorder.

THE KAUTERSKILL FALL.

Off from its beetling ledges,
The narrow stream runs down,
And softens, with its foam wreath,
The great rock's stony frown.

The silvery tinckle, tinckle,
As the drops break into spray,
Seems to reach you from a distance,
A murmur far away.

Behind that arching water,
Deep in the mountain's heart,
Sinks a wide-spread circling cavern,
Where fell the shale apart.

The clear stream, overflowing
The basin where it fell,
Ripples down between the mountains,
Where the fern and green moss dwell.

The musical, soft dashing
Is heard, tho' all unseen;
And fir-tree nods to hemlock,
Across the deep ravine.

Run on, run on, oh, water!
Grow deep, ok, moss and fern!
Sweet memories cling around you,
That never may return.

A sudden mist has gathered
O'er the clove of Kauterskill.
The shrouded fall is silent;
The heart grows dark and chill.

Philadelphia, September, 1864. C.

* * *

HEAVEN.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. VOIGHT.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal—

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O, land unknown! O, land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

—*Springfield Republican.*

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S ENTREATY TO THOSE AT HOME

Camp near Petersburg, Va.,
August 20th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Grant me the privilege of making a few remarks through your columns, to the friends and lovers of Christianity at home. These remarks are upon a subject of the most vital importance to all who feel and sympathize with the poor soldiers in the field. I mean our colored troops, who have forsaken their homes and all they had, even their wives and little ones—who have launched forth, at their country's call, to rescue her from the hand of bloody treason, and to restore the glorious flag of our Union to its former inheritance, which has been snatched by the fell hands of traitors. Not only so; they have come into the field more particularly to carry into effect the Abrahamic Proclamation of 1862.

When this proclamation is effected, the present high-headed, stubborn rebellion will cease. It will then be laid in its grave, never to rise again.

But to the point. The remarks which I design here to make are as follows, on these points: First, To remind our friends at home, that we are their servants in the field of strife and death. We stand between them and their enemies, like Aaron of old (Numb 16: 48) We stand to stay the plague. While we are here we need their aid, not only in a spiritual sense, but likewise in a literal or temporal point of view. We do not ask for meat, nor bread, nor clothes. We have a sufficiency of these things. We do not ask you to send us money, but something better than money.

Send us a great lot of these heaven-gift books. Send us the Bible with its bright illuminations of prophetic visions, with its high-sounding and sweet psalms of inspiration, with its melting songs of personating charms, touching the union of Christ and His Church. Send it to us. Send us the New Testament, with its welcome historical account of the birth of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, His goodness and power to save. Send it to us. It contains His gospel as He preached it Himself, and as His Apostles declared it after His resurrection and ascension. Send it to us. It tells us how the Apostles suffered for the sake of Christ and His gospel, and they were not ashamed; for it was the power of God unto salvation. Send it to us. It will open the eyes of the sinner, so that he can see that he is the worst of God's creatures and the most needy. It will lead to repentance and to God. Oh, send it—don't fail to send it!

Let me say to our friends at home, that this is a gift. But few soldiers in the Twenty-ninth Regiment, who are not already supplied with a Testament or Bible, but would most freely accept of one, and there are very few who have either a Bible or Testament in their possession. Let me say to you, that I have found, since I came into Virginia, five Testaments and one Bible. The Bible I still retain in my possession, and I expect to keep it as an ever-memorable treasure found in the time of need; for, when I left Camp Delaware, I only had a little pocket-Testament in hand.

After I found the Old and New Testaments in one volume, I gave the one I brought from Delaware away. I also found a Testament with the Psalms, and likewise gave it away to a brother, who carefully and prayerfully reads it. Yet there might be distributed, in our regiment alone, over two hundred of said books. But I speak not only of our regiment; for there are others as badly, if not worse off for such books than we are. They, like our own regiment, have no chaplain.

This, then, is a part of the remarks I designed to make to Christians and friends at home, to which I trust they will pay some attention; for it is of the greatest importance that they should attend to this duty. This is a duty, friends and Christians, that demands your special and immediate attention. How many good young Christians will volunteer to solicit funds to purchase these books, so important for the edification of the soldiers in the field? How many of our zealous ministers, who have charge of congregations, will lay this matter, not only before their members, but also before their Sabbath-schools? Where is that loving little scholar that will not raise three or five cents, if need be, to send the poor soldier the word of God? If we cannot have chaplains, let us have the word of God to read for ourselves.

I know that some will be apt to say: "The soldiers have more money to spend for Bibles than I have." Suppose the minister sent out to preach the word says: "The people can read it better than I can preach it. Therefore, let them read it," would he be doing his duty? You will agree with me at once, that he neglected his duty.

So, if you will consider the poor soldier, who is in the field, exposed to all the dangers of death, is concerned about the welfare of his eternal soul. By sending him the word of God to read, you may, providentially, be instrumental in arresting his attention to read the blessed truths of God's word, which would bring him to acknowledge the only Saviour of sinners. But, if you neglect this opportunity of doing good, have you done your duty? Just ask yourself if you really love sinners? and the question is answered. These remarks, I trust, are sufficient on this point.

Secondly. There are many other ways by which God's works may be made the means of salvation to men, and all those means are conducted through men, as the instrumentalities in the hand of God, who knoweth how to will and to do.

How little, some would think, the reading of a single tract would possess virtue enough to awake a hardened conscience to obedience in Christ? Understand me not to refer to the reading of a novel—a mean, simple, little tract, or the narration of some one's religious experience, nor even the narrative of some poor soldier, who went into the field a wicked and careless sinner, but who, when facing the missiles of death, and eternity almost visibly staring him in the face, quickly awakened to a sensation that he had a soul to save, or be eternally doomed to irremediable punishment. Such reflections as these passing through his mind, he cries out, from the depth of his soul: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Nor was his cry in vain; for God regarded his plea, and comforted his heart; and, though the same soldier was wounded and fell in battle, yet, in his last, expiring hour, he could say: "I not only fall a soldier for my country, but, better than all, I am a soldier for Christ. Though the enemy has wounded my flesh, my soul is unhurt by his darts. I have the assurance, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall yet live also."

Mr. Editor, would not such a narration be worth reading? But, again, a narrative of some unholy and wicked person's death, who slighted the Saviour, has the tendency to alarm the minds of some, and induce them to seek an interest in Christ. Likewise, the description of how some have sought the Lord and found Him, would lead others to seek Him. All these are little means, through which Christianity puts her hands, with a soft and gentle touch, upon the hearts of the wicked; and, when thus touched, they melt like wax before the flame—the lion is changed to a lamb, and the strong man is brought down to the simplicity of a child. These are some of the means through which God works, in order to bring men to repentance. These are suggested to you as Christians at home, who have these means more at your command, and can easily obtain them and send some of them this way. And may the God of all grace awaken in your hearts a delight to discharge this important duty, to supply the poor soldiers with reading matter.

"But," says one, "all of them can't read." Well, send them spelling-books and First Readers. Some one will volunteer to give them lessons. So you have no excuse.

Having made these remarks, I shall proceed to a few statements, which I know every rational mind will concede at once to be true. They are these:

First. We have often noticed that a regiment of men are generally more rude and wicked at their first outset than at any other time. Why is this the case? Is it because they are more anxious for blood than than at any other time? I think not. It is simply this: it is at a time when they relax from labor and all other cares, and devote themselves to the cause of their country, they become heedless of every thing else. It is here that so many professors of religion backslide—become cold and indifferent to the things that make for their eternal happiness; and my heart has ached when I have looked at men, who were such bright lights at home, rolling out oath after oath, till even those who never made a profession would shudder to hear them. But, after they left camp, and marched awhile, and upon coming into contact with the enemy, they saw the danger of death, and the wounded lying all around them, their companions slain and falling by their side—when they returned from the field of blood, there was an expression in their countenances, that told plainly, that other preparation than that of fighting was necessary to be made. And, indeed, after the battle of July 30th, the orderly-sergeant of Co. E, in our regiment, came to me, and warmly shook my hand. "Mr. Payne," said he, "I came out safely; but hereafter I will place confidence in no man for deliverance. I know in whom to trust."

I told him that I hoped there were a good many that had arrived at the same conclusion since the fight, and I prayed to God that it might not be in vain; for now was the accepted time to make their choice of Him who came to save sinners.

But enough. Let this suffice. Here is a great field open for the display of Christian benevolence. Here is a field for the distribution of your religious literature—an extensive field. Would to God we could have a plan contrived for the circulation of your paper among our colored troops. A good religious paper would be just the thing for us. I hope those friends at home, who take the *Recorder*, will, after reading it, just think enough of their friends in the army to send it to them. I have here asked all that I can consistently ask of you, and yet I have asked no more of you than it is really your duty to perform; and, if you have a proper sympathy for the soldiers of your country, you will do all you can to bring them to Christ.

Remember, some of you have husbands, who left home in their wickedness. O wife, you may never see your husband again! Some of you parents have sons, who left you, and are in their country's service; but you may never see them again. They left you without the knowledge of the love of God. How should you strive to use every means in your power, pushing forward your efforts by your energetic prayers of faith, until salvation be wrought in their souls. You sisters at home, think of your brothers, who are absent from you in their country's service. You may never again see them on earth. Pray for them, that you may meet them in heaven. Send them the best gift you can. Send them the word of God, that it may lead them in the way of life; and every time you go to the altar of prayer, think of them. If you have never been there yet, go now, and ask God to save you and your brother.

Again, let me ask, how many times has the Christian Church assembled in the North, since the colored troops have been in the field, and held special convert prayer-meetings for their success to subdue their enemies? Would ministers and members reply with one voice, and say: "We pray for you and them in our secret prayers, and around our family altars, and there is no need of any further efforts?" No, they will not say so, while thinking of the action of the Church in the case of Peter.

Let me entreat you, Christians at home, hold up our arms as Aaron and Hur held up Moses' hands (Exodus 17: 12.) Hold them up by your concentrated and united prayers; but let faith be the rock and pillar on which your prayers rest, until we be able to discomfit these wicked rebel Amalekites. Only pray energetically for this work to be accomplished. It will be done soon. While Moses held his hands up, Joshua prevailed in the fight; but if he let them down, the enemy prevailed. So, while you hold up your arms in prayer, we will prevail; put them down, and our enemies triumph. It was in answer to prayers, that Washington, the brave hero and Father of his Country, achieved such a glorious victory for the American people.

God has commanded us to ask, assuring us it shall be given unto us. Christ tells us, that "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." Oh, how earnestly we ought to pray for the suppression of this rebellion! How earnestly and ardently we ought to entreat God, until the last vestige of slavery is wiped out of our land, and even out of the world; for the beast is unworthy to live any where on God's earth, much less in the boasted land of Christian America.

JAMES H. PAYNE,
Quartermaster-Serg't 27th U. S. C. T.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM GEORGETOWN, D. C.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir: In looking over your very respectable and interesting paper, I see nothing, or but very little said about poor old Georgetown. The fact is, it seems to me that it is almost blotted out of the book of memory with your intellectual writers. But, dear sir, I am glad to inform you that there are a few names in Georgetown who have not defiled their garments, for it can truly be said that, after a long and tedious drought, the great Head of the Church has once more visited Ebenezer Church, in Georgetown, with His gracious presence. Sinners are convicted, mourners converted, and believers made strong in the faith of the Redeemer.

On Sunday, the 4th inst., 11 o'clock, A. M., the Rev. W. Langford preached for us quite an interesting discourse. It was suited to the occasion.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. we held what we called a Union Love-feast. This meeting was attended by our Rev. local brethren from the so-called old side mountain Church, namely: Revs. W. Hicks, Wm. Langford, Joseph Gross, and J. Ross, with a great many members of other Christian denominations, with many young converts and many others seeking pardon in the merits of Christ.

Dear Brother, it was, indeed, quite a soul-cheering time, to hear the young people speaking of the wonderful working of the Holy Spirit upon their souls. But it was, indeed, solemn to hear the groans and bitter cries of those who were seeking redemption in the blood of the Redeemer. Twenty-five came forward to join the Church.

Rev. J. A. Handy, from Portsmouth, Va., being here on a visit to see his family, preached for us the same day, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. The subject made quite an impression upon the audience. Thirty-two came forward to be prayed for. The meetings are still going on.

The colored M. E. Church is under the pastoral charge of a white man, Rev. C. Delany. They have quite a fine congregation; very nearly all the freed persons that come to Georgetown, who are Methodist, join under the white man.

The colored Baptist Church, in Georgetown, under the charge of Rev. S. Alexandria, appears to be getting along very well.

A great many of the freed people that come to Georgetown are baptists, and, of course, unite with them, which makes their congregation present quite a respectable appearance.

On Monday, 5th inst., the corner stone for a new Baptist Church, was laid by the Free Masons. They had quite a large gathering on the occasion, but I have not learned how much money they collected.

I also inform you that the Sunday-schools of the different colored Churches, are all well attended and in a very good condition. But I am sorry to say that we only have two colored day-schools in Georgetown, and there are so many colored children. I think if the people would send their children, that there are enough in Georgetown to support, at least, three or four good colored schools.

Now, Mr. Editor, I expect to collect the money for the Recorder in a few days, and if you intend to visit the District, surely, I shall not send it to you; but if not, I will send it to you.

Yours respectfully,
J. J. HUBBERT.

September 7th, 1864.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR:—Amid the stirring scenes of the day, and the stupendous struggle of the contending armies, we can discern the black arm in the strife, and the contraction of its muscles causes a commotion that is every where visible. Sage and clown, merchant and mechanic, seem to be affected in some way regarding this irresistible uprising of the black man. In a word, a revolution of opinions is taking place in regard to the negro's availability for this or that. "We are at a premium." The press handles us as the bulls and bears of Wall street speculate in gold. We are up to-day, and down to-morrow. His Satanic Majesty, James Gordon Bennett, and his coadjutors at large, are ever on the alert to seize upon the slightest pretext to vent their spleen upon us, while the more radical abide their time; and, again, the poor colored man is at a premium in the estimation of the populace. Such are the apparent scenes with you now in the North.

We, for the present, are out of range of those daily scenes; but I can assure you, that the hydra-headed monster is here, and many in sheep's clothing are in our midst. The latter garment serves to screen them in their financiering operations, which has more to do with their presence than the interest of the cause in which they are engaged. Yet we cannot expect to have this class of men amongst us without the usual number of hypocrites; no church is without them. Can we expect less!

Among the late files of papers, several *Recorders* came to hand. I was almost induced to say, How do you do, Mr. Weaver? (Excuse my personalities.) But, sir, your paper is a welcome visitor. Through its columns, I am informed that a mass meeting was held in Philadelphia, for the purpose of mainly looking after the interests of our people. Sir, I take it, and the forthcoming national convention, to be the best movements at home to accomplish a union of our people. The time has arrived when we should be united; the exigencies of the times demand it. Never, in the history of this nation, have we been as conspicuous as we are at this moment. The preamble and resolutions receive our hearty approval. We hope that our people will take an interest in this movement. Let every section of the country, town or hamlet, if necessary, be represented in the national convention; agitate the question of equality before the law, and demand by the law the rights that citizens enjoy. If this be carried out by our leading men at home, with the co-operation of their brethren in the field, I predict that, by October 4th, 1865, it will be no unusual sight to see colored officers walking in the streets of your cities; and in a shorter space of time, you will be admitted into public conveyances in every section of your towns.

We are not idle here, as, in addition to the work of holding Jeff's. rebellious children at bay, we are holding meetings to further the object of diffusing education and other matters of interest concerning us as a people. A special meeting was called for the purpose of selecting a delegate to represent this district of Florida in the national convention. The meeting was heartily responded to. The colored regiments here were represented in the meeting, with the exception of the 102d and 34th, who were too far off to be notified in time. The meeting terminated in good results. Mr. Samuel Scottron was chosen as the delegate to the said convention,—a gentleman every way worthy to fill this important position. Several resolutions were passed unanimously; among them I note the following:—"*Resolved*, That we do heartily concur in the preamble and resolutions passed at the meeting held in Philadelphia, Pa." A vote of thanks was tendered to the people and Union League, for their zeal in behalf of the soldiers, etc. You will no doubt be duly informed of the full particulars of the meeting. The men of this regiment have taken important steps to bring about this matter, as will be seen hereafter.

It has been thought by many Philadelphians, that we are the most tacit set of men in the field, simply because we do not continually keep up a one fire and harangue, through the news columns of the press, as to our exploits, vexations and privations. We saw this to be a common error on the part of many correspondents of regiments. We desire to do any thing that will bring about matters which will benefit our people. On the whole, in these acts, we will endeavor to be the first, as we were in the case of this regiment. Many who hooted at us volunteering ourselves in the manner we did, have, by the course of events, been forced to take up arms. We have been nearly fifteen months in the U. S. service, and, to judge the future by the present, and the present by the past, we may feel proud of the action we have taken, although we have been serving an ungrateful Government. But the course of events is compelling her tardily to do justice. We thank not Mr. Lincoln, nor any body else, for the turn of affairs. The former plainly tells us that it has been forced upon him by the irrepressible conflict of the times; the latter have as much dislike at heart for negroes, as they had four years ago: but we say to them, in the language of Shakspeare—

> "I sue for simple justice at your hands;
> Naught else I ask, nor less will have;
> Act right, therefore, and yield my claim,
> Or, by the great God that made all things,
> I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd!"

R. H. B., 3d U. S. C. T.
Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 7th, 1864

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR NORFOLK CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have so often attempted to write you lately, and been so often prevented by circumstances which I could not control, that I have almost decided never to make a similar attempt; but I have again started, hoping nothing will interrupt me until I get through.

The work here "goes bravely on." Revivals are quite prevalent all around us; and many a sin-sick soul has found "a balm for every wound."

Most of the schools have been closed since July; but the interest hitherto manifested by the pupils, has not diminished. So earnestly have they entreated me, that I could not refuse to grant their request, "to keep my school open during the summer." Their progress in their studies is commendable, and their conduct meritorious; and I think, in both these particulars, they will favorably compare with any of our Northern pupils, who have had more excellent advantages.

Every day or two we meet with instances of the re-union of those whom the monster, slavery, had separated for years. Only a few days ago, I saw a woman who had just received a letter from her son, who had been sold away from her six years. Another, while passing along the streets of this city, met her husband, who, some time since, had escaped from the "*Rebs*," and joined the Union army. He had obtained a furlough to come here to look for his companion. What a joyful meeting that was!

Our city is now guarded by colored soldiers. Secesh is *rabid*; but we fear no ill consequences. On entering the school-room, last week, where our soldiers are taught, I recognized among the wearers of the blue cloth, one who was a pupil of mine in Mount Holly, N. J. His name is Maurice Gaunes. His friends will be pleased to hear of his good health. How little did I think, when I bade him good-by at that place, that we would next meet on Virginia soil!

The schools are expected to open on the first of October. The Sabbath-school attached to Rev. J. M. Brown's church, has somewhat decreased in numbers, in consequence of the very small corps of teachers in the city. But we hope, in a few weeks at the farthest, to have it raised to its original standard. The care of the infant department has been intrusted to your correspondent, by our Superintendent, Captain Felt.

With my best wishes for the welfare of all our friends, and for the success of the *Recorder*,

I am very truly yours, SALLIE.
Norfolk, Va., *9th month*, 1864.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BY CHAPLAIN TURNER.

Headquarters 1st U. S. C. T.,
Harrison Landing, Va.,
Sept. 10th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—The news that continually pours in here from various quarters, is commingled with every impassioned element in a human being.

The news of Farragut's glorious triumphs at Mobile, and Sherman at Atlanta, creates no small amount of fighting energy in this department. We can all realize the hopefulness of finally achieving the end for which we are battling, amid the privations and ills, which we are necessarily subjected to in an army life. Every victory, like a new sunbeam, sheds its radiance in brighter aspects over the dark vortex of this raging strife.

The infamous catalogue of principles, embodied in that infernal instrument, called the Chicago platform, the framers of which ought to every one be hung, till dead by the neck, or shot till riddled like Napoleon's lion, has not affected the determined conclusion to strike down the last foe to the American flag, and her free institutions. Who would have thought that an American heart, could have been so perverted at this stage of events, as to publicly endorse such audacious resolutions as those incarnate devils at Chicago formed, as the basis of a Presidential campaign? They are enough to revolt human modesty, and turn our most prudish promptings into confusion and burning shame. Never let the American people, in all coming time, stand aghast at any thing again.

England's false neutrality, and the manifest treachery of France, in making a cat's paw of the Austrian Prince, culminates at third-rate, compared to the diabolical tories, before whom Mr. Lincoln has bowed, and honored with the highest positions. Had the President from the beginning, administered the stern mandates of moral and political justice to the enemies of the country, who came as goats in sheep's clothing, until they were fostered and nourished into strength, the evil they are now perpetrating, and the injury they are doing the Government, in its efforts to crush the rebellion, would have been entirely obviated. But like the man who warmed and animated the frozen serpent, to sting his children to death and forever demolish the comforts of his household, had half the encouragement been tendered to the negro, which has been given to Copperheads, the nation might have rallied to-day over two hundred thousand colored soldiers, who would have struck terror to the heart of the rebellion, and swept the seceded States with a tornado of desolation such as would have silenced the clang of war, and hushed the rage of battle. But instead of this, the country's most inveterate enemies have been permitted to lounge upon the most comfortable seats, and plot and plan its ruin, only to leave a wreck, where the eternal bastions of a free and happy Government should have stood, forever founded upon the rock of grandeur, glory, and honor.

True, the nation is passing through a terrible revolution: such a one as she doubtless needs, to purge her from the dross of base corruption, and this seeming progression and retrogression to which she is, by force of circumstances, compelled to succumb, may all, in God's providence, be working for her good, but there is no law in nature, physical or intellectual, which may not require, as a means, some repulse to properly secure good results. Reverses, political and moral, may sometimes be commuted for glorious ends, but to conclude these channels of indispensable necessity, is to acknowledge the existence of the devil as important as the existence of God, in the scale of physical and moral elevation.

Some people have a kind of placid logic, that accounts, in a very easy manner, for every thing that transpires, and they work every thing up, to be a part of the machinery infinitely designed to the accomplishment of some great good. But never will I believe, this side of eternity, that any thing reversive, or any thing contrary, ever was, or ever will be used by infinite Wisdom, as an indispensable requisite for political or moral good.

The argument, that Mr. Lincoln was obliged to court the affections of the Democratic parties, to secure the co-operation of the whole North, is nothing more than a farce. The principles which should have governed him, were those of eternal justice; they were clearly laid down in the Bible, and engraved upon the tablets of nature; they were throbbed in every pulsation of the human heart, and preached by the proclamation of John C. Fremont, in the opening of the war. And had these principles been his *modus operandi*, or his compass, to run the national ship by, amid the stormy winds, and lurid siege of war, this opposition party would have sat in profound dumbness, until the last foe had bitten the dust at his lordly feet. But instead thereof, they rise with indignant majesty before him, contemning, insulting, and trying to defame that name which should have been as dear to the American heart, as Washington to America, or Cromwell to England.

We will, in some future time, treat this subject more largely.

I presume your readers will be much surprised to hear of the intimacy which has recently taken place between the rebels and the colored soldiers.

Having for some time heard that the colored and rebel pickets were exchanging words, and that the venom to each other had somewhat ameliorated, I was led to doubt its truthfulness from a previous knowledge of the uncompromising hostility they had hitherto cherished toward each other. But a short time since, my regiment was ordered to the trenches, where their proximity to the rebels was not more than a hundred yards. Here, to my great surprise, I saw the rebels and the soldiers of my regiment, talking, laughing, exchanging papers, tin-cups, tobacco, &c.

Some of the rebels deserted and came into our lines, and cursed the rebellion, and thus they had a jolly time with our boys.

I learn they are now acknowledging our soldiers as prisoners of war.

This sudden transition, though, should be carefully watched: there is evidently some deep-laid treachery at the bottom of so singular a move.

Col. John H. Holman, of our regiment, who has been absent on sick leave, to Boston, returned a short time ago, and such a shout never was heard, as the boys gave him: one unanimous ring reverberated through the adjacent woods, and over the hills, which, I suppose, woke up the rebels; for next morning they made three charges upon our works, but were driven away without any trouble.

We are now at the famous Harrison's Landing, made so by Gen. McClellan's inglorious retreat in '62.

There is nothing very significant about the place, more than some very fine houses, which are all deserted, and marks of its former greatness in the days when slavery was rampant in this vicinity, and men with immortal souls were chained, whipped, and driven like brutes before the prowess of Southern chivalry.

I have the honor to be,
Very truly,
H. M. T.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT, R. I.

The A. M. E. Church is Paid for.

MR. EDITOR.—As it has been some time since I have said any thing about the people of Newport, I thought I would drop a few lines.

We are getting along moderately well, in a spiritual sense. As this is the busy season, (our members are generally engaged during the summer at their various avocations, making preparation for the winter,) we have quite a large concourse of visitors to our city, both white and colored.

We are pleased to inform you, that we are out of debt. A number of ladies of our city joined themselves together and formed a sewing-circle during the winter. The 4th and 5th of July they held a Fair, by which they realized the sum of one hundred and seven dollars and seventy-three cents, and, with the combined efforts of the membership of the church, aided by a generous public, we raised the balance of what was due, the whole amount of which was two hundred and seventy seven dollars, including interest. On Thursday evening we paid off the builder.

The Building Committee, Trustees, membership and minister feel very grateful to the President and ladies of the Sewing-circle for their kind efforts in responding so nobly to the call for assistance in this the time of need, though we had two years to pay the debt by contract.

The names of the Committee are as follows, to wit:

Mrs. Margaret Jackson, *President*
Miss Sarah Alexander, *Secretary*,
Mrs. Daniel Webster,
Mrs. Thomas Young,
Mrs. Jefferson Morrison,
Mrs. Sophia Taylor,
Miss Alice Lewis,
Miss Charlotte Jackson,
Miss Anne Simmons,
Miss Elisabeth Watson.

Yours, in Christ, E. T. W.
Newport, Sept. 3, 1864.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

NAVAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Potomac Flotilla,
September 6th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time having elapsed since I wrote to you, I now take pleasure in giving you some interesting items of what has been going on since I last wrote for your valuable paper.

The *Christian Recorder* has become very popular here on this flotilla, both among the officers and men, in consequence of their reading some of the doings of this flotilla in it.

On the 28th of August we proceeded up the Rappahanock River for the purpose of getting a Union man's family away to go North. We were accompanied by the steamer Mercury. We reached our place of destination, and landed thirty men in small boats, for the purpose of bringing off the family and furniture. We succeeded with the family and most of the furniture, but had to abandon a part of the furniture, in consequence of there being a large force of rebels near.

No sooner had we reached our vessels, than about fifty rebels made their appearance on the shore; but a well-directed shot from our 100-pounder made them leave. This is all very easy for us to go on shore after these families, but a great risk.

On the 4th of September we proceeded up the same river for the same purpose, only for another family. We landed as before, with the same number of men. After reaching shore, we met an old colored man and asked him his name. He replied, that his name was Abraham, and that he was going to Bertenham to carry some bacon and hams to Mrs. Kelly's house, who lived in Bertenham, three miles beyond Lawyer Cunningham's.

This may appear very silly to your readers, but it is true. It created a great deal of laughter amongst us. We proceeded to the house, and stationed our pickets, and began removing the family and furniture to the boats. Shortly after, our pickets were driven in, and we were all fired on and driven from the house by rebel cavalry or home-guards.

The order was given us, to retreat at double-quick, as the rebel force was one hundred strong, while ours only amounted to thirty men. We retreated in good order, and, but for the gunboats shelling the rebels back, we would all have been captured or killed during our rapid retreat. Robert Jackson was accidentally wounded by a bayonet during our retreat. We were all anxious to get to the boats first, particularly myself, as I have but three weeks to remain in this service, and do not like the way they treat us after our capture.

Some time since, the rebels captured a colored man, and put twelve ballets in his body and left him in the road. This is the way they treat us when they take us prisoners.

We succeeded in bringing off the family, but had to abandon all the furniture and farming utensils. I am sorry to say, that the colored people belonging to the family refused to come, for what reason, I am at a loss to say.

The rebels are getting very numerous in this vicinity, and they are making great preparations to capture the Commodore Reed some dark night. They will be rightly received when they come. We are watching for them, and whenever we see one of them on shore, we bid him good morning with a 100-pound shell, which soon makes him scamper away.

Hoping to have some interesting news shortly for your paper,

I remain yours, respectfully,
GEORGE W. REED, Drummer.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM NORFOLK.

MR. EDITOR.—I have long done injustice to our Society, and to the public, by not writing before this, giving some account of our labors here.

I saw a letter in the last week's *Recorder*, from one of our missionaries in South Carolina, who is anxious to know the condition of the people in Norfolk, Virginia.

My mission comprehends Providence Church, Baxter Farm No. 1, Wise, Baker, and Gregory farms. I organized the Providence Church on the first day of April, 1864, with ten members; but I am glad to inform you, that there has been an addition of one hundred since that time. Great interest is manifested, and many souls are earnestly inquiring the way to be saved. We held a protracted meeting at Providence, and it proved a great blessing to many; for the Lord poured out his Spirit upon us all.

There is a general good feeling prevailing throughout the mission, and I feel that our labors are not in vain.

I suffer much inconvenience from travelling on foot. As I have no horse, I am compelled to meet my appointments often feeling quite fatigued from walking.

The people are very poor, the most of them being freedmen who have recently come into the place, and have not yet become self-sustaining. I am endeavoring to exert all my influence to get them to till the ground for themselves. Many are doing so, as far as lies in their power. I find a desire for education manifest among them. They are anxious for a school to be established, where their children may be taught. There are about one hundred and fifty children in the neighborhood of Providence Church, and we expect to have a school as soon as we can get a teacher, and can make the church comfortable. As soon as we can raise one hundred and twenty-five dollars, it will be accomplished.

Trusting that the Lord may prosper the good work, and give us all we need,

I am truly yours, JAMES TYNES.
Norfolk, Va., *Sept. 9th*, 1864.

* * *

THERE are some philosophers, who in the matter between Christ and Belial say, that on both sides there should be yielding. Let them try, and do what they can, and do not grudge them their pains; for, if they make the devil religious and one with God, they will be the [illegible]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 17, 1864.

TEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

Ten thousand cash subscribers by the 10th of January, 1865 We have about fifty thousand members, besides one hundred thousand friends of our Church.

Now, we ask our Bishops and ministers on the various circuits and stations, if they do not think this can easily be accomplished. If you want the paper to continue, say: "Yes, it can be done," and it shall be as you say.

Then let every minister commence, and see how many subscribers he can get by the 10th of January, 1865. The Indiana and Missouri Conferences have already pledged themselves to get their share.

What say the members of Ohio, Baltimore, Philadelphia, N York and N England Conf? Brethren, will you do your part? We shall, from the present time till the 10th of next January, keep the names separate, so that we may see who works, and who does not, and we will announce the result after the 10th of January, 1865. Jan. 1, '65.

BETHEL APPOINTMENTS

For Sunday, September 18th.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Stephen Smith
At 3 o'clock, P. M., Rev. Elisha Weaver.
At night, the minister in charge

NOTICE.

Love, Purity, and Truth.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RIGHT WORTHY NATIONAL GRAND COUNCIL OF NORTH AMERICA, OF THE I. O. OF G. S. AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.—Notice is hereby given that a Grand Convocation will take place at the city of Wilmington, state of Delaware, on Tuesday, 20th of September, 1864, at 12 o'clock, M.

State and District Grand Councils will be represented by the constitutional number of delegates. One Past W Chief and Past Daughter from Subordinate Lodges, will attend, properly accredited, and bearing the seal of the respective Lodges sending such representative is requested

SAMUEL VAN BRAKLE, R W N. G. C.
ROBT. B J. PROCTOR, R W N. G. Sec

P. S —An election for officers will take place.
sept. 3—3t

NOTICE.

Any information respecting John Burton, who enlisted in the 14th U. S. C. T., will be most thankfully received by his cousin

CATHERINE JONES.
Sept. 10.—2t. *West Chester, Pa.*

NOTICE

My second course of Quarterly Meetings will commence, on the 24th and 25th of September, the Lord willing, at Bordentown; at Allentown, on the 8th and 9th of October; and at Cookstown, on the 22d and 23d.

JAMES HOLLON,
Preacher in charge of Bordentown Circuit.
Sept. 9th, 1864.

NOTICE.

There will be a "Sermon for the Times" delivered in the Union A. M. E. Church, Coates St., by the pastor, on Sunday, the 18th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M. Subject: "Christ triumphant in the death and resurrection of this nation."

NOTICE.

There will be a grand festival held in the basement of the Mount Zion Church, Trenton, N J., by the daughters of Zion, who intend to make this one of the most interesting of the season.

This society has been in operation for a number of years. Their object is to assist in paying the ministers' board They intend to turn out in their full strength on Thursday evening, September 22, 1864, at which time there will be several addresses delivered to them.

Admission, 10 cents.

THOMAS H. COOPER,
Minister in Charge.

MISSOURI CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS

St. Paul's Chapel, St. Louis, Mo, Rev. M. M Clark.
Asbury Chapel, Louisville, Ky., B. L. Brooks
Quinn Chapel, Louisville, Ky., T. Strothers
St. James Chapel, New Orleans, La., Wm. A. Dove.
Bethel Chapel, Leavenworth, Kansas, John Turner.
St. John Chapel, Nashville, Tenn, Charles Burch.
Memphis, Tenn., A. Woodfork.
Helena, Ark., L. F. Carter.
Vicksburg, Miss., H. R. Revels.
Natchez, Miss, Page Tyler.

CIRCUITS.

Alton, Ill., James C. Embry.
Lawrence, Kansas, Ed. N. Doan, sub John Turner.
Chester, Ill, J W. Wilkerson.
Belleville, Ill., John W. Malone, sub. J Wilkerson
South Nashville, Tenn, Lewis N. Merry, sub. C. Burch.
Gallatin, to be supplied.
Pulaski, Tenn, Gilbert Alges, sub. A. Woodfork.
Atchison, Kan., to be supplied.
Carondelet, Mo., J. W Early.
Baton Rouge, La., to be supplied.
Cape Girardeau, Mo, John M. Wilkerson.
Grand Junction, Tenn, to be supplied.
Murfreesboro, Tenn., Braxton James.
Fort Scott, Kan, to be supplied.
Wyandotte, to be supplied.
Third District New Orleans, Robt. M'Cary.
Thubedore, New Orleans, C. C. Doughty.

WHEN we have our sweet, loving Saviour Christ, we are rich; but we often lose sight of Him, and little think that He is in us, and we in him, that He is ours, and we are his—and, although in the time of need it appeareth sometimes as if he hideth himself, yet we are comforted in his promise when he says, "I am with you unto the end of the world"—LUTHER.

ONE UP, AND STILL ON THE RISE

We wish to say to our readers, that paper has again advanced in price, and there is no telling where it will stop. Now, just think of the difference in the cost of that article at the present time from what it used to be. We used to pay three cents per pound for printing paper, and thought that was high We have now to pay twenty-seven cents per pound for all we get. Unless the people subscribe liberally, which we hope they will, we shall be compelled to suspend the publication of this paper until the price of paper comes within our means.

It is in consequence of our increased expenditure, that we have advanced the price of subscription to two dollars and a half a year, payable in advance; or three dollars if not paid in advance Single copies, six cents The demand for the *Recorder* is very great

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Louisville, Ky	
Thomas Carter	$2 50
Elizabeth Dyel	2 50
A. Mosby	2 50
Mary E Scott	2 50
Susan Artes	2 50
William H. Butler	1 25
Isabella Bell	2 50
Elizabeth Thompson	2 50
Rev. R. Dickerson	1 00
" M M Clark	4 00
" Thornton Smith	2 50
" A. Woodfork	2 00
Cincinnati, Ohio	
Eliza J. Gordan	2 50
William Lucas	2 50
Sarah Kite	1 25
P. M. Stapp	1 25
W H Mann	1 25
Ann M Smith	2 50
Malinda Wilson	1 25
George Paterson	4 50
Maria J Williams	2 00
L. Johnson	3 50
Isaac Jones	2 50
Rev. T Brown	2 50
" P. Tolrer	2 50
Dr. Jared Cary	1 25
Nancy H Brown	2 50
M Ross	1 25
Henry Conicken	1 25
Xenia, Ohio.	
Mrs. M. L. Hoots	2 50
Cyrus Venea	75
Nathan James	1 00
Tilman Pratts	1 25
L. B. Cotes	2 50
Pittsburgh, Pa.	
Lusinda Moore	2 50
William Propp	2 50
A. W. Dunlop	2 50
Harriet Wood	1 25
John A. Taon	2 50
Harry Dodge	2 50
A T. Matthews	2 50
A A. Gibson	2 50
Grandison Singleton	1 25
Mr. Allan	3 25
Elizabeth Hill	3 00
Birmingham, Pa.	
Miss M. J. Waters	2 50
Allegheny City, Pa.	
Thomas Roach	2 50
Geo. W. Dimsy	2 50
Sarah Ann Hawson	2 50
Elizabeth J. Jenkins	2 50
Moses Howard	2 50
Alfred Nowman	2 50
Elizabeth City, N J.	
Per Rev. W. H. Ross:	
Mrs. M. E. Morris	1 15
Near Petersburg, Va.	
J. H. Payne, 27th U. S. C. T	2 25
Chicago, Ill.	
Rev. A. T. Wood	1 00
Boston, Mass.	
Rev George A Rue	7 00
Frankford, Pa.	
Per J. G. Fry:	
P. R. Brake	1 12
Churchville, Md.	
Per Miss Mary J C Anderson:	
A Walton	2 25
Glenville, Md.	
Per Miss Mary J C. Anderson:	
J. B. Jiles	2 25
Darlington, Md.	
Per Miss Mary J. C. Anderson:	
William E Bond	2 25
William H. Wallace	1 12
Shedrach Dorsey	2 25
Joseph Pecoe	1 13
Stephen S. Wilson	2 25
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev H J Rhodes	2 00
Columbia, Pa.	
Rev. Jeremiah Young	6 70
Trenton, N. J.	
Rev. T. Cooper	25

THE REV JAMES F. SISSION AT PORTSMOUTH MISSION, AND HIS WANTS.

We call special attention to the letter of brother Sission, in the *Recorder* of the 3d inst. It did not get our approval through the paper until we met with the *Recorder* in Cincinnati. We, therefore recommend the members of the Baltimore Conference District, with their pastors at the head, and all other members of our Church, to do what they can in the way of raising a good collection for brother Sission We hope that the good Lord may bless brother Sission in his great and good work.

MESSRS. PEASLEE & CO., OF NEW YORK.

It affords us much pleasure to call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Peaslee & Co, concerning the United States 7-30 Loan.

These men are well versed in business and of undoubted integrity. We recommend our patrons to take stock of the 7-30 Loan at once, as we know of no better investment of capital. In doing this, they will be doing good in two ways: first, you will receive a fair interest for your money from the Government, which will always be ready for you when due, and you will be paid in the best money current; and secondly, you will be aiding the Government to maintain her dignity in subduing the rebellion, and settling the troubles that we now encounter.

MRS. CROPPER'S NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

This well-known lady, who for a number of years engaged herself in providing for the comforts of strangers visiting our city has removed to No 811 Lombard St. The well-earned reputation she has so long enjoyed, and her tact in such matters, are a sufficient warrant for us to recommend her to the travelling public as one of the best boarding-house keepers of which the city of Brotherly Love can boast We call attention to her advertisement in another part of our columns.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Sketches by the Wayside from the Missouri Conference.

Monday Morning, Sept. 12, 1864.

Conference met per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the Chair, assisted by Bishop Campbell

Conference was opened with the usual exercises After this, the body resolved upon giving its attention to the missionary society Accordingly, when the Minutes of the previous session had been read and approved, the question arose as to how the missionary money should be disposed of. Some were in favor of sending the parent missionary society fifty dollars—some were opposed to it—and others, with yet more liberality, were in favor of appropriating one hundred dollars, to assist Bishop Campbell on his way to California.

It now being near the hour of 10 o'clock, we were compelled to busy ourselves in arranging sundry little matters preparatory to our departure for Cincinnati.

Brother Burch had made a flaming speech in opposition to lending the missionary money to any object other than that for which it was originally intended; and Brother Dove was just preparing to launch forth in opposition to the views of the last-named speaker, when the grim dial of the tell-tale clock admonished us that we must begone, and we bid the Conference a reluctant adieu

Procuring a conveyance, we soon arrived at the steamboat landing, where was moored the mail-boat "Anderson" Tripping lightly over the gangway, we gained the deck of the steamer, and paid our fare, &c, preparatory to comfortably ensconcing ourselves for the contemplated journey

We had been in the cabin but a short time when we met with Mr Watson, who was acting in the capacity of Steward The crew of the boat was composed equally of whites and colored, the head Steward being a colored man, while the second Steward was a white man The boat had not left the wharf when we discovered Sister Lucas and her son Thomas on board, who are old friends of ours. She was taking the young man to Wilberforce University to undergo a course of study.

After the boat had pushed out from the wharf and stood bravely up the stream, heading for Cincinnati, we met with yet another great friend of ours, Mrs. Jones, who used to attend at our humble ministrations at Madison, Indiana

Having run some fifty miles, we found ourselves at the boat-landing at Madison, having stopped for passengers and to take on the mails with us.

Madison presents a somewhat desolate, musty and dirty appearance. The people look as if they were "cut and dried." We had the pleasure of meeting with an old friend here whom we had thought long since gone to his last home. He was looking hearty, and was in most excellent spirits

The next place of any note we came to was Carlton, Ky, which was formerly famed as a place for entrapping negroes, as they term them, and watching around and about the boats. But this time they did not interfere with any one on the boat.

After ten there was a very heavy storm came up, and the river was full of floating logs, trees, and drift wood of every description; and it was somewhat amusing to see how excited the passengers became, catching hold of each other indiscriminately, male or female, totally regardless of hue or color. The cause of this trepidation among the passengers arose from the boat coming in contact with a large tree, which occasioned an apprehension that she was sinking Fortunately their fears were not realized. The best way in such emergencies is for all to prepare for death. The boat was densely crowded—so much so, that some one hundred or more of us had to lie upon cots, &c

We arrived in Cincinnati at about 4 o'clock, and called at the residence of Brother and Sister Felton, and found Brother Shorter, the pastor in charge, who was then stopping at Sister Waar's This brother is quite well, with the exception of having contracted a cold; but as he had made arrangements to go home, he begged to be excused, stating that he had laid the matter of the Book Concern and paper before his people. We then took a little stroll around the city to see our old friends.

On Wednesday morning it rained very hard until after 9 o'clock, A M, when it ceased entirely

After 10 o'clock, Brother Tolliver, a local preacher, accompanied us around on a trip to secure subscribers, until near the hour of 1 o'clock, at which time he had to leave and go to the bank; but he kindly secured the services of Sister Williams, to go around with us in the afternoon. Nearly all the families we called upon took the Recorder—and could we have found time to stay a day longer, we believe that we could have secured a great many more names Many thanks to Sister Williams. The Cincinnati people bought more hymn books and Disciplines, especially the latter, than they have ever bought before at any one time during a period of three years together. Brother Shorter is evidently teaching his congregation to read our Church government and the Recorder, which latter is greatly prized by all who read it

We had the pleasure of calling on Mr Liverpool, one of the editors and managers of the *Colored Citizen*. We found him to be a young man blessed with health and a good capacity for business

We went to church at night and preached for the assembled people Brother Toliver said that it was the largest congregation he had seen at a night appointment through the week for many a day. They all seemed to appreciate the occasion. After we had concluded our discourse, we laid the claims of the Book Concern and paper before them. We do not remember the day when we sold hymn-books and Disciplines as fast. We could have sold three or four more Disciplines if we had brought them with us In regard to the Recorder, we found a good feeling among all towards the paper. Our attention was directed to a very trim, sharp and intelligent looking young man, who was taking a very active part in securing the names of subscribers for the Recorder, and appealing to the audience to come forward and subscribe He said he had the pleasure of reading it every week In a short time after this we had the pleasure of being introduced to the gentleman in question, who proved to be no less a personage than Mr. Sampson, Editor of the *Colored Citizen*, of Cincinnati We were much pleased with his manners and general appearance and deportment. We afterwards learned that he is a brother of Mr H K Sampson, who is a graduate of Oberlin College Himself, Rev Mr Alston and ourself boarded at the same house We wish him much success in conducting his worthy paper, and hope that he may receive that share of patronage which he is entitled to, and that he may live to make the *Colored Citizen* second to no other sheet in this country.

On Thursday morning, September 8th, we left Cincinnati for the Wilberforce University, in Xenia. We went by the six o'clock train, arriving in that place at about half-past 8 o'clock. Here we met Rev. James Shorter, who was waiting for the arrival of the train to convey us to the University. He took us to his house, which is a newly-finished two-story building, and well-arranged for the comforts of this life His wife and children are all well and doing finely. After we had fared most sumptuously, himself and Rev E. Davis walked down with us to the Wilberforce University, which is about one hundred and fifty yards from the College; and, as we were approaching Bishop Payne's house, which is situated within the enclosure, he descried us from his studio, which is located in the second-story of the dwelling, and, stepping out on the flat roof of his portico, he bid us a welcome to his domicil. We found him quite well, as was his family. We also met Mother Robertson here, from St. Louis, Mo. After spending a few social moments with the Bishop and his family, the Bishop escorted us to the recitation-room, where we had the pleasure of seeing the students, with the teachers in charge—Miss Esther T Malthis, a graduate of Oberlin College, and Prof Mitchell and wife Bishop Payne is the honored President of the Institution After being there some time, and the hour of dismissal for the day near at hand, Bishop Payne called upon us to address the students, or make a few remarks to them which we took great pleasure in doing without delay

There were about forty-five students present The Term had just opened the day before, with forty-three students—a good beginning. They have also organized a missionary society of twenty-nine members to help the missionaries of the Cross to carry the Gospel of Christ to lost sheep of the house of Israel. Let all others do likewise

From all appearances, the Institution will be crowded with students this Term Every thing seems to be going on nicely. It being the evening for prayer meeting, Bishop Payne desired us to preach for them. We agreed to meet with them at the appointed hour, and deliver a little exhortation. We now accompanied Rev. E Davis to his house, which is a short distance from the Institution, and took tea with him He also has purchased himself a fine piece of ground and a very good house, with a little improvement, and is getting along nicely After tea we all went to meeting, and we had a real nice time Bishop Payne has abandoned the idea of his contemplated trip to England this fall, and has deferred it until next spring, after the rise of the Baltimore Conference, and has now taken charge of the Institution and students, having complete oversight, and Prof. Mitchell has been appointed by the Faculty to travel around and collect contributions May great success attend the whole enterprise.

On Friday morning, September 9th, we left for Pittsburg, on our way home Bro Shorter very kindly took his horse and light wagon and conveyed us to the cars Many thanks to this good brother. We arrived in Pittsburg that night, and stopped with our friends, Mr. and Mrs Gaiter. Next day we met with Revs Thompson and Watts. They had made arrangements for us on the Sabbath. They were both well. We expected to preach for Rev. Jeremiah Lewis, but were prevented, as the church was being repaired

On Sabbath morning we went to Bro Watts' charge, Allegheny, and preached for him. We had a very good congregation, and a very interesting meeting, indeed. After we had finished preaching, we laid the claims of the Book Concern and paper before the people. They came forward and subscribed—to what amount, let our subscription-list in another column answer. It will convince you that Brother Watts' charge is alive

At night we held forth for Bro Thompson, in Wiley St. church It was said by some to have been the largest congregation they had seen assembled at night for a long time The following clerical gentlemen were sitting in the pulpit:—Revs Thompson, Woodson, Peck, Lewis, Turpen, and another brother whose name we cannot recall to mind We never saw the congregation behave so nicely. After we had concluded preaching, we presented the claims of the Recorder to the attention of the people Well, it is enough to say that there was no little feeling and interest displayed by the members of this congregation towards the good cause we were trying to advocate. Please refer to our subscription-list, and you will see what the good people of Pittsburg have done

A good feeling exists among all classes generally, and the brethren in Pittsburg are determined to do their part towards raising the ten thousand cash subscribers to our paper. The people at large will thus be enabled to determine which of our brethren are interested in their welfare—in a good cause The scales will fall from many an eye as faithless ones stand silently aloof

Altogether, we had a nice time.

On Monday, at half past 4 o'clock, we left the "Smoky City," en route for home Brothers Watts, Lewis and Thompson "saw us off" We arrived home on Tuesday morning, the 13th, at a quarter to 8 o'clock A M and are once more at our post, ready for the call of duty and of friends

ADVERTISEMENT.

We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs C Magarge & Co, dealers in all kinds of paper, No 32 South Sixth street, to be found in another column. This is one of the largest firms in the city in the paper line We have been purchasing paper of them to print the Recorder on for some four years, and we can truly say that they are kind and gentlemanly in every respect They have also a large number of clerks and book keepers, and we have yet to meet one who is not polite, kind, active, and very accommodating to customers; and then, like their employers, they treat every body with respect, who respects himself A great many persons from New York, and elsewhere, come to buy of this firm We recommend others to do likewise

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

This paper is becoming one of the most popular weekly papers that are now published in this country, and as it now has the most implicit confidence of the public, it is our earnest desire that it should ever retain said confidence It is read by the most learned men of our country, as well as by those less erudite; yea, the poor and the rich read it,—and we are glad to know that many of our noble generals and officers upon the battle fields take great pleasure in perusing the Recorder. In view of all this, we say to the brethren that they must not encourage the people to buy single copies, for that does not pay, but recommend them to take the Recorder for a year; and those who are not prepared to pay the cash down for the whole year, can take it for six months at a time, by paying $1 25; and by the time the six months have expired, or before, they can send on the other $1 25 In this way the paper will be sustained. Brethren who have copies for sale, will do us the kindness to send us the avails without delay; and brethren must remember that we shall hold them responsible for all the copies they order and that we shall not take any back numbers off their hands, for we could cash them all here at the office. Brethren will remember that we shall charge them five cents per copy, and the retail price will be six cents hereafter. We cannot do otherwise, because we have to pay twenty-seven and twenty-eight cents per pound for paper

THE FLAG PRESENTATION AT CAMP WILLIAM PENN

On last Thursday, 15th inst., the Forty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiments U. S. C. T were the recipients of a couple of flags, presented by the Supervisory Committee for recruiting colored troops.

About quarter past two o'clock, the two regiments above-named and a part of the One Hundred and forty first U. S. C T formed in line, and manœuvred around until they were displayed to all the visitors on the ground In the mean time we visited the Sutler's Department, under the charge of our well known and esteemed citizen, Mr William Still, who treated us in such a manner as to leave a lasting impression of his many good qualities upon us

At four o'clock, General Birney, on behalf of the Supervisory Committee, presented a beautiful ensign to the Forty 5th U. S. C. T His remarks were well and enthusiastically received The flag was received by Major Bale, in a few patriotic remarks, after which cheer after cheer rent the air

After this, our well-known lawyer, Charles Gibbons, presented a flag to the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh U. S. C. T. The speech was lustily cheered, and we regret that we can only give one extract. Said he: "*The Government that acknowledges black men as soldiers, at the same time recognizes black men as her citizens.*" This flag was received by Lieutenant-Colonel Given, in a neat speech

At the conclusion, three cheers were given for the Union, for the Supervisory Committee, and the Stars and Stripes. The Regimental Band now discoursed several tunes, much to their credit.

We are sorry that space permits us to say no more, but we will say more next week.

NOTICE

The Articles of Consolidation between the A. M. E and A M E. Zion Churches, are now ready, and for sale at the office of the *Christian Recorder.* Price, 5 cts; price, by mail, 10 cts

For the Christian Recorder

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE

Lessons learned in a day's Visit—Observations—Impressions—River Excursion—Conduct of the People—Celebration of Emancipation—Brooklyn Churches—Musical Entertainments—Prospects.

MR. EDITOR:—A few weeks' constant labor, among my flock—a flying visit to Morristown, N J, attending the Quarterly Meeting of Rev. D P Seaton—a visit to Newark, on a pleasure excursion with the Sunday-school of Rev Leonard Patterson, on a steamer—the pleasure of a stroll in a beautiful grove, on Staten Island—all have had a pleasing effect upon my mind, and have imparted a deal of information, relative to the characteristics of the communities with whom I have mingled.

A second visit to Morristown, to a celebration of the great Emancipations, in New Jersey, District of Columbia, the President's Proclamation, and in fact all the progressive movements of the present century These interminglings furnished a vast field of observation.

The Quarterly Meeting of Bro Seaton, was a very pleasant one. The people are delighted with the appointment of Conference. No minister has been more successful than he, in that Station.

My second visit there was one of much interest Arriving in that beautiful little village, surrounded with hills, I met Bro. Seaton at the depot, and repaired to the house of Mrs ——, from thence, at 2 o'clock, we ascended to "Fort Nonsense," where tables groaned with every luxury of the season. At 4 o'clock, a large number of people gathered, and addresses were made by gentlemen from Brooklyn, which were received very kindly by the appreciative audience

The people remained on the ground till eleven o'clock at night.

The evening was passed off with speaking, singing, and music by the celebrated colored band, who made the woods ring with sweet sounds.

There seemed to be no distinction there, all joined in the festivities of the occasion, and it was truly a day of rejoicing.

Brother Seaton made one of his most happy speeches, exhorting the young men and women to aim high, and hang their "chariot-reins on the highest star, and never withdraw them till they have mounted to their glorious heights."

The people, here, seem to be progressing, and will give a good report of themselves in the future. Heaven give them prosperity.

My visit and excursion with the Sunday-school, and Rev Patterson, was a most pleasant affair in itself The morning was a lovely one; the sun shone brightly, and at the hour of nine, the little steamer was crowded to excess, and cast off lines and sped away down the beautiful placid stream, of the Passaic, into the Staten Island Sound

The scenery was beautiful Far off in the distance rose the towering hills, and clouds floating majestically on the vast sea of ether, as if on some errand of mercy, dictated by a benevolent Dispenser of blessings to some distant world The genial rays of the sun, the green and cheering hills, the rustling of the steamer's wheels mingled with the sweet songs of happy children, all conspired to make this trip one of impressive interest

Five hundred happy souls were mingled in this social circle, on this little vessel, and here are all classes represented, the gay, lovely, innocent, happy, are here; the gray headed father and mother, of many long and dreary winters, the chaste and refined young lady, with a book in her hand, her step betokening a majesty and dignity of soul, which this earth can find no rubies sufficient to purchase There was the refined, gentle child, whose fond parents had spared no pains to raise, as a model to the community. All these seemed happy, and were intent on pleasure. Sing, joyous ones, cast off the cares of city life—take pleasure to-day, for this hath God placed within your reach! Who would be so cruel as not to have these happy, intelligent beings, rejoice in nature's loveliness? None but the over-fastidious Who will interdict these natural outbursts of laughter? Who will bid these children, of the great Parent, to cease to enjoy these lovely surroundings?

All was lovely and delightful, and in due time we reached the destined spot, on Staten Island, called "Beddle's Grove" All rushed on shore —up the hill into the grove. Oh! the lovely place. Tables are spread, and every one has an abundance of viands, and all are welcome to their friends' tables—eat, drink, and be merry.

The hour for speaking arrives, and Rev. Patterson repairs to the platform to announce the fact, but is met with shouts of derision by a mob of rude boys, low-bred men, dissolute women, who had intruded themselves among decent people; and a gang of low, vulgar, drunken, brutish white men, who are the lowest of the low, were dancing and frolicking with all the gusto imaginable They were determined to "dance or fight," and it was by the hardest persuasions they were prevented. But it was humiliating to see the utter disregard with which these people met the pastor of the Church and Sabbath-school, who gave this excursion, No regard, whatever, for him, while he was endeavoring to speak to them. One ill-bred, blue eyed looking loafer, was standing up calling for a deuce. The great mistake of our brethren was, that they hired the grove with no privileges granted to them on the ground, and those who owned it had a "*Whiskey Shop*," with a grand display of all the appliances of a saloon. The disgraceful actions of those low white men were so great, that the greater portion of the people repaired to the boat, and remained there until the hour of departure.

Aside from these things, and the disgraceful language of two *things*, in the "*shape of women*," who were "*spoiling*" for a "*hoe down*," all passed off delightfully.

The refined portion of the colored citizens of Newark, is an industrious, sober, and intelligent community, and, withal, among the most hospitable, kind-hearted, with whom one would delight to dwell or visit.

Bro. Patterson is exerting a good influence there. But there is much labor to be performed by the public teachers, to reform the habits of the less refined, to bring to bear a healthier state of morality upon them, teach them that there are times when we are to guard every point, in order to be prepared to assume our proper places in society

The affairs of the churches, in this city, are in a prosperous condition, considering the state of the times

Our community has been interested in a series of entertainments, given by the musical talent of our young ladies and gents, in Fleet St. and Prince St. Churches Concerts and festivals have been the order for several weeks

On the 21st of Aug, a very large and refined class of persons assembled in Fleet St Church, to listen to the singing of the combined talent among us The exercises were opened by singing "Shining Shore," and an appropriate prayer Then began one of these pleasant entertainments which reminds us of a large home circle, where most of the children are musicians. Miss L. Murry executed some excellent pieces on the piano; then came Mr P. Gustave Bamswell, who electrified the whole assemblage with his executions on the piano.

Miss Ellen Waterford maintained her place as before, with credit and interest added. She is now the presiding genius at our organ, and the heavy bass now makes the rostrum tremble; a fact not noticeable in that church, before, since its occupation by the present congregation.

The Misses Manley sang most sweetly, to the great delight of the listeners. Miss Duncan, Miss Magnan, a lovely little girl of ten years, electrified the audience with her sweet voice. Then came Messrs Bamswell and Dorsica, who carried every thing before them, with their double performance on the instrument.

One hour had thus passed away, when Madam Magnan, the celebrated operatist, stepped forward and took the audience by surprise, with her nightingale-like voice, and was encored, and re-encored, and re-called. The music accompanying was produced by her oldest daughter, Miss Virginia, which was masterly done

I cannot take up more of your valuable space with enumerations, but this was one of the finest *impromptu* concerts ever given in this community.

After these exercises, the friends returned to the basement, where a Committee, consisting of Messrs Ed Demund, Michael Peterson, John, and Nathaniel Hill, Mr. Johnson Vorhees, and Miss L. Hamilton Vorhees, Peterson Hill, Miss Halsey, and others, had every fruit and delicacy of the season, served up to suit the taste of all. Every thing passed off most pleasantly, and the result of the evening's labor and pleasure was one hundred dollars received, and a net return to the Trustees of eighty six dollars cash, to assist in paying the church debt,—the fifth payment since May, 1863, which, when paid, will make two thousand five hundred dollars on the principal of the purchase, in eighteen months, besides the other expenses, amounting to over three thousand five hundred dollars, since they left Bridge St in April, 1863. The work is still progressing, the people respond cheerfully to every call, and, by next Conference, hope to be able to have paid one thousand dollars more. When this coming payment is made, we receive the Deed of the property, in the name of the African M E Church

Yours in Christ, and for progress.

R H CAIN.

For the Christian Recorder

THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

The theology of the question is not for me to argue, it cannot be in better hands than those of our bishops; and I can have no doubt that when they bring their rank, their talent, their piety, and their patriotism to this sublime deliberation, they will consult the dignity of this venerable fabric which has ever stood amongst us for ages Splendid and immutable, earth cannot crumble it, persecutions cannot shake it, nor revolutions cannot change it! which has ever stood amongst us like some stupendous and majestic spire The earth is rocking at our feet, the heavens are rolling around our heads, firmly balanced on eternity—the relic of what was the solemn and sublime memento of what must be.

Is this my opinion as a professed member of the church of America? Undoubtedly it is. As a member of this connection, I feel my liberty interwoven, and that with the best affections of my heart, as it is identified with those of Bethel connection—as a Protestant, convinced of the purity of my own faith, I will not debase it by propounding the power of reason to the instrumentality of this world's conversion. No surrendering will I do with a proud contempt of my own, but with all the degrading advantages to which an ecclesiastical usurpation would invest me; so I will not strike a single blow to this sex or that sex, but at the very vitality of Christianity itself. I am thoroughly convinced to which it was suited The increase has done more mischief to the gospel, in truth, than all the ravages of infidelity since the crucifixion. The blessed and sublime Author of our creed never meant it to be the channel of the courtly influence or the source of a corrupt ascendency. He sent his gospel among us to heal, not irritate—to associate, not to seclude; to collect together, like the baptismal dove, every creed, clime and color in the universe, beneath the spotless wing of his protection; polluting the purity of heaven with the abominations of the earth, and hanging the tatters of a political piety upon the cross of an insulted Saviour. If we only follow the precepts of this, it will not only lead us to the victories of this world, but will open the very portals of omnipotence to our admission.

MRS MARY A WILLIAMS.
Louisville, Ky., Aug 1, 1864.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

At the Front, near Petersburg, Va.,
Sept 8th, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—Your package of papers and books came safely to hand at this date. I sold the papers in half an hour, and could have sold as many more. I forgot to mention in my last letter that all newspapers were selling at only five cents a piece. Papers of every kind are here for daily distribution, and you must always send them of as late issue as possible, and as promptly as you can. I will make returns weekly, as far as possible. I am under many obligations to you for the selection of my books. Please accept my thanks. I found marked on one of the books $1.25, on the other 95 cents; total, $2.20. I here enclose you the difference.

I am happy to say, my dear brother, that my health is improving rapidly, and I feel almost as well as common. I shall try and get a much larger regular subscription for your paper as soon as I can get about from regiment to regiment. Rest assured that I will do all in my power to give your paper as wide a circulation as possible; it may take a little time to impress some minds as to its importance, but I am quite confident of success.

Please state, upon my authority, that the treatment of white and colored soldiers is one and the same in clothing, rations, working, and fighting. The paymaster came here a few days ago, and paid off all the colored troops in this department. Privates, sixteen dollars per month; non-commissioned officers, eighteen dollars and twenty cents, and twenty-four dollars. Such white troops as received their pay got the same as we did, and I am glad to say that neither you nor any other man can ever hear of any complaints going up from the colored portion of the army of the Potomac Those few colored regiments from Massachusetts make more fuss, and complain more than all the rest of the colored troops in the nation They are doing themselves and their race a serious injury I sincerely hope they will stop such nonsense, and learn to take things as soldiers should. It is not that they are undergoing any more than we are, for the world knows that there never was a campaign in the history of civilized warfare to equal that of the present Virginia campaign, upon which rests the salvation of our republic We are lying in rifle pits, and they are so full of water in some places that they will present the two combating armies upon the top of the ground, face to face. Although sometimes in this situation for more than a week, no man has heard a single murmur, but all goes well with us, knowing that in these sufferings our manhood is thoroughly vindicated. Give us victory and liberty in the end, and we ask no more. For the flag of our beloved country we are willing to die to defend, or live to honor. The men of the old 28th, led by Colonel Charles A. Russell, only want peace when the rights of the Government are acknowledged in all the land

Our people at home need not think, because men in other regiments do not all see cause to be continually complaining, that they are not proficient in the execution of the functions of their office,—not at all. But we deem it the better policy to remain quiet, performing our duty to the best of our ability, leaving Congress, the legislative council of the nation, and the Administration, to do the same upon their part. Up to the present time, under the present Administration, no colored man has any right to complain; and I am happy to say, as yet, none of the colored troops make any complaint, except those from Massachusetts Congress cannot pass a bill to suit them, nor the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts, with all her benevolent agencies This spirit of dissatisfaction and insolence should be rebuked by the popular voice of the great masses of the colored people, and compel these troops to be quiet and behave themselves like men and soldiers Until this is effected, it would be far better for them to cease to write or speak. We have nothing against our brethren in those regiments, but wish the honor and dignity of the colored troops preserved.

With much love, &c., I remain your brother in Christ,

G. H. WHITE,
28th U. S. C. T.

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM T. GOULD

MR EDITOR:—Perhaps it would be interesting to some of your readers to hear from us in Burlington Circuit.

On the 23d of August our Sabbath-school at Evesham held a grand Celebration in the Grove We had a very pleasant time. Addresses were delivered, and every thing passed off very pleasantly. The Committee of Arrangements cleared seventy dollars, for the benefit of the new church which we are preparing to build.

On Thursday, September 1st, our Burlington Sabbath-school went out in the Grove, in company with the members and congregation of the church, where they celebrated their Sabbath-school Anniversary and Harvest Home. Addresses, appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by Rev. J. H. Turpin, Brothers C H. Hedges, J. S Thompson and Rev William Iffer. These are all young men, who bid fair to be a blessing to our people May the God of Jacob bless them, and make them burning torches in a benighted land

Rev J H Smith closed the exercises by relating several humorous anecdotes, after which, a collection was taken up, for the benefit of the Sabbath-school which amounted to three dollars and sixty one cent.

In the evening there was a grand Concert in the church, under the direction of Mr A Burris. It was a grand affair, and Mr Burris deserves great credit for his untiring efforts in preparing the school, who acquitted themselves well. The audience appeared to be very well pleased.

I would say to all who wish their Sabbath schools and choirs instructed, that, if they call on Mr Burris, they will not be disappointed.

After the Concert was over the audience were invited to repair to the basement, where some of the most delicious fruits of the season were prepared.

The Committee of Arrangements cleared one hundred and one dollars, which was appropriated towards defraying the church debt. May the good Lord bless the church, and prosper it, both spiritually and temporally!

T. GOULR.

For the Christian Recorder.

SOUTH CAROLINA CORRESPONDENCE

MR EDITOR:—I assure you, that it is with much pleasure that I address you these few lines.

I would have written to you before, but I saw so many corresponding with you, that I thought I would defer my correspondence. I now send it to you, hoping that you will insert it in your valuable paper.

We are getting along very well at present. The weather is very hot. The rebels shelled our camp on the 11th of July, and killed two of our men while they were at dinner. The shell bursted on a line with my tent, but it all went over. One of those killed was a young boy, drummer in our company, who has left a mother, sister and brother to mourn his loss.

I hear that we are to have the same pay and treatment as all other soldiers now in the field. If it be so, I am glad of it. If we do as good fighting as the white soldiers, we should have the same pay.

Do you not think that the families of the poor colored soldiers should receive aid? I think it is very unfair if they do not get it. Winter will soon be upon them, to add his cold breath to the miseries they now endure.

Yours, for liberty,
S. H. B.
Co. B, 54th Mass. Vols.
Morris Island, S. C.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, GREETING:

Philadelphia, Sept 9th, 1864.

A Quarterly Convocation of the Independent Grand Tabernacles of Hands of Love and Charity of the State of Pennsylvania, was held at their hall, South Eleventh, below Pine Street, on the afternoon and evening of Friday, September 2d, 1864. The Grand Officers were present, and in their proper stations. The house was called to order by the Grand Worthy Superior, Bro Jas. H Smith, when a prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace by the Grand Chaplain, Bro. James Hamilton. The Grand Worthy Superior then declared the house open for business. The Minutes of June 3d, 1864, were read, and on motion approved. The reports of the following Tabernacles were read and approved:—Jerusalem Tabernacle, No 1; Prudence Tab., No 4, King Solomon Tab, No 6; Celestial Tab, No 7; Olive Branch Tab, No. 8; Smith's Tab, No. 9; King David Tab., No. 10; Atheneum Tab, No. 13; State Tab.; Henry Brooks Tab, Westchester; St. James Tab, Norristown; Isaac Emory Tab., of Boston; James T. Robinson Tab., Thornbury. A letter was received from Dr John S. Rock, of Boston, Grand District Deputy Superior for the New England States, and Past W. S. of Isaac Emory Tabernacle. The letter which spoke of the growing interest manifested by the people of New England for the Order, was read, and listened to with much attention. Dr. Rock expects to establish a number of Tabernacles in his District. On motion, the letter was received and approved, and ordered to be entered on the Minutes. Bro. Henry Brooks presented the report of his year's labor in visiting the State Tabernacles, which referred to their prosperity, notwithstanding many of the male members had gone to the seat of war. It was on motion received and approved.

It being the time for the annual election of the Grand Officers, the following brothers and sisters, having the highest number of votes, were duly elected, and installed Grand Officers for the ensuing year, by Bro James H Smith:

Grand Worthy Superior, Rev. Bro James Hamilton

Grand Worthy Vice, Sister Jane Farris.

Grand Deputy Superior, Bro. Henry Brooks

Grand Worthy Treasurer, Bro. James T Robinson.

Grand Worthy Chaplain, Rev. Bro Stephen Smith

Grand Worthy Scribe, Bro Nath. Wiggins

Grand Assistant Scribe, Sister Sarah Allen

Grand Conductress, Sister Hannah Cisco

Grand Inner Sentinel, Bro. Thos. Shepherd

Grand Outer Sentinel, Bro Edw Johnson.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers.

The Grand Worthy Superior appointed the following brothers as District Deputies:

Bro. John Brown, Pennsylvania District

Rev Bro Whitting, Allegheny, Pittsburg, and west of the mountains.

Bro John S Rock, New England.

Bro. Moses Dickson, St Louis, Missouri

The Grand Worthy Superior elect, Bro. Jas Hamilton, made a short address in his usual happy manner, which was listened to with much satisfaction by the Grand Body. And we have no doubt, from the enthusiasm manifested by the members present, that peace, friendship, and true happiness will be the motto during this present year, as the officers, both brothers and sisters, are well fitted for the positions they now occupy, both as to spiritual blessings, integrity, and intelligence.

On motion, the body adjourned, to partake of a grand collation prepared for our State delegates.

Published by order of the G. W. S.
(Attest) NATHANIEL WIGGINS,
Grand Scribe.

FRIENDLY COUNSELS FOR FREEDMEN

MR EDITOR:—From the beginning, men of sharp intellect have endeavored to move the feelings of the people spread over this fashionable world. But let it be remembered, that a man is not free because he works by the day and receives his own pay; but a free man is a privileged character—can go where he pleases, and act according to his own desire, so long as he keeps within bounds of the law. I do not ask that we act exactly as does the white man; but we ask that we be treated as human beings, and not as brutes.

I found in a book after which my article is headed a remark to the effect [illegible] "Do not refuse to work at low wages, that work at low wages is better than no work at all. If colored men are idle the slaveholders will say Negroes will not work without a master."

Now, Mr Editor, is it just that we should do the same work white men do, and get less pay? We have a good set of officers, and our men are patriotic, for our Major informed us that Sherman had captured Atlanta, and we stood up in front of the enemy, and gave three cheers for Victory. Why, now are we considered less than white men?

Yours, etc.,
D F H VALLOW,
22d U S C T
Near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 20th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR EDITOR:—Please give this a place in your columns.

On last Saturday, I was informed that there was a Camp Meeting about to be held at Media. I wish it understood that I have nothing to do with it.

I also give notice, that it is contrary for any woman, or parties of women, to come on my charge and call my members or congregation to form a camp, without giving me due notice of the fact first. If such be done again, I shall deal summarily with them.

EDWARD LAWS.
Linwood Station, Sept. 8th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to acknowledge, through the columns of your paper, the receipt of a box containing books and wearing apparel, from the Ladies' Freedmen's Aid Society, white, of Oberlin, Ohio. Some of the articles have already been distributed, and have proved a source of comfort to the recipients. The ladies of the F. A. S. have our sincere thanks and fervent prayers, for their noble efforts in behalf of the freedmen. May others do likewise!

SALLIE L. DAFFIN,
American Missionary Teacher.
Norfolk, Va. Sept. 6th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

Near Petersburg, Va.
September 6, 1864.

MR EDITOR:—I take this opportunity of dropping a few lines to your most worthy paper.

We are now about to march; but this is nothing new to us, for marching orders come nearly as often as shells from the rebels, and they come very often. But I hope the shells will not keep the Paymaster from coming. Our pocket-books are getting very flat.

We have lost a great many of our brave boys since we came here. Among the number was Charles Carter, corporal in Company C. He was from Pittsburgh, Pa. He was a brave soldier, and loved by all who knew him. He was killed on 15th of June, while charging the heights of Petersburg.

He was what I deem a hero. Why not? What is a hero? I understand the word to imply: one who dares danger, laughs at pain, challenges death, preferring torture to cowering at the feet of a rebel fiend in the shape of mortal man.

Such was he of whom I have spoken. He had many friends at home, who will mourn his death. But he died like a brave warrior. He has left an untarnished name; and, while we lament his loss, we glory in his bravery.

WILLIAM L. MILLER,
Serg't-Major 22d U. S. C. T.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

What is more precious than gold? The word of the Lord. So David said, and so all have proved who have used it. Why is the word of God so precious? Because it enlightens us. "The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." Ideas in the head are better than gold in the pocket. The word fills the soul with glorious ideas. How it reveals the character and purposes of Jehovah! Now, we have more to do with God than with any other being in the universe, and knowledge of him is therefore more valuable than any other knowledge. How can one plan and order life wisely, unless he knows God? And how the world has groped in darkness, deep, terrible darkness, respecting God, where the *word* has not been proclaimed! Can gold compensate for the loss of light which the *word* sheds upon the theme? Never! The poorest of the poor, with the knowledge of God, are infinitely happier than the possessor of billions of gold, without such knowledge.

"Moreover, by them is thy servant warned." Do we not need warning? It is good to be warned. Alas, for man who is not warned! He is sure to be lost forever. Warned! Yes, the testimonies of God warn us that our natures are inclined to sin and ruin, and must be restrained, or we are lost. People talk about nature; idolize, worship nature; affirm that it is safe to follow nature. The world has tried that for thousands of years. What is the result? How do men conduct? What is their destiny, when they act according to natural impulses? Natural impulses seem most unnatural! When followed, degradation, sin, misery is the result. The word of the Lord warns us of this. Our natures may have been better once, but now they hang heavily towards vice and woe.

The word warns us that repentance alone will save us from eternal woe. If we be indeed in such danger, if there be a way of escape, if we be surely lost unless we do fly to this refuge, how important we should know it! The word tells us that there is a hell, that sinners are heirs of death, that our whole souls must be given to Christ, or eternal sorrow will be our portion. Bless God for the information! O, how terrible to drop into this pit unwarned! The Lord hath told us that we may escape. Perhaps we have escaped. Happy we! Escaped from eternal woe? Is gold so valuable as the warnings which are brought us by the Saviour?

Rewards are also spoken of. What rewards! They are sweeter than the honey. The saints know this by experience. Sins forgiven, immortal hope filling the soul, joys in the Holy Spirit, who can tell how valuable are rewards? Forever and forever we shall be proving them more precious than gold.

Yet how many prefer gold to the word of the Lord! Foolish, deluded souls! No one does so foolishly in temporal, as in spiritual matters. Will they change wheat for chaff? Will they sell bread for stones, or eggs for serpents? But they do sacrifice the rewards of God's word for the wages of sin. Miserable [illegible]! Terrible [illegible] sacrificed for death heaven for hell, joy for woe.—*Morning Star.*

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Our civil war creates a demand for a higher type of public men. For a series of years the American people have been content with politicians, now they are demanding statesmen. Every thoughtful American [illegible] that our public service must be purged of the adventurers and tricksters, who have wormed their way into it by fraud or favoritism and their places supplied with honest, capable men. In positions of trust and power, high and low, are to be found multitudes who have no regard for the public weal save only as it advances their private interest, and whose entire code of political morality is summoned up in the [illegible] maxim "Put money into thy purse."

It is needless to estimate the amount of incompetency and dishonesty which our present political methods entail. It is visible every where; he who runs can see it for himself. National, state, and municipal governments fare alike. Whatsoever things are base, whatsoever things are fraudulent, whatsoever things are vile these are daily practised in the accounting and administration of public office. Prominent public men charge one another with offences, which, if committed, would consign the perpetrators to infamy. Important public officers are blasted by suspicion or are convicted of malversation. In the distrust universally prevalent, many an honest and faithful servant of the state unquestionably suffers. For suspicion attaches to the entire class to which he belongs, and in many instances a man suffers in reputation by holding a public position at all.

There must surely be a remedy for these intolerable evils. A merchant who would be well served selects for the positions which he wishes to fill men who have some fitness for the work they are expected to do. The capable are promoted, and unusual devotion to the employer's interest is substantially rewarded. An *esprit de corps* is created which acts as a protection to integrity, and an incentive to manly exertion. But by our miserable system of rotation and its application to the lower grades of official responsibility, we have done our utmost to destroy all hearty interest in the public service. Fellows who have bawled themselves hoarse of the party take their share of the spoils—they have their reward. And even shoulder-hitters have their snug sinecures that all the world may see how, in this highly favored land, patriotism thrives. The public service is now the synonym of systematized duplicity and rascality.

It need not be said that these evils are inseparable from all public administration. The navy and the regular army have been kept free from the corruption which taints our civil service. Our military and naval officers by being in the habit of regarding their profession as their business for life, are interested in it for its own sake. Its traditions are dear to them. They are jealous of its honor, and they are on their guard lest they should by any misdeed put a stain upon its fair fame. The army and navy are, it is true, in some particulars, unlike the civil service, but not so much unlike that it cannot derive useful suggestions from them. The various departments of our national government have each of them a countless host of servants. For clerical positions let appointments be made upon qualifications duly ascertained, if necessary let competitive examinations be instituted. We are already beginning to connect our free schools with the military academy at West Point, by appointing thereto some of their most promising scholars. But there ought to be by law a reasonable number of scholarships, in both our naval and our military schools granted to the public schools of our principal cities. In the same manner facilities might be offered to the most promising young men of the highest grade of public schools for entering the civil service of the States and the Union. This would be infusing the warm life-blood of our system of popular education into the three chief branches of public administration and would identify the young men educated by the States with the life of the State. But no matter in what way entering into such employment the appointees should have addressed to them those motives which secure fidelity and zeal in other occupations. They should be made certain that capacity and devotion to their duties would secure permanence of position and promotion. The ousting, at each change of administration, of hundreds of officers whose duties are not political, but purely administrative, is so senseless that it is surprising the people have endured it for upward of thirty years. As a fruit of it, we have, in many offices, the merest political vagabonds, who make no pretence of work, and whose utmost exertion goes no further than to sign a pay-roll and draw a salary.

Of course a new administration must have the leading positions of trust and power filled by its friends, that is its right. The earlier practice of our government conformed to this principle; but the occupants of the subordinate places, if competent and faithful, were left undisturbed. As a consequence, the public service was comparatively free from corruption. Jefferson refused to remove officers for political reasons solely; and Franklin carried his theory of disinterestedness so far as to hold that every man who served the state should do it without compensation. The public service was not vitiated until the practice of rotation was introduced. Of this practice we can only say, that it has done more to corrupt public and private morals than all other influences of evil (except slavery) put together.

The principle of our government, which submits the conduct of every administration to the verdict of the people, is wise and beneficent. The people, as the sovereign power, ought to pass judgment upon their servants. But the judgment of the people is, when declared, upon some question of policy in relation to which an issue is made up. What has such a decision to do with the method in which a public clerk keeps his books, or a village postmaster forwards the mails and distributes his letters? They are not involved in the strife, and the change which the popular will require does not concern them.

Congress—to take an instance—has authorized the trial of the post office money-order system, which has been so successfully managed in Great Britain. We venture to say that under our present method of appointing and discharging postmasters such a system cannot be worked at all. The inefficiency and looseness of the management of the Post-office Department are so inveterate, and apparently so incurable, that the people have settled down into a quiet despair of all improvement. Yet the public convenience demands the safe and speedy transmission of letters and of an adequate representative of money. In England the post offices are in addition to all the rest savings banks for the people. A workingman at one end of the kingdom can draw his savings deposited at the other. We might as well look for the millennium as for the gift of such facilities to the people under our beautiful system of rotation.

What is needed to bring a better grade of men into the higher positions of state, will be discussed in another article.—*Methodist.*

Our Country.

The Taking of Atlanta. Southern Opinions.

[*From the Richmond Examiner, Sept* [illegible]

So much for the timed removal of General Johnston. First he was virtually removed by being deprived of power to direct his Lieutenant, Pemberton, and the cost of that gratification to the feelings of Mr Davis was the army of Vicksburg. Next he was superseded by Bragg, and the organization of the second army was destroyed at Missionary Ridge. Then after restoring it he was removed at the very moment when his knowledge, skill and energy were indispensable to the success and even the safety of the campaign, superseded by Hood, a commander of division notoriously incapable of managing anything larger than a division. The result is disaster at Atlanta in the very nick of time when such a victory alone could save the party of Lincoln from irretrievable ruin.

Gen Johnston [illegible] courage, or his earnest patriotism certainly the events vindicate him. But, alas! of what interest is that?—of what importance is that?—of what consideration is a single reputation if the country must be lost to justify it? Who cares now whether Johnston was right or Jeff Davis was right?

Yet we must think of these things for these are the causes which produce the effects. It must be absurd to put up and pull down a commander in the field according to the crude views or [illegible] fancies of a functionary in Richmond. Such a conduct of Government would paralyze the greatest military genius, ruin the oldest army and render success in war absolutely impossible. Now is it not hard—is it not cruelly hard—that the struggle of eight millions who sacrifice their money, sacrifice their lives, who groan in the [illegible] exertion, who wrench [illegible] muscle till the blood starts with the sweat, should come to naught—should end in the ruin of us all—that the prejudices and antipathies, the pitiful personal feelings of a single man may be indulged?

From Harrisburg

THE NATIONAL STATE GUARD.

Harrisburg, Sept. 9.—Between thirty and forty organizations have been granted at the State Inspector General's office to parties for raising for the five regiments to be organized immediately for the State Guard. When authority thus to recruit was issued by the Inspector General it was not at all stated that troops could be immediately raised for the state service. The impending draft and the fact that military districts are paying large bounties to fill quotas, acted as a bar to all efforts to secure volunteers for the State Guard. As soon however as the draft has been made and the national authorities close their recruiting offices efforts will be made to secure men for the State. It is proposed to locate the camp for the reception, instruction and organization of these troops at some point west of the Susquehanna, probably in the vicinity of Carlisle. The object of this is to avoid all conflict with the United States authorities, who now have possession of the camps in this vicinity and to place them in the organized as a State Guard as near the scene of their proposed service as possible while they are being disciplined.

General McClellan's Letter of Acceptance opens as follows:

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 8, 1864.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention recently assembled at Chicago as their candidate at the next election for President of the United States. It is unnecessary for me to say to you that this nomination comes to me unsought. I am happy to know that when the nomination was made the record of my public life was kept in view. The effect of long and varied service in the army, during war and peace, has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart the love and reverence for the Union, Constitution, laws and flag of our country impressed upon me in early youth. These feelings have thus far guided the course of my life, and must continue to do so to its end.

The existence of more than one Government over the region which once owned our flag is incompatible with the peace, the power, and the happiness of the people. The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It should have been conducted for that object only and in accordance with those principles which I took occasion to declare when in active service. Thus conducted the work of reconstruction would have been easy and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on land and sea. The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise; and to restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is and must continue to be, the indispensable condition in any settlement.

So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practised by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people consistent with the honor and interests of the country to secure such peace, re-establish the Union and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace, and we ask no more.

The letter closes with these words:—

I realize the weight of the responsibility to be borne, should the people ratify your choice. Conscious of my own weakness, I can only seek fervently the guidance of the Ruler of the Universe; and relying on His all powerful aid to do my best to restore union and peace to a suffering people, and to establish and guard their liberties and rights.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

The New United States Loan.—Washington, Sept. 9.—The opening of the bids for about thirty one and a half millions of the six per cent. loan of 1881 was commenced at noon to-day. The number of proposals was larger than on any previous occasion, and up to two o'clock about one-fifth of them only had been declared—the offers running from par to five per cent. comparatively few, however, at the latter figure. The offers averaged probably three and a half per centum at that hour.

Slowness of War.—Park Godwin, at a meeting held in New York recently, said: "Europe says we are slow. I remember that the great Wellington took six years to drive Napoleon out of Spain, a country as great as Virginia and then he retired because of reverse elsewhere. Four nations of Europe took two years to occupy the Crimea a country as large as New Jersey. England took twenty eight months to repress the Sepoy rebellion about as great an undertaking as to put down a rebellion among the negroes of a South Carolina county. France has in more than a year succeeded in getting only about one hundred and eighty miles in Mexico, where she holds a very insecure position. We think that England had better look at home before criticising the movements of our armies."

The Shenandoah Valley.

EARLY REINFORCING LEE—NO ENEMY BELIEVED TO BE IN THE VALLEY.

Washington, Sept. 10.—Intelligence from the front and Shenandoah seems to lead to the conclusion that Early's forces must be re-inforcing Lee. It is quite certain that Lee is massing reinforcements in front of the Weldon Railroad, and they are believed to be from Early's command. Whether it be a portion of his original force, or the return of Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps lately sent to reinforce Early, is not known. Parties on the mail boat from City Point believe that the enemy's attack for the possession of Weldon is near at hand. Our own position and that of the rebels is strongly fortified, and it is doubtful if infantry can take either. A reconnoissance toward the Shenandoah from this direction failed to find the enemy in large force.

DESTRUCTION OF MILLS BY UNION TROOPS.

New York, Sept. 11.—The Herald's Berryville despatch of the 10th states that Col Lowell with the 2d Massachusetts and two other cavalry regiments yesterday destroyed four flour mills and several other smaller mills on the Opequan creek, capturing several prisoners.

A Harper's Ferry despatch of the 10th says that the rebels are still in force near Winchester and Bunker Hill. All was quiet at the front.

A RECONNOISSANCE—RETURN OF GENERAL WALLACE TO BALTIMORE.

Washington, Sept 10.—Advices from the Shenandoah Valley state that a reconnoissance found the enemy in a strongly intrenched position.

General Wallace has returned from the army to Baltimore, to retain command of the Eighth Army Corps.

THE REBELS AT WINCHESTER.

Baltimore Sept. 11.—The *American's* correspondent at Berryville, Va., says that reconnoissances show the rebels to be in force at Winchester.

Official Gazette

SHERMAN'S STILL AT ATLANTA—THE CITY TO BE FORTIFIED—NO MOVEMENT AT MOBILE, PETERSBURG OR IN THE SHENANDOAH.

Washington Sept 10—9 o'clock P. M.

The Department has received despatches from General Sherman down to [illegible] yesterday morning. His army is concentrated at Atlanta. [illegible] troops are in position and well [illegible].

He says Wilson and Steedman are driving Wheeler up pretty well and hopes they will make an end of him as Gillem did of Morgan. The weather was beautiful and all things were bright.

No recent intelligence has been received from Mobile.

No movement are reported from the Shenandoah Valley or in the Army of the Potomac.

[illegible] States.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

[illegible] 21

Married.

On [illegible] by Rev. James Hamilton, Mr [illegible] to Miss [illegible] Mr [illegible] and [illegible]

On May 3d, 1864, by Rev. James Hamilton Mr [illegible] and Mrs [illegible]

[☞ This was incorrectly inserted before.]

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILA MARKETS

COAL.—Orders come in slowly. The markets [illegible] are very dull and prices unsettled and nearly nominal, buyers and sellers being apart in their views, and the demand both for shipment and home use very light for the season.

COFFEE.—Continues dull and neglected. There are no [illegible] sales and prices are nominally unchanged with very small business to note [illegible] in Rio at [illegible] Laguayra at [illegible] and St Domingo at [illegible] per pound, cash and on time.

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BOARDING HOUSE
[illegible]

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward
No [illegible]

ADDRESS

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them: and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS S. GRAY.
No 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:
JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLARD BUSH, } *Committee.*
JOHN A. SIMMS

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest, at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent per annum, principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder, at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15th persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards [illegible]

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(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments, hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

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Are amongst his variety of First Class Gas Burning Cooking Stoves.
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HERB DOCTRESS,
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Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Bilious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Disease, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy, Piles, Cholera, Ague, Convulsions, Colic, Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup, Gravel, Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors.

The Doctress will give her personal attention to any of the above diseases, and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Iodine cataplasm are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

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LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known to the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject to life. It will prove a cure to these affections if properly applied and attended to.

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.

For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water.

For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar affections, the Liniment is to be applied externally.

TESTIMONIALS

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I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the diseases for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband.

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John Cook, of Washington City says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world. It is a perfect cure."

JOHN COOK.
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I have tried this Liniment and find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of an old person feel as if they were young.

MRS. H. A. LEE.
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This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it.

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This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pain in the head or limbs.

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I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back, spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure.

E. J. HARGRAVE.
[July 23 3mos]

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Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Choice Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.
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BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC
[illegible]
Bustill's Compound Eradicator,
[illegible]
HAIR BOUGHT.
Persons writing for information in relation to the [illegible] of Hair are requested to enclose stamp for answer.

CUTTER'S
ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.
[illegible]
CALVIN CUTTER.
Sept 10 [illegible]

ALGER'S
PRONOUNCING BIBLE.
IN WHICH
THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, ARE DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.
[illegible] PRICE $1.50 [illegible] $1.88.
WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,
1023 Race Street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was drawn to it so as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. [illegible]

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church on Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

[illegible]

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

[illegible]

Yours, &c.,
B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON.
S. P. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, on Nassau St.

[illegible]

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted.

Attest. A true copy.
JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

For sale by
REV. ELISHA WEAVER.
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JOSEPH BRISTER,
DENTIST,
NO. 844 LOMBARD STREET,
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References.

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Dr. Cardwell, 539 Pine Street.
Dr. Avery, 233 North Tenth Street. ly

AVERY COLLEGE,
Allegheny City,
PENNA.

The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 6th of July following.

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

Through the philanthropic munificence of the late Rev Charles Avery, it possesses a handsome, ample and convenient college edifice, furnished with a fine library and a good assortment of philosophical, chemical and astronomical apparatus. It is to be hoped that the patronage extended to this Institution will be such as to refute the assertion too often made, that a benefaction, of which the colored race is the object, always meets with an ungrateful return.

The collegiate year of forty weeks is divided into three terms, of fifteen, thirteen, and twelve weeks respectively.

The tuition fee for terms in the several departments embracing a course of instruction from the common English branches to the highest studies ordinarily pursued in American Colleges, is $8. Board in respectable families of Pittsburg and Allegheny cities can be obtained at reasonable prices.

Further information will be given upon inquiry addressed to the Principal,

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HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.
Three Receipts showing how any one can make a Fortune, will be sent for Fifty Cents, by addressing,
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The Subscriber would inform the Public that he has built and opened a
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
[illegible] Quartermaster's Office, where persons [illegible] The Table will be supplied with the best the Market [illegible]
[illegible]
☞ PRICES MODERATE ☜
[illegible]
HENRY BRAM
PROPRIETOR.
Aug 27 [illegible] mos

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence
  And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
  Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though clouds of night
  Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
  Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
  In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream;
  The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set his thorns about,
  Cry not, "The way is plain;"
His path within for those without
  Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word
  Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
  And by thine interests turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam
  Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
  O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
  Who creeps from age to youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
  Because he fears the truth!

Be true to every inmost thought,
  And as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
  Presume not thou to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;
  The foes are on the sand;
The first world tempest's ruthless shock
  Scatters their shifting strand,

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
  We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
  The true, in him that's true,

JESUS LIVES.

Oh, show me not my Saviour dying,
  As on the cross he bled,
Nor in the tomb a captive lying;
  For he has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form extended
  For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heaven ascended,
  In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station;
  Weep only for thy sins,
View where he lay with exultation;
  'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeling,
  Amid the scenes He trod.
Look up and see him interceding
  At the right hand of God.

Still in the shameful cross I glory,
  Where His dear blood was spilt;
My soul is melted at the story
  Of Him who bore my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
  Shall strength and succor give?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation!
  Therefore His servants live.

By death, He death's dark king defeated,
  And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
  He lives, He reigns to save!
Heaven's happy myriads bow before him;
  He comes, the Judge of men:
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him,
  Lord Jesus' own me then.—CONDER.

THE WILLOW BROOK.

Cold flowing over the cresses,
  Cold flowing over the stones,
Cold flowing over the pebbles,
  With little rippling tones.

Level over the speckled trout,
  Level over the weeds
And long green grasses trailing,
  Whither the current leads.

Glittering over the deeper pools,
  Glittering over the sand,
Whene'er the sun comes flashing
  From o'er the Eastern land.

But shining broad and silvery,
  What time the moon looks on,
When the cattle cease their lowing,
  And the long June day is gone.
              Eclectic Magazine.

The Family.

EDNA FARLEIGH'S TEMPTATION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

"Yes, it is hard, very hard, my child; but God ruleth."

Mrs Farleigh kissed the pale face of her daughter Edna, as she stooped to arrange the shawl about her shoulders, and a half-suppressed sigh stirred the folds of her mourning wrapper.

"I know, mother; but it is, at times, so difficult to realize it. Heaven, and its sweet glory, seems so very far away. But I will hope always for the best. If the worst does come, I think I can manage to keep us comfortable. You know Mr. Jameson gives me a little more for my work, and I could have some shoes to bind from Barley's."

"My poor Edna!"

"Nay, mother, am I not happy in toiling for you? It is well to have something for which to labor. And now, good morning—I'll not be gone long, it is so very pleasant I can go across the fields. It lessens the distance full half a mile."

Edna Farleigh put on her faded shawl, and tied the meager ribbons of her hat, with a rebelling heart. She could not remember when she had felt so hard and stubborn. There was no spirit of resignation, no steady faith, no hopeful trust, in the tense lines of the white face that looked at her out of the glass. She scarcely recognized herself.

Life had not been beautiful to her for many years. Do you know what it is to be filled with a fervid appreciation of all the rich, rare loveliness of earth's fair things, to hear continually within the dumb cry of the hungry soul for the tender beauty we know life sometimes holds?—to worship all the perfect gorgeousness of the sunset skies, yet never dare to revel in their splendor?—to shrink from the melting touch of the south wind, because to drink in its ripe breath might hinder the toil that is necessary to life in the pulses of one you love more than your own happiness?

Four years Edna had spent in this way. A daily struggle with the world for bread—bread for herself and her feeble mother. Early and late she toiled at the coarse garments given her to make from the great clothing establishment at the village, poorly recompensed sometimes scolded for mistakes and errors with which she had nothing to do. But this morning she felt more keenly than usual. And why? The twenty-fourth of June would see the Farleighs homeless, and that fatal day was only distant another sun. A few words will explain whatever of their little history the reader will care to learn.

Arthur Farleigh, Edna's father—now four years dead—had been a gardener on the estate of Ralph Wilmot, the miserly master at the hall. Farleigh had once been wealthy himself but by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to penury, and was glad to accept the tolerably lucrative situation offered him by Mr Wilmot,—Oak Cottage, the present residence of his widow and daughter, was then vacant; and there Mr Farleigh took up his abode with the understanding that it should be his when he had paid the proprietor a certain sum of money agreed upon.

Failing to show receipts for the full amount—so ran the bond of agreement—the estate of Oak Cottage should, on the 24th of June, 1854, belong to Ralph Wilmot, provided he still survived, but in the event of his death before the said 24th, the whole property should revert to Arthur Farleigh and his heirs forever. Mr. Farleigh had been to make his last payment when he was seized with paralysis while yet in the presence of Mr Wilmot; and three days afterwards he expired at the hall, remaining speechless and motionless to the last.

After the funeral obsequies were over, Mrs Farleigh, searching among her late husband's papers, found Mr Wilmot's receipts for all but the last payment. The last receipt in full was not among them. She applied for it to Mr. Wilmot but the miserly man disclaimed all knowledge of the reception of the money and coolly told her that he should abide by his agreement. She need expect nothing more at his hands.

Four years longer Oak Cottage was hers and the only chance of her getting it ever lay in the very uncertain prospect of Mr Wilmot's death before the expiration of the time mentioned in the bond. Those years had passed now, and with each succeeding week, Mrs. Farleigh had grown feebler. Upon Edna's labor the existence of the family depended.

As the time drew nigh which was to turn them out into the world shelterless Edna went to plead with Mr Wilmot for a little extension of time, that she might look about for lodgings, but was harshly refused. Oak Cottage he said was already rented and the new tenant would arrive on the 25th of June. He did not keep house to shelter people who could not pay for them.

Edna turned away from his presence full of fierce rebellion. It all looked so cruelly unjust to her. The rich, childless old man refusing them so little out of his plenitude!—refusing them the heritage her father had labored for so faithfully and for which she knew the last dollar had been paid. It is little wonder that thinking over their wrongs, she should cry secretly, "Oh, that God's judgment might fall upon him!"

A little afterward, when she had prayed earnestly for strength, she asked for Ralph Wilmot, mercy instead of judgment; but for all that, though she forgave him, she could not forget. And this fair June morning she took her way across the blossoming clover fields, to the village, with bitterness in her heart. Her pale cheek flushed hectic crimson with the violent haste of her step, and her dark eye burned bright with the smouldering passion within. She could not stop to smell the sweet clover, or listen to the tender [illegible] of the robins in the tall old trees; it would be so much time taken from her work, and she must improve every moment now. The murmur of running water broke on her ear. She must cross Stony Brook, a wild little stream that divided the meadow land from the high hills on which the village was situated.

Absorbed in her own painful reflections she did not look up until she was close upon the frail bridge spanning the stream at this point two old rotten planks only and recent heavy rains had swelled the brook to the proportions of a river. It flowed on over the rocks snow white, and broke into a thousand spray wreaths making the fragile bridge tremble and shake like a reed. She looked up just as she was setting foot on the planks and, simultaneously, a frenzied cry for help rang out on the air.

Edna saw it all—understood it all at a glance. She saw the swift rush of that human figure downward, saw the agonized expression of the wrinkled face, framed in the masses of long white hair, and pleading for salvation with its bleary eyes. And looking down to see where the waters had covered it all up from her sight, Edna Farleigh knew that Ralph Wilmot's life was at her mercy! Her heart stood still. Every faculty was swallowed up in the one fearful thought that swept through her mind! It was the twenty-third of June; *if he died that day, Oak Cottage was theirs!*

An old man, unloving, unloved, miserly, cruel, and a curse to the world! There would be none to weep for him none to sink down stricken at his death! The temptation assailed her with a mighty force—her brain whirled, she tottered, and would have fallen, but for the frantic clutch she made on the stunted willow by her side.

A moment only, and then, with a gigantic effort, she cast out the foul impulse—She would do what she could, God helping her!

The bank was steep and rough, but Edna had been brought up in the country where agility is fostered. She ran fleetly down, and stepped into the water. The strong purpose within hardened her woman's nerves to steel; she put fear away from her, and thought only of saving the man who had so oppressed her family. His snowy hair floated upon the surface, she rushed toward it, swayed almost off her feet by the mad plunging of the current. She caught him by the arm; he felt the touch, and grasped her convulsively, clinging to her garments, and drawing her under the water to be dashed fiercely against the sharp rocks. Still, she did not relinquish her hold on him. The tide swept them on together! with that fearful clog upon her strength, she felt that her condition was hopeless. If she should strike him off she could save herself! She cast away the suggestion with utter loathing. Save herself at the expense of another! Never! She uttered a prayer for another, her sight grew dim, her strength was weakness, she was submitting to her fate! Suddenly she felt the smart cut of a tree branch against her face, and with a last frantic effort, she clutched at it as she was borne along beneath. The strong witch hazel did not break—it held firmly—and a moment afterward Edna was lying exhausted upon the shore of the stream with the inanimate form of Ralph Wilmot at her side.

A moment to recover her breath, and then Edna turned her efforts towards the old man's recovery. She labored long and faithfully with the means at her command, and at last she was rewarded by seeing his eyes unclose, and his chest heave with suppressed respiration. He sat upright and looked at her, but there was no trace of grateful feeling on his hard, cold face. He pushed her away roughly.

"There, enough of that. Go about your business."

Edna did as she was bidden, wondering within herself, if Ralph Wilmot were human.

The ensuing day, the Farleighs received formal notice to vacate Oak Cottage; and in obedience to the mandate, they removed to meager lodgings in a crazy old house in the village.

The new tenant took possession of the cottage; and Edna's life of toil grew drearier every day. Her mother's health suffered from the removal to new scenes; the severing of olden ties and affections was exceedingly painful to her, and she did not rally from the shock, as Edna hoped she would.

One day the intelligence spread abroad that Ralph Wilmot was dead. The servant, on going to call his master to breakfast, had found him seated in his arm-chair before his writing-table, dead. His eyes were wide open, one hand to his bosom, and the other covering a massive document, which, on examination, was found to be a will, dated on the twenty fourth of the preceding June, and it was now the middle of October.

The pompous funeral over, the heirs at law assembled to listen to the reading of the will, and judge of their astonishment when it was found that the testator's entire possessions, without reserve, save liberal legacies to the servants, were bequeathed to Edna Farleigh!

"I offer this in token," thus ran the will, "of my gratitude to this woman, who taught me that there is something beside selfishness in humanity. She held my life at her mercy, my death would have inexpressibly benefited her and hers, and yet she took no advantage of her power, but periled her existence to save mine."

The heirs retired aghast, and in due time Edna took possession of Wilmot Hall.

She did good with the fortune left in her charge. Having known the pangs of poverty herself, she relieved them always in others, and through her gentle ministrations, Ralph Wilmot's wealth existed not in vain.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

CUSTOMARY CHIVALRY.

It has often struck me that now-a-days women are more "protected" by chivalric forms than they need be and that they sometimes find the compliments that are paid them irksome. I do not wish to say any thing churlish, but it really borders upon the burlesquing of gallantry to see a small, slender gentleman giving his arm to a stout, loud, long lady—*across a room*. There is positively no danger in walking ten feet across a plane surface, well carpeted, with ridges of sofa, and hillocks of ottoman. The fair traveller is far less likely to fall if she be left alone. I do delight in a pretty fiction but I always feel that the joke is being pushed too far when I see a [illegible] but [illegible] stairs [illegible] between [illegible] I like to see a man open a door and hold it [illegible] and [illegible] tenderly, as if he really had parted with something worth regretting. I like to see that a man should always be ready to pick up anything which a lady may have dropped. Of course when a gentleman picks up a glove, or opens a door for a lady he does not mean to insinuate that she is not physically equal to the task of doing such things for herself. There are two ways of looking at the matter. The man may not think of it, he is only making by way of graceful homage whatever of superiority or patronage his position as bread-winner may seem to imply. The women may maintain that it is they who are the superiors, and these little services exacted from men are like the pretty nominal tenures one reads of in law-books such as blowing a horn, or lighting a fire, or bringing up a cup of wine—tenures light and easy, but, nevertheless, real acknowledgments of a real seigneury existing somewhere. Be that as it may, there is no denying that a great deal of the function of what was once chivalry is now delegated to the policeman, who sees that Mr Smith's wife is not insulted in the street when she goes shopping, while Mr Smith himself is attending to his business and earning the money which is to pay the police-rate. It is, however, another illustration of the tendency of things to balance themselves, that a lady in a railway carriage, on soft cushions, and going fifty miles an hour may be in as much danger of being treated unchivalrously as if she were riding a horse alone over a heath in the days of Jonathan Wild.

How much the homage paid to women is matter of custom, how little heart there is in it, is sometimes painfully shown by the manner in which men fail in chivalry to each other, when the *principle* of the case is the same as if the other party were a woman.

Was it not Dangerfield—the story belongs, at all events, to the Titus Oates affair—who had his eye poked out on the day of his flogging! The poor wretch, having been whipped from Tyburn to Newgate, receiving a stroke of the "cat" at every gully hole in the street, stopped, according to custom, to take a dram. While he was in that horrible, lacerated condition, fevered in mind and body beyond any thing that you and I can conceive, a "gentleman" began taunting him. He got, of course, a brutal answer. He deserved severe punishment for meddling offensively with a helpless man, but no idea of forbearance seems to have crossed the mind of the "gentleman," who ended by thrusting his cane into Dangerfield's eye. The miserable, insulted culprit died of erysipelas long before his back had begun to heal. Now, who could believe these things if they were not authenticated? One's loathing for Dangerfield, degraded sinner that he was, is absolutely flooded out by pity and burning shame.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do *not* "respect the burden," whatever the burden be. Sometimes the burden is an actual, visible load—sometimes it is cold and raggedness—sometimes it is hunger—sometimes it is grief, or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I *expect* him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again: a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go. I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respects the burden?"

As far as the love of God will go with us—a great distance: it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow. [*Good Words.*

THE SECRET

There were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprung up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered:—"I s'pose it's because Addie *let's me*, and *I let Addie*."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that is it," I said; "she let's you, and you let her; that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not *letting*" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great cry was heard under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?"

"Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows Gerty.

"Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary; "and I don't want she should have my ball."

"Fie, fie, is that the way sisters should treat each other?"

"She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty, "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

The "not letting" principle is downright disobligingness, and a disobliging spirit begets a great deal of quarrelling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie let's Rose, and Rose let's Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, and always ready to oblige each other. Neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? O yes! and do you not love them already?

THE MACKEREL FISHERY

Mr Carter in his *Summer Cruise on the New England Coast* gives the following account of the mackerel fishery:—

When a mackerel vessel reaches a place where the fish are supposed to be plentiful, the master furls all his sails except the mainsail, brings his vessel's bow to the wind, ranges his crew at intervals along one of her sides, and without a mackerel in sight attempts to raise a school by throwing over bait. The baiter stands amidships, with the bait-box outside the rail, and with a tin cup nailed to a long handle he scatters the bait on the water. If the mackerel appear, the men throw out short lines, to the hooks of which a glittering pewter gig is affixed. The fish, if they bite at all, generally bite rapidly, and are hauled in as fast as the most active man can throw out and draw in a line. As they pull them on board, the fisherman, with a jerk throws the fish into a barrel standing beside him. So ravenously do they bite, that sometimes a barrel ful is caught in fifteen minutes by a single man. Some active young men will haul in and jerk off a fish and throw out the line for another with a single motion and repeat the act in such rapid succession that their arms seem continually in the swing. 'To be high line'—that is to catch the greatest number of fish, says Sabine—"is an object of earnest desire among the fishermen; and the muscular ease, the precision and alternations of movement which each man exhibits in the strife are admirable. While the school remains alongside, and will take the hook, the excitement of the men, and the rushing once of the fish in their beautiful and manifold evolutions in the water, arrest the attention of the most careless observer."

Sometimes after thousands have been caught by ten or twelve men of the crew, the mackerel suddenly disappear. The lines are then thrown aside, and all hands go to work to dress the fish, the captain or mate first counting them, and noting down in the tally-book what each man has caught. The mackerel are split and cleaned and soaked awhile in barrels of salt water. They are then washed and handed to the salter, who puts a handful of salt in the bottom of a barrel takes a fish in his right hand, rolls it in salt and places it skin downward in the barrel till he comes to the top layer, which is placed skins up and well covered with salt. When the vessel returns to port, the fish are sent on shore to be sorted into three or four qualities, weighed, re-packed, re-salted, and re-pickled.

The mackerel fishery, as pursued by the New Englanders, is a toilsome and perilous calling, and success in it can only be achieved by great energy and activity. It is carried on chiefly in schooners, averaging fifty tons which follow their prey to the Gulf of St Lawrance, and even to the bleak and stormy coast of Labrador.

GOOD IN A VICIOUS PONY

The following story was recently told me by the gentleman who met with the adventure. He had a pony which was very much attached to him, and very gentle with him, but which would not allow any one else to mount him. He was given to flying at and biting strangers, a quality which turned to the advantage of his owner. One morning my friend was on the march through the jungle, his coolies and servants following with his baggage, guns, &c., and he walking with his pony's bridle over his arm. It would appear that a bear was just then regaling himself in the pathway, by an ant hill which concealed his interesting figure from the traveller's view until close upon him. Suddenly the gentleman felt himself thrown down, with the bear on his back, pawing and scratching him. Knowing that there were four loaded guns in the hands of his attendants he called out to them to fire, and, at the same time struck backward at the bear with a stick which lay within his reach. No one fired, however, and he did not know what to do, when, suddenly, he heard a scrimmage, next moment the weight was removed from his shoulders, and, on looking up, he saw the bear in full flight, and the pony after him, with his ears set back. He got up and shook himself and saw his guns lying on the ground; his attendants had all disappeared. He was about to retrace his footsteps when he heard several voices saying, "Here we are," and on looking up, he saw his people perched high in the trees. They told him that the pony had flown at the bear with such fury that he had taken to his heels in the manner described. Moral: There is some good in a biting and kicking pony.—*Trifles from Ceylon.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ECONOMY. SAVE YOUR OLD NEWSPAPERS.

The fact has frequently been recognized that there are no people so wasteful as the American people in their domestic life and general habits of expense. They waste annually as much food as would serve to support another nation half as large as themselves and are equally as extravagant in dress and general luxury.

A sensible liberality by those who have means is not to be deplored, but mere wastefulness, which annihilates valuable substances such as the throwing away of food, is a crime—first, against the most vital interests of the country; and, next, against the common interests of mankind. There is nothing that illustrates the wantonness of our people in the above respects more strikingly than the manner in which they constantly waste the valuable material on which newspapers are printed. Indeed, no one seems to think of preserving this costly fabric for the purposes of trade. Nine-tenths of subscribers and purchasers throw their newspapers away as soon as they have read them, and the households or hotels which gather them up as they are discarded, never think of applying them to any purposes but those which result in their extinction. The consequence is, that the cotton stock, on which the production of paper is based, having been nearly exhausted for such purposes for over three years, the material for the production of white paper is rapidly giving out; and if the war continues, it will soon disappear almost altogether. The result is, that a large number of newspapers have been obliged either to reduce their size, or to cease publication; while others, which were sold at one and two cents the copy, have suddenly been put up to five. The public, therefore, in the end, has to pay for its own extravagance, and we warn it, that unless it corrects its wanton disregard of the value of this material, it will ere long have to pay as high as ten cents for the dailies and treble that sum for the more extended weeklies.

Tradesmen and shopkeepers likewise, who are among the most reckless in the destruction of white printed paper, will also find the ascending scale taking vengeance upon them in the price of advertisements, and it is their interest, consequently, more than of any others, to save their newspapers, that they may be turned back into the common stock. In Europe, a hotel or housekeeper never thinks of destroying a newspaper, or of using it for kindling purposes. All over the continent, and in England, cheap little bundles of sticks (two or three for a penny,) with the ends dipped in rosin, supply all the purposes in the way of kindling which could be performed by five times the value of white printing paper, while the other uses for paper are met by an inferior brown material, which inflicts no waste upon the printing stock. By this means the major part of the original stock is preserved for reproduction, and the price of the article constantly kept down. By the same thrifty system of saving old newspapers and handing them over to the dealers, who will be glad to call at private houses for them, nearly the whole market stock will be preserved, turned into the mill and reproduced with the loss, certainly of not more than ten or fifteen per cent. Under the present wasteful habits of the public, nearly the whole current edition is now utterly destroyed, while the demand constantly exists against the source.

It is singular that the newspapers, which are so deeply interested in this matter, have not appealed to the public on this subject and shown the poorer classes, at least, how much better it would be to get one or two cents for an old newspaper, than to wantonly tear it up or to throw it in the fire. But the most important persons to appeal to are housekeepers and shopkeepers, and the press should unite to request them never to burn up or destroy a newspaper but to furnish their clerks and servants with cheap materials to supply their place. The little rosined sticks of Europe will be furnished by German dealers in profusion at an incredibly low price, while, for wrapping and other household purposes, a cheap material can be bought out of the remaining proceeds of the refuse white paper, and still leave a profit.

But aside from the question of mere pecuniary saving, with which we could scarcely expect wealthy householders to be much impressed, we should appeal to them on the ground of patriotism and public welfare. Every man of whatever politics, loves to support his own newspaper, if he does not care to get it cheap; and households where directions are given that the newspapers shall be preserved will make by that single act alone a substantial contribution to the public benefit. We have three or four times during the last twelve months, called the attention of the press to the importance of this subject but failed to elicit any co-operation with [illegible] ours.

We hope now however that printing paper has through the several impositions and other causes risen to thirty and forty cents a pound, they will see the importance of urging economy on the community in this particular. They may as well at the same time also urge thrift and prudence in the use of all necessary produce, let every man or woman who saves a pound of meat, or a peck of coals, is to that extent a benefactor of the country. N. Y. *Spirit of the Times.*

REMOVING PAINT FROM SILK AND WOOLEN

Frequent inquiries come to the [illegible] concerning the best material for removing [illegible] dental stains of paint and grease from clothing. Benzine, which is now very cheap, is the best solvent for these things but it must be used with judgment. Many persons rub the spot over with benzine or other solvent, and think they have done the work. They only make the spot larger, and consequently set benzine down as useless. One would not think of removing a dark stain from the wristband or the collar of a shirt, by wiping it with a cloth wetted with soap suds. The soiling substance must be dissolved and *washed out*, and then the article rinsed to remove the filthy water. Benzine must be used in just the same way; there must be a thorough washing and rinsing of the stained spot. To do this, lay the soiled article on an old blanket or other soft cloth, folded several times; pour on enough benzine to wet the spot, and rub it with a piece of sponge or woolen cloth, then pour on some more benzine, so that it will soak down through the article being cleaned, and be taken up by the cloth below. By operating in this way as long as may be thought necessary, the benzine, as soon as it becomes charged with the soiling material, will be taken up by the blanket placed to absorb it, and will, in a few repetitions, completely remove all grease or paint stains. In working with benzine, care should be taken to prevent spreading any more than can be helped, and before drying to wash the edges of the wet portion with a sponge or cloth charged with fresh benzine.

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME

The *Scientific American* thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:

One man can spin more cotton yarn now, than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1769 when Arkwright, the first cotton spinner, took out the first patent.

One man can make as much flour in one day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.

One woman can now make as much lace in one day, as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

It now requires only as many days to refine sugar, as it did months, thirty years ago.

It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass, now it needs only forty minutes.

The engine of a first rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in one day as forty-two thousand horses.

Advertisements.

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CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 16, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which affected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MINER.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861,

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs ADELINE JONES

SPRAGUE PLACE, Sept. 3, 1861

Rev Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs MARY A. JEWITT

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost every thing—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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Superintendent of African M E Churches
in Department of South [illegible]
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CONSULTATION FREE.

WHY IS IT THE SICK ARE NOT CURED?—Not a place do we visit but we hear from individuals complaints of the little benefits they have derived from the medicines prescribed by their physicians. Some state they have tried several physicians, one after the other, not only without benefit, but in many instances were absolutely injured. Why is this? Sometimes they tell us of having taken several different advertised medicines, hoping to obtain some benefit from that source, after the Regular Doctors could do no more. Many invalids under these circumstances, appear entirely discouraged, and seem to have no hope of ever being better. Others find their constitutions so impaired, and their health so much worse by using medicine, that they are really in dread of a doctor, and do not employ them for fear of being made worse. Why is all this? There must be some reason—some cause! What is that cause? Either the physician did not know the disease the patient was laboring under, or he was ignorant of the kind of medicine necessary in the case. In fact, it is not often a physician informs his patient what the disease is! But why do not physicians administer medicine that will cure? Why are the sick compelled to drag out a miserable existence without hope? Will Doctors answer? Many cases, they say, cannot be cured, and discourage patients in that way. Why can they not be cured? The truth is, the physician, honestly, can give no other reason, why a cure cannot be effected than that he does not know what medicine will cure; he has tried one thing after another which his fancy suggested to him might prove beneficial; all which having failed, as then as an excuse for abandoning the case, pronounces it incurable! If it be incurable, we want to know why it is so; what organ has become incapable of performing its functions? Not the flimsy pretence, that no medicine will do them any good. 'Tis perfectly clear the Doctor did not know what medicine would do them any good, or he would not have directed first one article and then another, until the patient was worn out and discouraged. If he had known the nature and character of the morbid matter circulating in the system which produced and supported the disease, and the appropriate remedy; the one calculated to neutralize and render harmless such morbid matter, the patient would have been restored.

These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. Our course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the character and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change; decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

SHROUDING.

Mrs JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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SECOND-HAND CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND, FOR SALE.
5—1y

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 6th, 1864. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 18, D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Rush' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. [illegible], D. of T. from Vanbrakle Union, No. 1, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Rorsey; Grand Treasurer, Sister Lecert; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. K. Uokhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Roseve,	G. P. P.	Sister Abrahams
"	" E. Horsey,	"	" J. F. Blair,
"	" M. H. Buson,	"	" K. A Crane,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S Davis,	"	" R. Hall,

THOMAS CHARNOCK,

GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

NO 427 SOUTH 8TH ST.,

Second Door Below Bethel Church.

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Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864. Vol. IV.—No. 39.—New Series. Whole No. 195.

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All letters pertaining to private matters, should be directed Box No. 3075, Philadelphia.

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Missouri	"	"	M. M. CLARK
California	"	"	T. M. D. WARD.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

HOPE.

A SOLILOQUY

Oh! for that ethereal blessedness,
That tranquil bliss, that pacific calm, which
Rocks the senses in the cradle of quiet
Dreams! Oh! that this consuming fire would
Cease to haunt my brain! Oh! for that copious
Draught—that soothing libation that sparkling
Nectar which, like soft strains from Æolian
Harmony, lulls to sleep the aching nerve!
How dismal, dark, the state of him whose hopes
Rise, flare and flicker as the rude torch's
Light, fann'd by the zephyr's breath—then fall,
And leave him to the mercy of the fickle
Tide of circumstances!
How often hath fortune smiled upon me!
But when I reached my hand to clutch her, she,
Deceptive thing, borrow'd wings of the lark
And, like as though alarm'd at my approach,
Scaled the heights of heaven
Oh, could I lay me down to rest, where
Solitude would cheer me—some soft couch, aside
From the world, where no temptation could
Again lure me to sit and fold mine arms
About me, and breathe in hope with every
Inspiration. Could I lay me on the bed
Of oblivion—'tis like the past. I could
Forget, but memory, my ill fated
Genius, ever looms up before me
Some phantom of the past. Hope's but an
Illusion—an atmosphere of emptiness—
A vacuum of nothingness—an ear
Charmer—a thing to glad the heart but for
A moment—drains its channel dry, and leaves it:
A ruin more calamitous than
Babylon's remains. Whilst all is gentle, smooth
And a great calm comes, she stands hard by. At
The breath of a storm, she groans, sickens, and
Expires. Hope—mockery of widow's tears,
Ever greets you with a smile. Alas!
Deceitful smile, how oft have I been
Enamor'd of thee!—thy smile's so sweet, enchanting.
Like, re-animating the drooping form—
Clothing us with new energy, lights the
Features with a gleam of glory—but, like
Prosperity, thou, Hope, art still a cheat!
Thou trickster—thou sable, wry prop of
Sickliness—thou hast kill'd trust by thy
Inconstancy. Haunt me not again; for my
Repose shall be no more a covert for
Thee. Miserable! that's my secret. And
If I were, thou could'st not again fondle
Upon me—for my heart is shut to thee
There was a time when thou, Hope, wert a
Cherished thing. Thou wert my motto—but thou
Becamest filled with so much trickery, and frowned
At me so jeeringly, I knew at last
That live I must without thee. And my
Resolutions were timely placed, for thy stay
Wert withdrawn so oft, that death began to
Finger about me. I felt her arrow
Gliding, not smoothly, through my heart, but roughly,
Tearing with her beards, till she had made
An aperture just wide enough for life to eke
Out. But, Hope, thy work ceases here. I bid
Thee now farewell forever.   RAYMOND.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco, August, 1864.

DEAR BRO. WEAVER.—After a somewhat toilsome voyage of 21 days, I reached home on the 18th of July.

I found my people, for the most part, standing in their lot and place, waiting patiently for the coming of the accredited representatives of the A. M. E. Church.

On the day of arrival, our flag waved proudly from the church tower.

The Zion people having purchased a very commodious house, it has reduced the Powel St charge to about one half. They have the finest church on this coast—a choir and a splendid organ.

The house will accommodate about 800. Our church going population does not number that, hence you may see, at a glance, that the colored population of San Francisco is not destitute of abundant church accommodation. What we want now, is numbers to fill the Lord's house—competent and heaven called men to teach these multitudes the sublime lessons of the cross of Jesus, and snatch from the black vortex of sin and crime, the thousands who without repentance and faith, will be hurled with fury from the presence of God and the Lamb. Who, among all our vast African Israel, are praying that Christ may raise up and qualify men who, standing in front of America's bleeding millions, shall, with the rod of God's power, guide our people on to eminence, virtue, and heaven?

Not with banners crimsoned with human blood alone, do we hope to conquer, (though that must be poured cheerfully,) but with the banner-cross which rose to set no more amid the blackness, groans, and earth throbs of Calvary's awful summit, do we hope to redeem our race from the dire thraldom of sin, and from the strong, bloody arm of the proud, heartless despot. Then prepare, young men, for the momentous duties of the coming times.

We laid a corner-stone, at Oakland, on the 11th inst.

A church will be dedicated at Virginia City, (the silver country,) on the last Sunday in August.

The union basis seems to stagger some who have more Sectarianism than religion.

But we are of the opinion, that the strong ligatures of union will bind our Pacific Israel into one individual whole.

One of the ablest writers of this coast has consented to write for the Recorder, provided you have no objections.

Bro. Wesley Beardley, of Providence, came out with me. He was somewhat surprised to see so much energy manifested by the people of this country, in building up their religious institutions.

Yours truly

T. M. D. WARD.

For the Christian Recorder

OHIO CORRESPONDENCE

MR. EDITOR:—Agreeably to the duty imposed upon me as corresponding editor of the *Christian Recorder* for the Ohio district of the A. M. E. connection, I take this method of informing the itinerant brethren of said department of the Church, that it is the intention of you and your immediate auxiliaries, that a strenuous and united effort be made by all of our travelling preachers to increase the number of yearly subscribers to this paper to ten thousand. I, therefore, say to the brethren, that if we will make a faithful effort, our proportionate number can be easily raised. According to the Annual Conference Minutes of the various districts I find that the Ohio district is one of the largest in membership and preachers, also among the most able in its pecuniary ability, and therefore we are fully able to do our duty in this respect.

Dear brother, your four years' labor in the editorial department of this paper, for our beloved connection and our people at large, has given them confidence in the establishment and permanency of the paper, and therefore we can have no fearful apprehensions in reference to its issues being discontinued, at least within the next four years to come—which should undoubtedly inspire the ministers to act fully up to their ability in procuring cash subscribers for the paper.

The proportionate number for the Ohio district is about one thousand four hundred and twenty eight (1428), and as it has been stated that we are among the most able in our organization, which is a fact, how easily, then, ought we to raise our proportionate number of subscribers and amount of money required, and thereby sustain the *Christian Recorder.*

Brethren, let us make the requisite effort, and I have not the slightest doubt but that success will crown our labors.   SAMUEL WATTS.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 16th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder

DEFENDING CHRISTIANITY AGAINST INFIDELITY.

BY REV. GARLAND H. WHITE

It would perhaps be going beyond my knowledge of Scripture, and the capabilities of my natural powers, to attempt the subversion of a system so generally practised and upheld by men of the brightest genius and talent. But as truth is self-evident, and needs not the borrowed rays of man's wisdom to make it brighter, I can with propriety proceed, with no fear of successful contradiction that can possibly be brought to bear against me, in vindicating a cause so commendable to the favorable consideration of every unbiased mind. We might well ask the patrons of infidelity, what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity? Is it that they have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favorable, or is there one which Christianity has not carried to a higher degree than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or better hope in death, than that which the Scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind, or what emboldens them to expect we should trample on the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death—a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendor of talent—which enrolls among its defenders the names of Bacon, Newton, and Locke the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius!

If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity. If by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to these great names? Where are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unspoken probity and extended benevolence, that we should be in no danger of being seduced into impiety by their examples? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited? What distant climes, have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness and want, to diffuse principles of virtue and the blessings of civilization? Or will they choose to waive their pretensions to this extraordinary and, in their eyes, eccentric species of benevolence, and rest their character on their political exploits, in their efforts to reanimate the virtues of a sinking State, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury, and, by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation, and piety for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will at least have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from this test. More than all their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal, to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence or an obstruction to any design which is not shameful to avow?

Eternal God! On what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce? Miserable men! proud of being the offspring of chance in a universe with universal disorder—whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken world.

The followers of Christianity are no offsprings of chance but are heirs of an inheritance incorruptible undefiled and that fadeth not away." We know that our pathway is surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, who survey every footstep of our pilgrimage from earth to glory; but finding our minds stable our purpose fixed, and the end everlasting life, they afford the best evidence we can produce in the end. For when our enemies speak for us in this connexion, we must be disposed to conclude that the power of truth compels men to speak against their own will at times.

In perusing the annals of infidelity, we are at a loss to find a single instance of its power, either visible or invisible, to past or present history.

Is there an advocate of infidelity any where who will speak for a thing so powerless and so inconsistent with the best interests of man? When we contemplate the vast amount of good that Christianity is doing daily, it leads us to trace its power and origin. This at once brings us in contact with the Deity, who is the Author of our Christianity and who makes it possible for the Christian, through faith, to do all things, as it was by an appeal of the Christian to him, that the dead were raised to life, the blind received their sight, the deaf were made to hear, and the lame to walk. By an appeal of the Christian, the barren land became a fountain, the sea became dry land. By the same means, the clouds withheld their waters from the earth for the space of three years and six months. By the same Christian power, the clouds were ordered to water the earth and it obeyed in less time than one day. By the same power, the sun was caused to stop, and stand still until the prophet unlocked its wheels and bid it roll on again. By it, the lions became as though they were lambs. By it, the fire lost its violence, and the furnace became a most suitable place for the sons of God to praise and worship the Author of Christianity.

With these evidences produced, what farther is needed? No infidel will attempt the subversion of these truths. And yet the gospel of the Son of God sheds a brighter light still, introduces a greater power still. But before I proceed to show the power of the gospel, it may be reasonable for me to ask the patrons of infidelity what they will substitute as an equivalent for the exhibition of the Christian's power, already enumerated? Where can the unbias-minded man find a like demonstration of power on the part of the infidel? Where is their God, and whom do they worship? No man can become an infidel until he first becomes a fool. No man can believe in their creed until he has become an abandoned refugee from the source of all order, beauty, and light, and seeks to hide himself in the darkness of his own shame. Where are Tom Paine, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and other noted infidel chiefs? No doubt they are with the rich man, who saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

But the gospel of the Son of God breathes new life into our souls, sanctifies our natures, purifies our hearts and quickens our whole spiritual system; convicting, converting, and raising fallen man from the pollution and corruption of nature, and returning him to his Creator, in the image of his Redeemer, a fit subject of a blessed immortality. For this religion of the Son of God, who would exchange it for any thing that the world, the devil, or the infidel could, or ever has offered as an equivalent to the blessings proffered by the gospel? Let Christians go on rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and pay no attention to these new systems which are springing up almost daily in our midst. Like the morning flowers, they bloom early and beautiful, but soon disappear and are gone forever, and their former beauty, and all pertaining to its recent existence, are only known by its decayed substance. But we look upon such flowers as will bloom and flourish forever in the Paradise of God.

For the Christian Recorder

SERFDOM AND SLAVERY

The commission of great deeds, like the phenomena of nature, is of rare occurrence. The overthrow of empires, the extinction of dynasties, the subjugation of monarchies, the establishment of kingdoms, the change of governments; the inauguration of great reforms in the body politic, are generally events which require the fruition of time to accomplish; but we live in an age in which the operations of a cycle are crowded into a single year.

Of all the events which will make the present lustrum memorable in all coming history, the two greatest, as affecting the human race and the promulgation of the pure principles of Christianity, are the abolition of serfdom in Russia, and the emancipation of the slaves in America.

In the two mightiest empires in the world, the embodiment of despotism in the Eastern hemisphere, and the representative of republicanism in the Western, we see the same results springing from different causes, but having the same objects in view and producing the same effects in their fulfilment, the safety and security of the government the objects, and the amelioration of the condition of the producing classes the effect. How different also the means used to attain the same end. In Russia, it was the work of long years of legislation; in America, it was produced by war commenced to continue, extend and perpetuate the system of slavery.

From the ascension of Alexander I in 1803, the tendency of the Russian policy of government has been the abolition of serfdom. From the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, the policy of the American government has been the extension and perpetuation of slavery. That policy was inaugurated by Jefferson, who, notwithstanding the laudations bestowed upon him as the "apostle of liberty" and in spite of the liberal sentiments expressed by him in his *Notes on Virginia*, lived and died a slaveholder, not following the example of Washington, liberating his slaves at his death, but with a full knowledge of the evils of slavery, "trembling" as he said for his country when he remembered the justness of God, and the injustice of slavery, he sanctioned the system and gave proof of his desire for its continuance by bequeathing his slaves to his heirs, and with them all the awful horrors which he so well foresaw.

Alexander II and Jefferson were cotemporaries, one Czar of all the Russias ruling despotically that ancient empire but just emerging from barbarism, the other, President of the infant Republic which was even then rivalling the most civilized nations of the old world in the rapid progress she was making in science, "the arts of war and peace," diplomacy, and all which has made those nations great and glorious. One in his desire to raise his country from the barbarism in which the feudalism of a thousand years had sunk her and checked her progress, bent all the energies of his great mind towards abolishing that feudalism and erasing one of the last vestiges of the barbarism of the middle ages; the other, who with almost prophetic ken saw the mantle [illegible] which [illegible] entailed [illegible] its incompatibility with a Republican form of government and the dangers which would inevitably [illegible] and future generations, bent all the energies of his great mind towards the extension and perpetuation of the system.

The present era has shown the wisdom of the Autocrat and the prescience as well as the folly of the President.

Russia, by peaceful legislation, without war or bloodshed has abolished serfdom and is now enjoying the blessings of that act which insures the safety of the government and the stability of the empire. America was deaf to the calls of humanity hastened not at the voice of justice, and delayed emancipation until rebellion rent the land, and, amid the horrors of war she is now reaping the fruit of her sin. Thus we see how God overrules the designs of man and makes the evil which we intend for others turn upon ourselves.

COSMOPOLITE

San Francisco, July 30th, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder

AN INSTANCE OF RESPECT REGARDLESS OF COLOR.

The following correspondence took place between Rev. James Lynch and Major-General Foster, commanding the Department of the South:

"*Beaufort, S. C. Aug. 8, 1864.*
"*Major-General Foster, Commanding the Department of the South.*

"Dear General.—The undersigned begs leave to call your attention to the fact, that there is an enforcement of an order now going on in this department, which makes a most glaring proscription of colored men, contrasting strongly as it does, with the clearly enunciated policy of our Government in placing colored soldiers on the same footing as white soldiers—the wiping out of the last proscriptive law on the national statute-book, and also with the rules of steamboat and railroad companies of the North. I feel confident that it has not your sanction, and trustingly beg your relief.

"The order alluded to, General, is one supposed to emanate from the Chief Quartermaster Department South, prohibiting colored persons from riding on the upper decks of steamers plying between Beaufort and Hilton Head. A *colored* man, however polite his bearing or refined his manners, however well educated, brave or meritorious as a soldier, though he be travelling by direct order of his superior officer on Government business, dares not ascend the steps to take the air, or enjoy the luxury of a seat; while any man, be he what he may, if nature has favored him with a white skin, can sit or lie where best it suits him.

"I have been a missionary, under the auspices of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, and superintendent of freedmen in this department nearly eighteen months, and yesterday, for the first time, I was informed of this order. I obeyed, but not without solemnly pledging myself to appeal to your high authority, that *obedience in future may cease to be a requirement.*

"Begging pardon for intruding this upon you in the midst of your various cares,

"I have the honor to be,
"Most respectfully, yours,
"JAMES LYNCH,
"Missionary and Gov Sup't."

The following is Major-General Foster's reply:

"*Headquarters Dep't of the South,*
August 9th, 1864.
"*Rev. James Lynch, Beaufort, S. C.*

"Dear Sir:—General Foster is in receipt of your favor of the 8th inst. Certain portions of every steamer are assigned for officers, where no soldier, white or colored, is allowed.

"I presume the captain of the boat did not understand your position. The General commanding directs me to send you the enclosed permission to go wherever officers are allowed on all transports.

"Your obedient servant,
"B. ANDERSON,
"Major and A. D. C."

The permission referred to in the letter reads as follows:

"*Headquarters Dep't of the South,*
August 9, 1864.

"James Lynch, Missionary of N. F. R. Association, will be allowed the same privileges on transports as are given to white persons of his profession.

"By order of General J. G. Foster.
B. ANDERSON,
"Major and A. D. C."

For the Christian Recorder.

DEDICATION OF THE UNION BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE AUDIENCE

Editor of the Recorder. Sir:—On Sunday, the 11th instant, the new church bought by the members of the late Baker Street Church, was, with becoming solemnities, dedicated to the worship of the Most High, the Rev. Newman officiating.

Previously to the opening of the religious ceremonies, I indulged in the usual occupation of church goers to scan the visages of the assemblage, not a physiognomist study but merely a casual observation, if possible to index the mind of the inner man by the habiliments of the outward man.

FASHIONS AND FOLLIES

On my arrival I found the church well filled with what might be called a gay and festive congregation. It is here you see the pride, folly and vanity of the world—many who have turned every stone of their own and others who have turned their neighbor's stones, to procure the wherewith to array themselves in gay and costly attire—to be, if possible, the observed of all observers [illegible] out-herod Herod.

Opposite the pew in which I am sitting is a young lady apparently about seventeen years old, wearing a blue cap, with a long white ostrich leather [illegible], a jaunty, tight-laced black bodice encircles her waist, and, to judge from her countenance and the short [illegible] she makes to breathe, it is evident [illegible] making a more decided impression on her fragile [illegible] than the most eloquent efforts will make on her mind; her neck is encircled by a [illegible] ornamented and set off by a flowing neck tie, a trifle longer than the allowance allotted to the other sex. From her present [illegible] walk [illegible] what would next [illegible] the [illegible] "[illegible]." Shakspeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Byron says, "There is a tide in the affairs of woman, which taken at the flood, leads—God knows where!" Let us pray that the year of our Lord 1864 is not the flood tide.

It would be foolish for a poor young man to look among that gay crowd—that sea of coal scuttle bonnets, flats, silks, satins and "fancy fixings"—for a wife. A hollow pride, both dangerous and rotten, has too deeply imbued their minds with extravagant notions, and their hearts with [illegible] to be easily eradicated and elevated to the responsible duties of wife and mother. A man of sense will view the painted and powdered dolls as he would a pet monkey in a menagerie—calculate the expense and conclude that a wife of that kind is too expensive a luxury for him to indulge in even though she be self-supporting. The sacrifice is too great to make for a false idol who is compelled to resort to artifice to secure the adulation and worship of the crowd, which she too often retains, while "many a (genuine) rose is left to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

In front of me, I see one of those fancy-dressed individuals who style themselves the "bloods," a bright red-colored scarf dangling on his shirt bosom, regardless of expense, in reckless profusion—a scarf that would make King Dahomey die with envy.

The long-haired fellow on my right, is another expensive and ludicrous specimen of the genus homme: the patent leather boots, gold headed cane, silk hat, kid gloves, and blue cloth coat—all proclaim him a senseless fop. If it were not ridiculous, it would be sad, and yet it is both sad and ridiculous—sad to think that the rising hope of an infant race should thus waste their means and brains (excuse the 'brains', on senseless frivalities and prismatic hues. It is ridiculous to behold the curious airs they give themselves.

But amid all this show and pageantry are the solid men and women of the community; conspicuous among whom are the gentlemanly and courteous Messrs Newart Webb, and Forsett, the pillars of the church. Occupying a back seat is the attentive face and dignified form of Granger T. Butler, one of our oldest residents, and a pioneer of education and religion among the colored people of the West. Amidst the brotherly wrangles of a church meeting, I can see him in fancy rising to a point of order. Leading the choir in the gallery, is seen the intellectual head of Cincinnati's most accomplished musician, and graceful and poignant writer, Joseph C. Corbin keeping time with the sweet-sounding notes of the melodeon, which is discoursing most eloquent music.

Further along is seen the handsome and intelligent face and shrewd look of T. N. C. Liverpool. Anon comes "gayly tripping" down the aisle the familiar form, and good humored and ever welcome face of the erudite editor of the *Colored Citizen*, J. P. Sampson.

On such an occasion one longs to see, but looks in vain for, the noble head, meditative mien of the ablest writer and most eloquent orator among the colored men of the Buckeye State, Peter H. Clark.

THE WEATHER.

I trust you will pardon me for referring to this trite topic—the weather. I do not intend to go into rhapsodies by recapitulating such poetical expressions as "indescribably lovely blue autumnal haze," etc., but will content myself with saying it was all that the heart could desire to animate and consecrate an occasion fraught with the holiest recollections and emotions which tend to elevate and refine the material and intellectual man. Respectfully,

A. E. BAKER

Cincinnati, Sept. 12, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE MIRACLES OF VESPASIAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

The condition of the invalids should be particularly noticed. He who was blind, once enjoyed the use of his visual organs; but from an affection, generally conceded to be of the inflammatory type, had become blind. So, too, with the man having the paralytic limb. And here it should be mentioned, that Tacitus expressly declares it was a hand, while we are informed that Suetonius contends that it was a leg: however, be it hand or leg, it once had been strong and robust.

Shalom is no M. D., and consequently is unable to express an opinion from a scientific standpoint, as to the possibility of curing by natural means such complaints. But why plead ignorance of the medical profession, seeing it would be impossible to speak definitely of these individual cases. We have the opinion of the doctors who were present, and gave medical advice and assistance, more particularly do we feel certain about the latter, and what more is needed? Vespasian himself gave orders, that the men should first be subject to a medical examination, that it might be ascertained whether the cases were within human reach.

Wonderfully miraculous that! The doctors must first decide, cries the wonder working Vespasian.

In accordance with the vistas of the imperial aspirant, the doctors did decide, declaring that the sight could be restored, and the hand or leg, which cannot be decided, could, by proper treatment, be made whole.

Now, says the mighty Vespasian, I will heal these poor wretches and eclipse that despised Nazarene.

How long after the consultation with the doctors, and in the presence of whom, friends or foes, the attempt at miraculous power was made, are particulars not recorded, neither indeed are we told whether the cure approached to instantaneousness or was gradual.

How much unlike the facts recorded in reference to the miracles wrought by Christ. Take the instance of the young man, *blind from his birth*, which, to all appearances Vespasian endeavored to imitate. John the historian, like a faithful recorder gives the particulars with the utmost precision, the time the place the parties, together with a minute examination of the deed by his foes.

[illegible] plain that no miracle was wrought and that the invalids were cured by purely natural means: and that it was, on the part of Vespasian and his followers, a sheer stroke of policy intended to advance him in his steps toward the imperial throne. But how sad is the spectacle to see a man, Voltaire, blatant in his denunciation of Christian miracles, well substantiated as they are, and yet accept as true such a mimicking attempt at miraculous power, as is this of the Roman Emperor.

Yours respectfully,
SHALOM.

For the Christian Recorder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bishop Campbell's Outfit to California

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me through the columns of the organ of our Church, to acknowledge the kind liberality of a number of our ministers and members in responding to the call made upon them for making up means towards procuring an outfit for one of their Bishops to go to California. Honor to whom honor is due. The following named ministers, with their members and congregations, without hesitancy, responded to the call for aid, in cash subscriptions, as follows:

Burlington Circuit, Rev T Gould	$18 87
Trenton Circuit, Rev T. H. Cooper:	
Trenton	8 87
Pennington	10 25
Mrs Rachel Mconella....	1 00
Princeton Circuit, Rev H Davis	7 30
Bridge St. Station, Rev J M Williams:	
Collection in Church	16 70
Mr Ross	5 00
Mrs Jones, ...	1 00
A Friend	1 00
Brunswick Station, Rev Wm Offer.	3 00
Bordentown Circuit, Rev J. Hollan:	
Bordentown	7 00
Allentown	1 32
Rev A C Crippen	1 00
Miss Alice Raynor	1 00
Salem Circuit, Rev J Loug	11 18
Mrs Anna George	1 00
Bridgeton Circuit, Rev J. Woodlyn	2 50
Union Church Station, Rev A. L. Standford	12 75
Bethel Church Station, Rev Wm Moore:	
Church Collection	25 53
Mrs M Butler	1 00
" E. White	1 00
" A. Laws	1 00
" I Custis	1 00
Miss Mary Still	1 00
Mr P D. Lewis	1 00
" J Maston	1 00
" J Berry	1 00
Mrs P. Morris	50
" A Downs	50
Miss S Miles	50
Wesley Church Station, Rev J. H. Smith,	31 65
Mrs. E Clarke	50
Zion Mission, Rev. W H Winder	5 00
Philadelphia A. M. E. Preachers' Meeting	5 00
Allen Chapel, Cincinnati, Ohio, Rev J. A. Shorter	23 35

The above-named ministers and members of their congregations have our most sincere, heartfelt thanksgiving, with praises for what they have done, and the excellent example they have set for others to do likewise.

Those who wish hereafter to have a part in this matter of sending one of the Bishops to California to serve the Church there, in common with the Church on this side of the great ocean may have an opportunity of so doing by sending or leaving what they have to give at No. 832 Carpenter Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Indiana and Missouri Conferences will be heard from hereafter in due time.

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder

FROM THE FIFTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

MR. EDITOR:—I was looking over your paper, dated Aug 13th, 1864. I saw an account of the expedition which took place on the 2d of July. I also saw the burlesque which some kind writer sent you concerning the bravery of the second sergeant of Co G. Mr Editor, I do pronounce it a burlesque; for the writer went so far as to say that the Lieutenant-Colonel gave the order to retreat, and I screamed out, "Colonel, we will take this fort to-day!" I claim, Mr. Editor, that that man was an excited and cowardly soldier, or he would not have heard the order to retreat, if it was not given. I can only speak for myself, and I can say that I heard no such order; but whether others did or not, it is more than I can say. But I can say that Lieutenant-Colonel Fox is as brave a man as any regiment can afford, and not only he, but all the officers connected with this regiment.

Why should that writer distinguish me from all the rest? Am I braver than any other man? Or else is my life not as sweet to me as any other man's is to him? Or is my face made of iron, that a shell bursting against it would take no effect? I claim that I did my duty as a soldier, and no more. Why did he not say that the 4th, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, or the New York 'boys' fought well? Or why did he not say that the 55th Massachusetts regiment fought well, and the men behaved bravely? If he had said that, it would have given me all the praise I wanted, for it would have made me feel happy to think that I was a member of such a regiment as the 55th.

As I said above I did my duty as a sergeant, and if the writer had done his duty as a soldier, I claim that there would have been one more rebel sent to his long home, whereas he is now waiting for a chance to shoot the writer.

Yours truly,   WM. N. VINEY,
Co. G, 55th Mass Vol

Folly Island, S. C., Sept. 2, 1864

For the Christian Recorder

FOLLY ISLAND CORRESPONDENCE

Folly Island, S. C., Aug 21st, 1864

DEAR RECORDER:—I sit down this beautiful morning to let the many admirers of your useful paper have some idea of things in this department. The sun arose arrayed in all the beauties of the [illegible] ethereal. We were mustered this morning according to custom, for pay and our Colonel administered the oath prescribed by the recent law concerning persons of African descent, in the military service of the United States and touching the law of 1861 concerning [illegible] from that time forward. The reason given for administering this oath is in order to procure the just wages of a soldier. It looks like going a step backward, to be obliged to swear that we are free in order to get our just dues, having been born in states where our right to freedom was not questioned. But we had no right to doubt the veracity of our gallant Colonel, and we consented in our company to a man; and we now have our names enrolled with the promise of our just pay, for once in seventeen months: that is better than never!

If we should not be again deceived, our distressed wives and children will hail the happy moment to be relieved from suffering, and they may with glad hearts offer up prayers and tears for the speedy end of this great rebellion, and the enjoyment of our firesides in peace and happiness. In the promise of our pay, we were not promised promotion. I will say something about the prejudice in our own regiment when we returned from Olustee to Jacksonville. One of our Captains was sick, and there was no doctor there excepting our hospital steward, who administered medicines and effected a cure, he was a colored man, Dr. Becker, and a competent physician, and, through the exertions of this recovered Captain, there was a petition got up for his promotion. All the officers signed the petition but three, Captain Briggs, and two lieutenants, they admitted he was a smart man and understood medicine, but he was a negro, and they did not want a negro Doctor, neither did they want negro officers. The Colonel, seeing so much prejudice among his officers, destroyed the document, therefore the negro is not yet acknowledged.

Notwithstanding all these grievances we prefer the Union rather than the Rebel government, and will sustain the Union if the United States will give us other rights. We will calmly submit to white officers, though some of them are not so well acquainted with military matters as our orderly sergeants, and some of the officers have gone so far as to say that a negro stunk under their noses. This is not very pleasant, but we must give the officers in company D, of the 54th Massachusetts regiment, their just dues; they generally show us the respect due to soldiers, and scorn any attempt to treat us otherwise.

Since we have moved into Fort Green, our officers have advised us to improve in the drilling of heavy artillary, and show the advantages derived therefrom. They give us all the encouragement they can to bear up under the grievance of not getting our pay; telling us that firmness of purpose and rigorous performance of our duty must command respect, and our good example may be a lasting omen in history, which must have a tendency to elevate our race; there is no great end accomplished without long perseverance and many sacrifices of comfort; but, suffice it to say, enough has been said in regard to elevation, promotion, &c.

Let us look a little to the majority of our race. Do they use every means to elevate themselves? do they sacrifice carnal enjoyments to procure wealth, in order to engage in respectable business, to concentrate their capital and associate in companies to give employment to the accomplished colored book-keeper or salesman, and command respect from other nations? All this has a tendency to elevate our race, and the more wealth we possess the more we shall be respected in commercial society. All this must be accomplished before we can fully realize equality; let each patronize the other in business, and give aid and good counsel, and use our influence to start young men in business. When these things are practised among us then we will command the respect of the Anglo-Saxon race.

I must tell you something about our living in the army. We have not had enough to eat for several weeks, being on three-quarter rations, and, for the last twelve or thirteen days, have been cut short of that, having no beans, peas, rice or molasses, in a word, nothing but salt beef and pork, tea and coffee half sweetened, and one loaf of bread per day or three quarter rations of hard tack or bread. We would think it impossible to live so at home, but here we are obliged to, and, beside the short allowance of the government, it is said we are cut shorter by the quarter master's department. From all appearances, our molasses has been out in the rain; our coffee has the essence extracted before it comes to camp, and then the sugar is very sparingly used. This may be a saving to the United States, but it is a grievous nuisance to us.

Concerning things before Charleston, the rebels still throw an occasional shell into our camp on Morris Island, which is quite annoying, but no recent casualties. The Union men vigorously return the fire, shelling the rebel camp, hospital, and every available place to do the most damage in retaliation for their inhuman and unjust fighting qualities. Yours truly,

FORT GREEN

For the Christian Recorder

AN IMPORTANT LETTER ON THE DEATH OF A SOLDIER.

Near Petersburg, Va.,
Aug. 30, 1864

MR EDITOR:—Permit me to speak through the columns of your paper, in relation to a young man, whose name was John Ford. He joined my regiment, and was a private in Company F. He lived a pious life, and was for a long time hospital nurse. His company being so much reduced on the 15th of June, in the battle before Petersburg, he was ordered to his company on the 20th of June, to help fill the thinned ranks.

After a few weeks, he requested the loan of a Testament. I complied with his request. He devoted the chief part of his time to reading its sacred pages. About a week ago he was taken suddenly with the fever, and soon lost his presence of mind, but, in the midst of all, he would say "I read it." I asked him if it told him of heavenly things. He would gaze upon me with a bright countenance and glad smile, and say "Yes, yes, I read it."

I then advised him to look to Christ who died that he might have everlasting life, and to be loose in him. After this advice, he became quiet.

I was soon compelled to leave him, and go to my camp, with the intention of going back to see him again. But soon after I arrived, we received marching orders. I did not see him again, but one of my friends returned and gave the same account of him up to his death. He died August 29th, 1864.

Yours,   JOHN DAWSON,
Serg't Co C, 22d U S C T.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 24, 1864.

TEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

Ten thousand cash subscribers by the 10th of January, 1865. We have about fifty thousand members, besides one hundred thousand friends of our Church.

Now, we ask our Bishops and ministers on the various circuits and stations, if they do not think this can easily be accomplished. If you want the paper to continue, say: "Yes, it can be done," and it shall be as you say.

Then let every minister commence, and see how many subscribers he can get by the 10th of January, 1865. The Indiana and Missouri Conferences have already pledged themselves to get their share.

What say the members of Ohio, Baltimore Philadelphia, N. York and N. England Conf.? Brethren, will you do your part? We shall, from the present time till the 10th of next January, keep the names separate, so that we may see who works, and who does not, and we will announce the result after the 10th of January, 1865. Jan 1, '65.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

All who write for the *Christian Recorder* will hereafter please address as follows: "*Christian Recorder*, Box No. 2975, Philadelphia, Pa."

All who wish to address the editor personally will please direct: "Rev Elisha Weaver, Box 2975, Philadelphia, Pa. Sept 24—6t.

NOTICE.

The price of the *Christian Recorder* will be two dollars and a half a year, if paid in advance, or three dollars a year if not paid in advance. Per single copy, six cents. Sept. 24—6t.

NOTICE.

Burlington Circuit.

Quarterly Meetings of Burlington Circuit will be held at the following places:

Mount Holly, October 1st and 2d.
Evesham, October 8th and 9th.
Burlington, October 22d and 23d.
T. Gould, Minister in Charge.

NOTICE

Reading Circuit.

Second Quarterly Meeting at Pottsville, Sept 24th and 25th.

Third Quarterly Meeting at Reading, Oct. 1st and 2d.

Fourth Quarterly Meeting at Deep Valley, Oct. 8th and 9th.

Fifth Quarterly Meeting at Lower Valley, Centreville, Oct. 15th and 16th.

Sixth Quarterly Meeting at Downingtown, Oct. 22d and 23d.

Seventh Quarterly Meeting at Donaldson, Oct. 29th and 30th.

Eighth Quarterly Meeting at Birdsbury, Nov. 5th and 6th.

Quarterly Conference at one o'clock, P. M.

H. Henson, Elder.
W. R. Norris, Minister in Charge.

NOTICE.

My Second Quarterly Meetings of Bucks Co. Circuit are as follows:

At New Hope, October 9, which will be held in the woods of Mr. Ealy, if the weather should be favorable.

At the Mountain on the 16th. Quarterly Conference on Saturday, the 15th, at 2 o'clock, P M.

At Newtown on the 23d.
At Attleboro' on the 30th.
At Taylorsville, November 6th.
Rev. Theo. Gould, Elder.
Thos. A. Cuff, Preacher in Charge.

NOTICE

Quarterly Meeting, Frankford Circuit.

Quarterly Meeting will commence at Frankford on Saturday afternoon, October 1, at half-past two o'clock, in Bethel Church.

At Bensalem on the 8th and 9th.
At Bristol on the 15th and 16th.
At Harrisburg Hill on the 22d and 23d.
A. C. Crippen.

NOTICE.

The corner-stone of a Hall, to be erected at Woodbury, N. J., by Green's Tabernacle, No. 6, I. O. of B. S. of L. and C., will be laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on Thursday, September 29th, at two o'clock, P. M. The officers of the I. G. Tabernacle for the State of Pennsylvania, and members of the Order in general, are respectfully invited to be present. A dinner, for the benefit of the Tabernacle, will be prepared. If the weather be favorable, it will be served up in Mann's Grove.

NOTICE.

On Sunday afternoon, the 25th inst., at three o'clock, the Rev. E. Weaver, Editor and General Book Steward of the A. M. E. Church, will fill the pulpit of the Union A. M. E. Church, Coates Street, Philadelphia, in the place of the pastor. *A. L. Stanford.*

NOTICE.

William Pollard, formerly of Nelson County, Va., is now in the Twenty-eighth United States Colored Troops. He will be glad to hear from any of his friends.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meetings in Princeton and New Brunswick Charges.

October 9th in Princeton.
" 16th in New Brunswick.
" 23d in Rocky Hill.
" 30th in Sowerlin Mountain.
Henry Davis, Elder.
Wm. Offer, Deacon.

NOTICE

Quarterly Meeting at the A. M. E. Zion Mission.

Quarterly Conference, Sept. 27th
Meeting, Oct. 2d
Love Feast, Oct. 3d
W. H. Wooder, Preacher in Charge
J. H. Smith, Presiding Elder
Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 1864.

God's word must not have the meanest, but the most powerful enemies, by which it can get honor, according to its great power.

QUARTERLY MEETING

For the West Chester Circuit.

Quarterly Meeting will be held at West Town on the 8th and 9th of October.

Quarterly Meeting Conference at 2 o'clock on Saturday.

The members throughout the circuit are requested to be prompt in attendance. Rev E. Weaver will preside.

EDWARD LAWS, Deacon.

HORNTOWN CIRCUIT

Quarterly Conference will be held in the above place on the 16th and 17th of October. Quarterly Conference at 3 o'clock, P M on Saturday. The members will please be punctual. Rev E Weaver will preside on the occasion.

JOHN CORNISH, Deacon.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Pittsburgh, Pa	
Rev Samuel Watts, on account....	$10 90
Adam Wadkin..........	2 50
New Albany	
Amelia Mitchell..........	2 00
West Chester, Pa	
Samuel Matthews..........	2 50
Millville, N. J.	
Mr Tamson M Dewen..........	62
Beaufort, S. C.	
H. Bram..........	3 00
Near Petersburg, Va.	
Per Rev G H White:	
William Pollard..........	1 00
Rev. G. H White..........	7 70
Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Rev R. H. Cain..........	5 00
San Francisco, Cal.	
Rev T. M. D. Ward..........	30 00
Carlisle, Pa	
Per Mrs. Jones:	
Ann Scott..........	1 15
Trenton, N. J.	
Per Rev T Cooper:	
Hannah J Moore..........	62
Julia Hubbard..........	63
Wilmington, Del.	
Rev. H. J Rhodes, on account..........	4 00
Havre de Grace, Md	
Rev. W. H. Hopkins..........	2 25
Beverly, Ohio.	
C. W Brady..........	1 15

A GREAT WORK BEFORE THE CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

This work first devolves upon the ministers of the A. M. E. Church; or, in other words, Bishops, elders, deacons, and preachers—all those holding offices of high and holy trust within the vast arena of our wide-spread and extending connexion—the local brethren included, as well as the itinerant fraternity. We find but too many very inconsistent brethren in our midst—brethren who, though they write and debate upon this and that foolish and trifling subject, and waste much valuable time upon matters of really no importance or utility to either themselves or their brethren at large, seldom direct their labors into the proper channel, in a manner best calculated to enhance and perpetuate the true interests of our too long benighted and neglected race. Very few there are who speak, or write, or impress upon the minds of our people (especially our numerous readers) properly the nature and extent of the great work before the Church and themselves.

With no little degree of interest have we watched and carefully noted the general tone, tenor and character of all the articles or communications written by our ministers, and we feel ourselves constrained most unwillingly to say that, out of the large number of our ministerial brethren who have thus written for public inspection, there has been but ONE who has furnished as much as one-eighth of a column by way of calling upon and impressing upon the minds of the mass of the Church and her people the immensity and necessity of this truly great work.

We repeat it: there has been but a single exception to this general neglectful indifference. Such a state of affairs, after all we have written and said upon the subject, is indeed mortifying to us, and truly unfortunate for our people at large.

Having said this much, our readers will very naturally inquire who this exception—who this faithful disciple is. With pleasure we answer the inquiry. It is no other than

THE REV. SAMUEL WATTS,

of the Ohio Conference. We most cordially recommend the attention of our readers to his very interesting letter found in our issue of this week, calling upon the ministers of the Ohio Conference to at once set themselves about this great work for the good of our whole Church and people.

We would here state, as it may not be generally known, that Brother Watts is the editorial correspondent of the *Christian Recorder* for the Ohio District.

Just here we anticipate the inquiry—"Please inform us what that great work on behalf of the Church and people is to which you have reference, Mr Editor?" The answer is plain. It is the work of diffusing literature and general information throughout the length and breadth of this country and elsewhere amongst our poor, down-trodden race. The Press is one of the greatest levers by which this is to be done. Stop the press among us as a people in this country, and our talents are at once hopelessly buried in oblivion, our influence for good curtailed, and ourselves brought into disrepute, our rights and privileges trampled under foot, and we looked upon by those who claim to be our superiors as vagabonds, and only fit and formed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Shall this thing be?

We repeat the assertion that this is a great and glorious work for our Church and people to perform, in order that our Book Concern and paper shall still continue to exist, and go forth carrying the broad banner of Christianity and light among our people—gladdening the hearts of the multitude, and standing as an enduring monument and cogent argument against the malice of our foes, and be enabled to grapple with and defeat all those who may with audacious presumption oppose the progress of God's people—people who have been so long oppressed on account of their God-given color. Notwithstanding the great hatred which these would-be lords of creation display towards the 'nigger,' as they in ignorance are pleased to style him, great numbers of them do not hesitate to imitate him—some by blacking themselves in resemblance, and others by wearing black. No person who has visited our public places of amusement will question the truth of our assertion. Is it not strange, then, that such arrogant popinjays who profess such horror and aversion towards the unoffending and unfortunate colored man, should condescend to wear or assume any thing that is black, or in any way resemble the "nigger?" Would white not be more appropriate for such fastidious gentlemen as those?

Then, brethren, seeing that this work is of such great and incalculable importance, and so essential to our future welfare, let us at all hazards unite in keeping it afloat on its errand of goodness and mercy until it overshadows the remotest corner of the earth. Let us take a little more time and work a little harder to hunt up the people and in prevailing upon them to lend a helping hand in this great and good work, the benefits of which will be reaped by the rising generation.

No minister of our Church who desires to see this great and promising work go on—who has the welfare of his people at heart, ought to be satisfied until he has called upon his people personally, and used every means in his power to aid in it, by obtaining subscribers for the Recorder. Labour, my brethren, for the ten thousand subscribers. It can be done. In short, imitate Mr Watts.

GONE TO HIS REST.

Brother Thomas Todd, one of the oldest members of Bethel Church, departed this life, in the full hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, on Friday, the 16th instant, at his late residence in Melon Street, above Race, in this city.

Brother Todd was born in the State of Delaware and formerly belonged to a man by the name of Nathan McGill. He professed a hope in Christ the Lord, and joined what is known by the name of the Union Church. He very soon acquired a knowledge of the prevailing characteristics and genuine Christian principles of the A. M. E. Church, and was admitted into her ranks. He afterwards removed into Pennsylvania. Settling himself down in Philadelphia, he connected himself with the A. M. E. Church, and has continued a faithful and constant member for a period of forty years—his zeal ending only with his life. He had been an efficient and trustworthy class-leader in Bethel Church for upwards of thirty years, and was beloved by all his associates. He was a man of high principles, possessing a pure and unblemished character, and was generally beloved and respected by all who knew him.

At the time of his death, Brother Todd was about ninety years of age. He leaves a wife and several sons, together with a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn his loss. Leading the unswerving life of a true Christian, he entered the dark valley without one single fear, leaning on a staff that never can be broken. He had lived to conquer death, and has departed from the scenes of his labors on earth to receive a rich reward in the bright and happy Kingdom of his Father in Heaven. Like a ripe sheaf of golden grain bending to the sickle of the reaper, the confiding spirit has been garnered home to a mansion above.

His remains were conveyed to and deposited in the Olive Cemetery on last Tuesday, the 20th instant, from his late residence—and we were glad to see the respect which the citizens, both old and young, paid him by their presence on the solemn occasion. May they all imitate the example given by his life, and meet him in that land where parting is unknown.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN AMERICA.

BY HORACE GREELEY

We have just received the first volume of the above named work—written by that illustrious defender of an oppressed people, Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, and published by O. D. Casey & Co., Hartford; and George & C. W. Sherwood & Co, Chicago. It is a neat, plain, and well-bound work, containing 648 octavo pages, and giving a full and authentic history of the war down to 1861. The concluding pages of the book give an account of the conduct of General McClellan, and allude most forcibly to his prohibition of the 'Hutchinson Family" singing in the camps to the Union soldiers. The sketches drawn by Mr. Greeley of American History, from 1776 to 1862, will be read with much interest by all who are fortunate enough to secure a copy of the work. He most ably discusses the national toleration of slavery, and clearly traces up that wicked Institution as the true cause of secession.

The illustrations of the book are of a very superior character. We find some twenty elegant wood engravings, representing memorable places, maps, conflicts, and the various plans of battles. Finely cut on steel we also have portraits of the President and Cabinet, and of eminent opponents of the slave power, of slave oligarchy, and of noted Union Generals and naval officers. There are seventy portraits in all, forming in themselves a splendid gallery.

We take great pleasure in recommending this valuable and beautifully gotten-up book to the attention of our readers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOMBARD ST.

The Sabbath School connected with this church (of which Rev. Mr Reeves is pastor) gave a grand concert on last Wednesday evening, through their teacher, the renowned Professor A. Burris.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many failed to secure a seat. The young misses and gentlemen acquitted themselves most handsomely, and the whole affair was creditable to Professor Burris and the little folks. Mr Burris certainly deserves much praise. After the exercises were concluded, the ladies having prepared refreshments in the basement of the church, the assembly repaired thither to partake of the good things in waiting.

CLUBS! CLUBS!

The present terms of the *Christian Recorder* is $2.50 a year if paid in advance, or $3 if not paid in advance, and any one who will get up a Club of Ten subscribers, shall have the paper at the rate of $2.25, provided the cash is forwarded with the names. We must have the ten thousand cash subscribers by the 10th of January 1865.

MRS. HAWKINS' DRY GOODS STORE.

The attention of our readers residing in Philadelphia and the immediate vicinity is respectfully called to the Dry Goods and Trimming Store of Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins, situated at No. 615 Lombard Street.

Mrs. Hawkins has just returned from a visit to Cape May, where she spent the summer season in supplying the visitors with dry goods, little notions, &c.

She has purchased a most desirable and beautiful stock of Fall and Winter Goods adapted to every taste and fancy, which will be sold on the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She truly deserves a large share of the public patronage.

Her new Merinoes and Flannels will be found all that the most fastidious could wish for. Her stock of Alpacas is full. She has our cordial approbation and hearty wishes for her continued success in business. Our friends would do well to give her a call.

NOTICE

We call the special attention of our readers to Mrs Hawkins' hour of opening and closing her store the full particulars of which may be found in another column.

THANKS

To the Colored Citizen, of Cincinnati.

We desire to return our most cordial thanks to our distinguished cotemporary, "The Colored Citizen," for the flattering notice which it has been pleased to bestow upon us, in referring to our late visit to Cincinnati—once the Queen City of the West. Happy are we to receive such marked tokens of approbation from such worthy gentlemen as the editors of that excellent paper. Long may the editors of the "Colored Citizen" be spared in their broad field of usefulness—and long live the people who support it so nobly. We hope that our people will continue to rally to the support of the "Citizen" by inscribing their names on its subscription-roll. The editors are true gentlemen, and well worthy of a liberal patronage.

ENLISTMENTS.

We learn from the *Colored Citizen*, of Cincinnati, that the young men there have been enlisting in the navy very briskly of late. We are also happy to learn from the same paper that the ladies of Cincinnati are not asleep, but ever on the alert. They are holding Sanitary Fairs and such things in aid of our heroic soldiers. This is as it should be. But while we say this, our Philadelphia ladies, who are not a whit behind those of any city, must not think that we are slighting them, for they have always been ready at the call of duty.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE

Our Necessities—Social Relations—Our Poverty—Our Genius must be Quickened—The Disadvantages under which we have Labored—National Convention on the 4th of October, in Syracuse, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR.—The political changes which are taking place—the fearful struggles which are going on between the two great parties in this Republic—the Democratic determined to foist itself into power by any and every means, fair and foul—the Republicans, no less energetic in maintaining their power in government—the mighty and desperate efforts of the rebel despotism to keep heart amid defeat—the various measures adopted by nations for self-preservation and aggrandizement, should indicate to the colored citizens of this Republic the proper course to pursue—a sure line of policy to be adopted for their own well being now, and the security of unimpaired liberty to themselves and their children in the future.

History does not record such an anomaly in national affairs, as a people numbering five millions, in the midst of a great revolution—a revolution bearing immediately on their disenthralment and redemption—where there seemed to be so much apathy, disconnection, unharmoniousness and incoherence, as is manifested by the colored people of this country. There is little of that cohesion which is an element of strength and power to all other nationalities forming a part of this great Republic. The reason may be found in the fact, that we have had none of that early national training which other people, descendants of other branches of the human race, have enjoyed in the affairs of government and political economy. Every other class of persons coming to this land, come from countries where civilization, jurisprudence, science, arts, philosophy, agriculture, mechanism, literature and government, are of long standing; coming here, they bring with them the means of wealth and power. The genius of this government, its institutions, laws, rich and fertile soil, the vast rivers and lakes, the great mineral and cereal wealth, all quicken these energies, which have been nursed in Europe; hence the rapid advancement.

The condition of the African race has been entirely different; their advent here was in the hold of slavers, in chains and abject bondage—stolen from all the endearments of their fatherland—compelled to labor for others' benefit—no hope of redemption ever loomed up before them of freedom. They had no families, no homes, no lands they could call their own, no children whose fortune was a matter of careful consideration to parental affection; if they learned a trade, it was for another's benefit; they had no social relations, no politics, no inspirations in commercial, scientific or philosophic investigation. This has been the condition in which our race has travelled for two hundred and forty-five years, with the impressions which civilization, refinement, and the contact of freedom and liberty have exerted to change this state of things, to the present crisis.

But with the accumulating light and knowledge which we now possess, and are still acquiring, there is no reason why we should not seek to understand these relationships. We need to be educated out of the condition of bondmen, servants and dependents, and assume for ourselves a higher and more advanced position in the body politic—a more prominent place in the commercial, agricultural, mechanical, and literary arena. Our normal condition has been that of dependents. The directing force has been through the Saxon brain—they have done all the thinking and planning, while we, so far as we have been concerned, have done the hard work, and have received merely enough to meet the wants of animal nature—we have served while they have done the thinking and planning, made the money, got rich, and rolled in wealth and honor, and enjoyed all the refinement of civilization. No complaint is made because they thus enjoyed these blessings; the more of them the better for us, and for all poor people, but what is wanting is, to arrest the attention of our people and direct them in the same channels, that they may enjoy the same blessings of refinement and prosperity, that the same things which administer to the pleasure and development of other races of men may be made to aggrandize the African race in this country.

Men have looked upon us from various stand-points. The slaveholders have treated us as an inferior race who were born to serve and administer to their comfort without compensation. The northern people have treated us but little better than their southern Brethren, and, in fact, considering the different social, political and governmental relations, the north has been our greatest oppressor. They have passed [illegible] colored laws against us which the genius of their institutions forbade which humanity would condemn. The philanthropists regard us as a class much abused and wronged by the prejudices of the other dominant class; hence, we are subjects of their benevolence. From them we have received much, and are thankful. To all these classes we must give unmistakable evidence that, if allowed half the chances which they accord to others, we will exhibit capacities for improvement equal, if not superior, to those considered better than we, considering the circumstances. We ask them to take away every barrier, every enactment of disability; all their mean contemptible prejudice against COLOR; take away their restrictions at the doors of their academies, seminaries and commercial colleges; open the work-shops; admit us to the ship yards, machine and cotton factories; give us the same chances that white men have; enforce law on us just like other people, if we murder, try us by a jury of our peers, hang or imprison us just as other people are, and we ask no more—all we ask of this nation is, to do us JUSTICE. We will not be the petitioners for their sympathy any longer, but will stand or fall on our own merits.

Let the coming assembly of colored men, who meet in National Convention, in Syracuse, ponder well, and set forth the claims of their race before the nation and the whole world; let them enforce the claims of the colored man, in this country, to every right which others enjoy in the land; let them speak as they never have spoken before, and as the nations of Europe will expect, and look that they should give utterance to in so momentous a crisis as the present; let no interest be passed by which will tend to honor us in this and every country in Christendom. Yours,

JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE

Union of the A. M. E. Church and A. M. E. Zion Church in America

MR. EDITOR:—Duty compels your humble correspondent to ask for a short space in your valuable paper, to submit to the consideration of its numerous readers a few thoughts on the subject of union between these two great religious bodies. I, indeed, have felt, and do still feel delicate in attempting to grapple with the public mind on a subject so grave, so solemn, so weighty as this. I feel it to be worthy the notice of one whose thoughts have more fully matured, and who has skill in guiding his pen with precision. But apology will not do the work which duty assigns me.

Should this article come under the observation of one who is not acquainted with the fact, that these two Churches or religious denominations exist, and who does not know their history, it will strike him with wonder and surprise to learn that the following is the case: There are two separate and distinct bodies of colored Methodists, whose doctrines and mode of religious worship are the same, both claiming to be Episcopal, existing in the same cities, in the same towns or villages, and whose members breathe the same atmosphere. These bodies or denominations also have churches, that are located so near each other, that, in the summer season, when windows are raised for ventilation, the minister of the one may preach to his own congregation, and at the same time be heard, almost distinctly, by the congregation of the other. It is no exaggeration for the writer to say, that he has learned by experience, that there are at least four such churches existing. I have sat in the pulpit of Bethel Church, Sixth Street, Philadelphia, and plainly heard a minister preaching or exhorting in Wesley Church, Lombard Street. Again, I have sat in Zion Church, Centre Street, Boston, and heard the minister in Bethel Church.

The astonished stranger may well inquire: "Why is this? How is it, that Christians, who believe the same doctrines, perform the same mode of worship, and are subject to nearly the same form of church government, come so near each other in body, and yet not be one in spirit?" I answer: There was a period in the history of the Christian Church when unity of spirit prevailed—when the Christian converts were of one heart and mind. "And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers. And all that believed were together, and had all things common. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people." (Acts ii. 42, 44, 46, 47.)

But, alas! the prowling wolf of discord found his way into the peaceful fold. "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." And the consequence was, and now is, that contentions and divisions prevail, and the Church of Christ is rent in pieces. Not only is Satan to be blamed for this, but the sin of dividing the Church is chargeable upon aspirants for ecclesiastical power and office-seekers.

I trust, however, that, in this, the nineteenth century, a brighter day will dawn upon the Church, and a better spirit prevail among the leaders and members. I think there never was a period in the history of the Colored Methodist Church, when she more needed the full tide of her strength to run in one channel than she does at this time. In the dark day of our country's peril, when the ship of state is being tossed and driven by the furious elements of strife and discord, it is necessary that the Church should exert her strength to save our brethren from conflicting and devouring elements. How important, then, is the union of those two great religious powers—the A. M. E. Church and the A. M. E. Zion Church—if such a union can be effected as will give to their members a lasting peace!

It will be remembered, that, while I desire to be a strong advocate for union, yet I am a conditional unionist—a true Republican, both in church and state. My policy is, *the union as it should be*, and I regard this as the only true policy, both to make peace and preserve the union. I can never plead the propriety of sacrificing a sense of right and compromising with evil, for this would not give us a lasting peace. It would be as a man having a dangerous wound, which is too suddenly healed over by a scab. The first cold it receives is sure to break the incrustation, and the last sore is worse than the first, and, more than this, he is in danger of losing the limb or his life. But, if he would have the limb preserved and his life saved, let him be careful to keep out the proud flesh and corruption, and let the vacuum be filled up with new flesh. So, if you would effect a lasting union in church or state, keep out the proud flesh—that is, sacrifice no sense of right to compromise with evil. We therefore, inscribe on our banner "*The Union forever. The Union as it should be.*"

Many who read this article are aware, that, in the month of July last, a Convention was held in the A. M. E. Zion Church, composed of fifty delegates, an equal number from each of the above-named Churches, for the purpose of effecting a union platform. The work of the Convention was accomplished; but I have not heard nor seen so much spoken or written, since the adjournment of that intelligent body, as I desired. I think the ministers of both Churches ought to be engaged in preparing the minds of the people for the great and glorious event. Perhaps, however, our brethren are waiting to hear from the Convention, and to see the basis of operation. If so, I would hereby give notice, that the circulars containing the platform or articles of agreement are now printed by the Committee appointed for that purpose, namely: Revs. J. H. Trusty, H. Davis, S. T. Jones, and A. L. Stanford. This Committee and their agents have the only genuine circulars that are printed. Those which were being circulated a few weeks ago, by Rev. William H. Jones, were not genuine. The Convention gave him no authority to publish their transactions; it was merely one of his money making tricks.

☞ Union Circulars may be obtained at the Book Store, No. 619 Pine Street, from the Editor and General Book Steward, at five cents each; or of A. L. Stanford, District Book Steward for the Philadelphia District, at his residence, No. 931 Lithgow Street, Philadelphia. Brethren sending for any number exceeding fifty, can have them at the rate of four dollars per hundred, they also bearing the expense of mailing. Please address the District Book Steward, either at his residence or the Book-store.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BY CHAPLAIN TURNER

Headquarters 1st U. S. C. T.,
Harrison's Landing, Va.,
Sept. 18, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Harrison's Landing has been the theatre of wonderful transitions. Many are the relics yet extant, which give evidence to this fact.

The neighboring houses, though rid of all their furniture, bear an internal splendor of unexceptionable interest. Some of them are said to be two hundred years old, and were built of brick transported from England in the days of William IV, if my recollection of history be not at fault. Some of them also bear marks of architectural grandeur, which, though now considered ancient, will vie strongly in skilful genius with the most refined style of modern date.

The Goddess of Opulence seems to have lavished her most profuse blessings upon the heads of the old slave-holding inhabitants of this place, until she was succeeded by the present god of the Democrats (General George B. McClellan,) whose army, in 1862, greatly defaced its natural beauty and artificial attractions. But this great god of Democratic economy and frugal thriftiness, endeavored, on his departure, to make due reparation for all the inadvertent defacements wrought by his comrades. To do so properly, he left Government property to the supposed amount of $2,000,000, vast quantities of which were carried off by the rebel army, and the rest gathered by the neighboring inhabitants.

But, as I may refer to this subject again, we pass to notice a recent visit made to Dutch Gap. Having a detachment from my regiment up there, I left this place, a few days ago, to visit them, and, very singularly, just before I arrived at that place, the rebels, who are almost incessantly shelling the working party, ceased firing, which rendered the opportunity exceedingly favorable to inspect things in general.

The river, at this point, takes a bend southward, which continues four miles, then, curving around a high mound of earth, runs in the previous direction as it did before it takes the first bend, thus forming a peninsula, the neck of which is not more than a hundred yards wide. Across this neck General Butler is trying to cut a canal, sufficient to admit gunboats and monitors.

This canal has been in process of excavation for nearly seven weeks, and, taken from the water-line, is about eight-tenths complete. But there yet remains a depth of eighteen or twenty feet below the water-line to be excavated. That portion is, I learn, to be cut by mud-machines. Some time will yet be required to complete the work.

The workmen are constantly harassed by the explosion of rebel shells in their midst, which sometimes occasions fearful destruction among them. But a calmer and more jovial set of men cannot be found. Laughing, talking, singing, praying, clapping hands and dancing go on as though no foul foe were within a hundred miles. Five rebel batteries are visible on the right. Our pickets and the rebels' are within talking distance.

I neglected to say, that the entire working party is composed of colored men. The rebels call them black Yankees, and they call the rebels gray-backs, rebs. Papers as well as words are exchanged.

Gunboats and monitors lie around the working party, looking as though they were charged with fearful vengeance. After remaining there twenty-four hours, I left for Deep Bottom, but had not more than got out of the place, when I heard the whiz of a shell, and, looking behind me, saw the earth being terribly ploughed up by the dreadful explosion of a monster shell. Then commenced an awful duel between our forces and the rebels.

Arriving at Deep Bottom in the afternoon, the night was very agreeably spent with Chaplain Stevens and Thos Chester, the very efficient colored correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*. I took a survey of the works, after visiting another detachment of my soldiers. I was informed that several colored soldiers of the Thirty-sixth United States Colored Troops had deserted from that post, only a few moments previous to my arrival, and had gone over to the rebels. Another soldier of the same regiment, in attempting to do the same thing, was caught and placed in custody. He was awaiting his doom, which, I presume, will be death. I can neither hear nor imagine the reason why these men desert to the rebels. Perhaps it is a mere wife-love, some of them having wives South, to whom they feel much endeared, and not knowing any thing concerning their condition, it seems to prey upon their minds, until all fear, dread and manhood is lost. And thus they desert.

But the Government is determined to shoot them as fast as detected in the attempt. This leads me to speak of three soldiers, with whom I conversed freely. They were laboring under much mental anguish on account of receiving intelligence that their wives at home had married or taken up with other men—the wives of two of them had remarried and the third had absconded. My advice in the premises was asked, and I know of no answer which suited my feeling of indignation more than this, which I freely gave "*Let them go to the devil!*"

Any cowardly civilian, who would take advantage of a brave soldier's wife, on account of her poverty, owing to her husband receiving only seven dollars per month and the failure of the Government to pay him regularly, ought to have his rotten tongue pulled out by the roots, his throat cut, his heart burned, and his infamous carcass devoured by snakes.

I am very happy to inform you, that there is quite a religious element in our regiment. Last Sabbath we had church three times, and nearly every night in the week we either have preaching or prayer meeting. We have partially organized a church, and our membership is rapidly increasing. I am often reminded of old Methodist churches when I hear the loud and hearty "Amens" coming up from scores of voices.

I have licensed one preacher in my regiment, who is proving himself very useful. Besides, I have another very efficient local preacher, from Washington City, who was formerly a member of my charge in that city. I have reference to Rev. John Holmes. His usefulness is incalculable. Some of my brave soldiers wish baptism by immersion. Their wish shall be granted, God being my helper. I wish I could baptize the whole regiment, Colonel and all.

Having just received a letter from my wife, informing me of the death of one of my children, I will now close.

Very truly, H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP CAMPBELL IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL

MR. EDITOR:—You will please allow me to intrude upon your columns for a short space.

On last Sunday afternoon we had quite an interesting and unexpected visit from our venerable, distinguished and honorable Bishop Campbell. After our exercises had got fairly under way, we were taken very much by surprise, and very agreeably so, too, by the entrance of our Bishop, who is a giant in intellect, in company with our much-esteemed ex-superintendent, I. C. Wears, who is no less a little giant. Such a rich treat is worthy of mention.

The Bishop, after being introduced to the school, was received in due form by the children, who all rose to their feet. He gave them a reminiscence of his recent travels in the South and West, and then, in his usual masterly style, delivered a short but very interesting address, during which he elucidated some very interesting incidents of his early childhood: that, when he was a scholar in the first Sabbath-school that was established in Bethel Church, Sixth Street, above Lombard, he committed to memory so many chapters of the Bible, and had retained them to this day.

We are aware that the Bishop has an excellent memory, and have often envied that gift. He also told the children who started the first Sabbath school in early days, with many other interesting things; after which, he took his seat.

We were constrained to say, after the Bishop had concluded his highly entertaining remarks, as we said before, on a certain occasion: "Did not our hearts burn within us?"

A white gentleman, by the name of Tyler, who has been connected with Sabbath-schools in the M. E. Church for the last twenty years, was next introduced. He gave us great encouragement.

Our ex-superintendent then closed the exercises of the afternoon by singing that beautiful hymn commencing, "I love thy Zion, Lord."

Thus passed an afternoon in the A. M. E. Union Church Sabbath-school, which is flourishing nicely. The Bishop is *en route* for California. We hope to have many more such distinguished visits.

Yours, in Christ, A. B.
Philadelphia, Sept 19, 1864

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I adopt this means of inquiring, through the columns of the *Christian Recorder*, in order to ascertain officially the proper place to send material aid for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers.

Our people having charge of such localities will please communicate the information necessary through the columns of this paper, or by letter. Please also state the kind of aid most desired, and the cheapest and most direct route for forwarding. SAMUEL WATTS,
Brown Chapel charge, A. M. E. Church.
Allegheny City, Sept. 16, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

BRO. WEAVER:—Your absence from the city has been very much felt, and we welcome you home again. The interest you have always manifested in public matters, and, more especially, in regard to the soldiers, prompts me to give you a sketch of the progress of the noble work inaugurated by the Ladies' Union Association, of which Miss A. Mills is President, in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers at the Summit House and Satterlee Hospitals.

Fruits, dainties, and tobacco have been distributed among them twice a week to this date (including the report in your paper of the 3d inst.) They have received about 800 melons, 25 baskets of peaches, 25 baskets of citrons, apples, pies, jellies, and 50 pounds of tobacco (chewing and smoking) together with clay pipes, through the instrumentality of the above Association, the Statistical Society, the Seventh St. Presbyterian Church, Bethel, and the individual exertions of several ladies and gentlemen: Dr. C. H. Lewber, J. C. White, Dr. Wilson, Mrs Tingle, Mrs Sebastian, and Mrs Stokely. The Sabbath school of the Seventh Street Church, upon hearing of the condition of the soldiers, unanimously dispensed with their annual festivities, and appropriated the whole sum (nearly fifty dollars) to their benefit.

The Ladies' Union acknowledge the following donations:

R. H. Turner..........	$3 00
Thos. H. Jordan..........	5 00
Cash..........	50

And about 25 pounds of tobacco, through Chas. Gordon.

The work still goes on. Bethel contemplates a visit this week. The ladies go out to-day, with fifty pies, the donation of Mrs Cliff.

FRIEND.
September 21, 1864.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM TRENTON, N. J.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: While perusing the columns of your excellent paper, I am rejoiced by the fact, that, while the scourge of war is raging throughout our land and appearing to break down every thing before it, God continues to bless and prosper the churches. At Trenton here, they are in a hopeful condition. Our meetings are very well attended, and there is quite a religious feeling amongst us. We have very recently held two "Harvest Homes" on our charge—one at Trenton, and the other at Pennington. From the one held at Pennington, we realized, clear of all expenses $145 53, and from the other, held at Trenton, our net profits amounted to $58. Our Quarterly Meeting will be held at Trenton on the first Sunday in October. We have lost one of our old members, Bro John Truax, who died on the fourth of September. He was a lover of the church, a true friend, and a devoted Christian.

THOS H COOPER Minister.

Trenton N J Sept 19th, 1864.

Girls should learn to Keep House.

"No young lady can be too well instructed in any thing which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she were obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought that it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

"Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist their parents every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so.

"Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake, and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is a great advantage to them.

"I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, and salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her her little housekeeper, and often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical the jingling is to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

"Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education.

"Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing."

Thus far from Anna Hope; and who Anna Hope is we know not; but one thing we are sure of, she is not wise above what is written. Solomon speaks the praise and properties of a good wife, in Proverbs, xxxi. Girls, will you read it? Begin at verse 10.

Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and neatness of the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. The charm of good housekeeping is in the order, economy, and taste displayed in attention to little things; and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.—*Presbyterian.*

A Story with a Lesson.

An elderly lady, who lived in one of the small streets of the Faubourg St. Jacques, sent to Brittany for a young girl to wait upon her. She was far from being rich; an income of 2,000 francs (about £80) was her whole revenue; and she had to exercise no little economy to make this small sum last her the whole year through. The young girl, sent by a relative in Brittany, was named Perine, and she came with an excellent character. The old lady was every day more pleased with Perine, for every day showed the young girl to be economical, tidy, careful and most industrious. Twelve months passed away without so much as an unkind word being said between them. One morning the old lady returned home in a state of great agitation, and said to Perine, "You must leave this house. Look out for a place this very day."

"Do you send me away, madam?" exclaimed Perine, bursting in a flood of tears.

"No, I do not dismiss you," replied the old lady, mingling her tears with those Perine shed so fast, "I do not dismiss you, but I can keep you no longer for I am ruined."

The old lady had heard a few minutes before that her little capital had been lost by the bankruptcy of one of her kinsmen, to whose hands she had confided it.

"If that's all, madam," said Perine, "that's no reason why I should leave you, at your age you require somebody to serve you."

"But, my poor girl," exclaimed the old lady, deeply touched, "you do not understand what it is to be ruined. I can neither pay you nor feed you."

"If that's the case, madam, I shall not ask you to feed or to pay me; but, as you have been a mother to me, I will treat you now as a daughter should treat her mother. I will work for you and for me."

The old lady protested against Perine's doing any such thing—but in vain. Perine obtained a situation in the neighborhood as a maid of all-work, but she retained the right to give one hour every day to the old lady's service, when she would make the latter's bed, sweep out the room, and cook the breakfast; and every night she slept in the old lady's chamber. She would every day bring the latter some fruit or fowl; in short, she acted towards the decayed gentlewoman as if the latter had been, indeed, her mother.

This patient self-suffering lasted two years without an hour's intermission, when a brother of the old lady's died—a brother she had quarreled with years ago, and had lost sight, if not remembrance of, for many a month. He died a wealthy bachelor, leaving his whole estate to his sister. As soon as the old lady came into possession of her property, she adopted Perine for her daughter and heiress, and placed her in one of the best boarding schools of Paris, that she might receive an education suited to her position and marry as well as the heiress of [illegible] thousand francs a year might hope to do.

Taking a Pear.

A little girl with some other went to a shop the other day. A basket of [illegible] stood near by the counter. They were nice yellow pears and very tempting. The little girl took one and put it in her pocket. "Such a little pear would not be missed," she thought. Perhaps not; but did that make it right for her to take it without leave? Oh, no! [illegible] She went out of the shop with the pear in her pocket, but found no rest for her heart. The still voice within whispered, "Wrong, wrong, wrong." She would not eat the pear, and yet there it was. In about half an hour she went back to the shop, and laying it on the counter said to the shopkeeper, "I took this pear; it is your pear; I fetched it back to you." Her lips quivered as she spoke, and before the man could answer she was gone. How glad she was. Now she could hop, skip and jump all the way home.

Little children are liable to do wrong things sometimes, without thinking. God knew this, and put a "still small voice" in their souls to remind them of what is sinful. This voice is conscience—a very true and honest friend, under the teaching of the Spirit. Obey it, and you will be happy. Disobey it, and oh! I cannot tell how very, very far you might go in the paths of wickedness and sorrow.

LABOR AND MEDITATION.—He who in his studies wholly applies himself to labor and exercise, and neglects meditation, loses his time; and he who only applies himself to meditation, and neglects experimental exercise, does only wander and lose himself. The first can never know any thing exactly; his knowledge will always be intermixed with doubts and obscurities; and the last will only pursue shadows, his knowledge will never be certain and solid. Labor, but slight not meditation. Meditate, but slight not labor. —*Confucius.*

BRILLIANT EXAMINATIONS

The feats of some European scholars in examination for the higher degrees have often appeared very extraordinary to simple-minded Americans, who were ignorant of the *modus operandi* of the occasion. Pres. Fairfield, in a letter from Germany, throws some light behind the scenes, which may lessen the wonder:

I may illustrate by a single case, stated to me by an eminent graduate of the University of Berlin. This was in the case of one who appeared for the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws (D C L) The applicant in such cases is required to write a Latin thesis, and be prepared to defend it in Latin against all opposers. This is the external of the thing; and it looks like a pretty formidable matter to be required to argue against all who may come, and that, too, in Latin—their objections, also, being presented in the same foreign tongue! But an inside view makes it quite different. The applicant presents his Latin thesis, he may have been months in preparing it. This is then examined by three persons who are appointed to oppose. They write out their argument in Latin; a copy of it is furnished to the applicant, and when he thinks himself ready, having written out with great labor his several replies, the grand pageant comes off. The would-be-Doctor presents his thesis; each of his opponents in turn attacks him, and he replies to each promptly and felicitously; the gaping multitude declare that it is wondrous learning that can enable a man thus off hand to talk such Ciceronian Latin, and with as much ease as even Cicero himself. He is crowned victor, and declared worthy to be a doctor! But in the case to which I refer, one of the professors of the university prepared himself to oppose, and did so in an elaborately prepared Latin speech, of which the candidate for university honors had had no copy, and, indeed, no intimation, perhaps, beforehand. What was the result? Why, of course, that he did not half understand any of the objections which the professor argued, and when he attempted to reply in Latin—"*vox hæsit faucibus*"—his voice stuck to his jaws most tenaciously, and he who was just now so fluent and so flushed with victory was quite discomfited. The professor worried him for a little while, and then let him pass to his degree This story is told as a practical joke of the professor, illustrating the fact that no one is expected to talk extempore Latin; and only one in a hundred thousand of the literati does it skillfully. In this case the professor exhibited a little personal opposition he felt necessary to the conferring of the degree upon the individual applying. But the fact that the applicant could not talk Latin off hand, nor even understand it when another talked it, was not regarded as a fatal objection to his receiving the proposed honor.

Our Country.

Deserters. Seventy-eight rebel deserters arrived at Washington from City Point by the steamer Vanderbilt. They represent Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia regiments. They say that since General Grant's order great vigilance is exercised by rebel officers to prevent desertions. Many deserters have been shot while endeavoring to make their way to our lines. Fifteen of these deserters belonged to the 11th Florida regiment, which entered the Confederate service eleven hundred strong, and which has now less than one hundred men.

These deserters say the rebel army is being rapidly filled up with conscripts, and large droves of old men and boys are being brought into their camps nearly every day. Many of them will not fight, which fact is known to the officers who keep them strictly guarded. There were four brothers among the number brought here this morning. They belonged to a Virginia regiment, and all four of them deserted at the same time. All of these deserters took the oath at City Point before being brought to this city, and Col Ingraham this morning furnished the majority of them with transportation north.

There is nothing specially new before Petersburg, but it is believed that the present quiet will not be of long duration.

Hereafter rations will not be sold to citizens residing within the lines of the armies operating against Richmond unless such persons take the oath of allegiance. Gratuitous issues of provisions will not be made to citizens except on certificates that they are destitute, and have no means of purchasing. Citizens who are inimical to the Government, or refuse to take the oath of allegiance, will be sent out of the enemy's lines. Those citizens who take the oath of allegiance will be sent to the Northern States if they desire to go there.

Their Armies Need Men. The Richmond papers are now asking for the immediate impressment into the ranks of all detailed and exempt men no matter for what cause even those detailed for agricultural purposes and especially those connected with the Governments of the various States. They expect our armies to make between this and November, a more desperate effort than ever to destroy the rebellion and they possibly are right in that expectation. Hood is to be reinforced, and he needs it. Out of 7[illegible]000 men, including the Georgia militia, he lost 13,000 in the Atlanta campaign. Out of 120,000 in Sherman's army he lost 30,000 in that campaign. Sherman's army now largely outnumbers Hood, and it is being reinforced rapidly to be put up to its original number. The Richmond papers talk of the recapture of Atlanta and the destruction of Sherman's army, but the people in Atlanta do not expect that Sherman will ever release his hold on it while the rebellion lasts. He is taking the most certain way of keeping possession, making Atlanta exclusively a military city, no civilians being allowed to remain. All the defences are being [illegible] for a permanent stay. Lee is in want of men also. They know at Richmond that Grant is being largely reinforced and that he is gradually extending [illegible] towards the Danville Railroad, and it gives them their fears. All parts of the Confederacy will therefore be asked to find recruits, but the old men and boys who may be obtained, will scarcely be converted into good soldiers by November. Grant and Sherman believe that [illegible] [illegible] the rebellion and then a heavy blow now will [illegible] [illegible]

Richmond.

[illegible] AMONG THE [illegible] PRISONERS AT ANDERSONVILLE

[From the Augusta Constitutionalist.]

We learn that the statement of three hundred Yankees having died one warm day last month which has been going the rounds of the press is incorrect. The greatest mortality in any one day has never exceeded one hundred and twenty seven, and though in comparison with the statement referred to this may seem a slight loss a few words will show that it is in reality almost appalling. There are now at Andersonville something over thirty thousand prisoners, and at the rate of one hundred and twenty seven per day the deaths would amount to one in every two hundred and thirty [illegible]. Did the same ratio of deaths prevail in New York, computing the population of that city at eight hundred thousand, the deaths there would amount up to three thousand three hundred and thirty six per day, more than six times the usual number. The greatest mortality among our prisoners in the north occurred at Alton, Ill., where out of ninety seven thousand the loss was in one seven per day or one in every one hundred and eleven.

Emigration Westward. —The Pittsburg Gazette says that the number of emigrants who arrive there daily over the Central Road is unusually large. Every train that arrives is filled with emigrants, chiefly Germans who are bound for the "Far West."

TUESDAY —Cortinas the loyal Mexican General, has crossed the Rio Grande, driven the rebels out of Brownsville, declared himself an American, and hoisted the stars and stripes.

The Army of the Potomac is in active preparation for great movements. Rumors entitled to more than ordinary notice, are afloat, of Lee's probable change of base, and abandonment of Virginia.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN —Allusion has been made to the late Mr. Thackeray's large brain. A medical friend favors us with a note on the subject. "The average weight of the human brain," he says, "is 49 ounces in the male and 44 ounces in the female. In most instances, however, when the individual has been distinguished by great mental powers, it has been known to rise much above the numbers given. The brain of Cuvier weighed 64 ounces. Dr. Alexander Crombie's 61 ounces, Lord Byron's 63 ounces, and Mr. Thackeray's 58½ ounces. In contradistinction to these may be placed the brain of an idiot given by Dr. Todd, weighing 16½ ounces, and the still more remarkable one described last year by Dr. Gore, barely reaching 10 ounces 5 grains. Among these unfortunate individuals, it is true large heads are often met with, but in such cases the fine filaments and delicate chambers of the brain have been injured by disease and they are thus from many of its parts failing to act, or not acting in harmony, converted into beings who live a mere vegetative existence, are guided by dangerous impulses, but still more frequently by the gentler instincts." —*Inverness Courier.*

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN —There is an excess of females over males in five States in the Union. Connecticut has 8,000, Massachusetts 37,000, New Hampshire 7,000, New York 11,000, Rhode Island 5,000. In Pennsylvania the number is nearly equal.

PETROLEUM —The whole number of petroleum refineries at Pittsburg is fifty-eight, with a total capacity per week of twenty-six thousand barrels. Value of real estate, buildings and machinery, $2,534,000. Value of oils refined, $3,599,223. Wages paid per annum, $350,000.

PROGRESS.—London is now connected with Sidon and with Jerusalem by telegraph! How strange to see the old Bible Lands invaded by modern inventions and improvements. In another year our shores may be within one day's communication with the Holy Land. A telegram despatched from Jerusalem at noon may reach us before noon of the same day.—*London Paper.*

THE largest silver block ever moulded in Nevada Territory, was on exhibition at Virginia City a few days since. It weighed two hundred pounds, was worth $4,232,03, and was designed as a present to the Sanitary Commission. It was moulded in the shape of a writing desk.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON —Few persons, we think, are aware of the enormous circulation of the four papers of the American Tract Society of this city (Boston) The aggregate amounts monthly to over 375,000 copies! Of the *Tract Journal*, there are printed about 60,000 copies, the *Child at Home*, 170,000, the *Freedman*, 50,000, *Banner*, often as many as 100,000, varying according to the position of the army. The papers are all edited by, or under the direction of Secretary Warren, and a large number of able writers furnish contributions, for which they are well paid —*Congregationalist.*

GOOD PAPER FROM MAIZE —The celebrated paper manufactory of Schlegemuhl, at Vienna, has succeeded, it is said after many attempts, in producing excellent paper from maize leaves. Paper has often been made from this substance, but on no previous occasion of so good a quality. It is stated also to be very moderate in price.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON —A singular phenomenon occurred recently on the line of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, near Wooster, Ohio. All at once the embankment and track disappeared in the most mysterious manner. Upon examination it was found that about a hundred feet of the road had sunk, and was continuing to sink, while, into the cavity formed, black mud and heavy streams of water gushed from below. With the water there was thrown up a number of eyeless fish, still living. The "sink" is one of great depth, and considerable difficulty will be experienced in filling it.

CENTURY OF GREAT BRITAIN —In a report made to the British Government by Murchison, the Geologist, it appears that Great Britain yields yearly nearly eight million tons of iron ore, and the coal product amounts annually to about eighty three and a half million tons, the estimated value ranging from eighteen to twenty-one millions sterling.

SHEEP —The number of sheep in Ohio is 300,000, and this year's wool will be 19,000,000 pounds, worth $14,000,000. Throughout the West the farmers are taking the money they get for their wool and investing it in more sheep, as wool growing is very profitable just now.

CALIFORNIA COTTON —Companies of Californians are engaged in growing cotton in Sinaloa and Sonora Mexico, and with most encouraging success. Three thousand acres have been planted north of the Fuerte river and sixteen hundred acres to the north of Mazatlan. It is estimated that the yield will be about five hundred pounds to the acre. Two cotton mills are already in operation.

THE sculptor Pettrich has reproduced his "Dying Tecumseh" in marble, and the work is now in the Capitol at Washington. It has been secured by one of our western cities, as a permanent memorial of the red men who are so fast passing away, and whose degenerate and demoralized descendants are now disgracing the dignified race of American aborigines by their atrocities in Minnesota.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—Recent advices from England state that the ocean cable is being rapidly manufactured, and as fast as made is coiled up on board the Great Eastern, under water. It is supposed the long exposure of the first cable to the sun and air was the true cause of its failure. The present precaution is adopted to prevent the recurrence of that calamity. The cable will undoubtedly be finished early in June. It will be laid from this side as a starting point.

—It is stated that the *Great Eastern* has cost [illegible] than the whole of which [illegible] lost and nothing [illegible] for the bondholders [illegible] in the preference [illegible]

[illegible] preference creditors and the law ex[illegible]

THE Harvard College Library in Gore Hall possesses now [illegible] volumes, besides 75,000 to 80,000 pamphlets. The libraries of the Divinity and Law schools would increase the number of volumes to 161,000.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL. One of the striking features of the present age is the movement towards emancipation in those countries where slavery has existed. A prominent Brazilian stated in a recent meeting in London that the people of that country were anxious to have slavery extinguished there. The government had been desirous of putting an end to the slave trade and its cruisers had effectually abolished it. There are three millions of slaves there and its Parliament is considering measures for increasing their privileges, looking to emancipation as early as the interests of the country will allow. Slaves there have great liberties and privileges. Husband and wife are never separated. They are allowed to work on their own account for wages which they can use as they please. During the reign of the present emperor the number of slaves has decreased [illegible], while the products of the soil have increased [illegible] per cent.

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK. The movements of these active and intelligent little insects, as they have been interpreted by science are full of interest and instruction. The form of the cell of the honey comb was discovered by mathematicians to be that which most perfectly combines capacity and strength. Chemistry has recently discovered that the action of light upon honey fresh from the comb which is a clear yellow syrup, with no trace of solid sugar in it causes it gradually to crystallize, until it becomes a solid lump of sugar. This is the reason why bees work in darkness and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. If light were allowed access to their cells the syrup would become more or less solid, sealing up the cells and destroying the inmates.

Philadelphia Markets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILA MARKETS

The unsettled condition of the Gold market has operated unfavorably on business, and the transactions of the past week in all departments of trade have been of a limited character, and without much change in prices.

COAL. Is dull and drooping and the sales are in a small way only at from $10 50@10.75 ₱ ton, delivered on board!

COFFEE.—The market has been dull during the past week. Small sales of Rio are making at 50 a [illegible] cts ₱ pound, and Laguayra at 48@50 cents per pound.

COTTON.—Prices have declined and there is very little doing. Small sales of Middlings are making at 171a180c ₱ pound. Three hundred bales and sixty bags have been sold by auction by order of the United States Marshall, at 120a172c ₱ pound.

FLOUR.—There is very little export demand for Flour but holders continue firm in their views, and the stocks and receipts are light. Sales comprise about seven thousand barrels, at $11 50 for Extra, and $12 a12.25 per barrel for Extra Family. The retailers and bakers are buying in a small way at $10 75 a11 for superfine $11 50 for extra $12@12 25 for extra family, and $13 per barrel for fancy brands.

Rye flour is selling in a small way at $10.25@10.50 ₱ bbl.

Corn meal is quiet.

GRAIN.—There is very little demand for Wheat, and the market is dull, with sales of about twenty thousand bushels at 247@260c for common to prime new reds, and white at from 275@290c ₱ bus., as to quality.

Rye is quiet, with sales of one thousand bushels at 181@185 cents per bushel, the former for Delaware.

Corn is less active, with sales of about thirty thousand bushels at 171@172c for Western mixed, and 173c per bushel for prime yellow.

Oats are rather quiet, with sales of twenty thousand bushels at 88@90 cents for new, and 95 cents for old.

Four thousand bushels Barley Malt sold at $2.30 per bushel.

The following are the receipts of Flour and Grain at this port during the past week:

Flour	9,470 bbls.
Wheat	59,000 bus.
Corn	42,000 bus.
Oats	3,500 bus.

GUANO. There is very little doing in the way of sales and prices are unchanged.

HOPS —Are firm, with sales at 35@40c ₱ lb. for old, and new crop at 58c per lb.

LUMBER.—Prices are without any material change. Sales of white pine sap boards are making at $30@34, and yellow do at $27 a28 ₱ M feet.

LEATHER.—There is no noticeable increase of business during the week. The uncertain state of political affairs and the rapid changes in gold values during the present week caused buyers to hold off.

Slaughter Sole.—The demand is moderate, with prices firm. For light weights there is little or no inquiry; heavy is more in request.

Spanish Sole.—The receipts are not large, and the demand is fair. Prices are firm, and the stock increasing.

Hemlock Sole.—The demand is limited, and prices are easier.

METALS.—Pig Iron is scarce, and there is very little doing. Small sales of Anthracite are making at $67 a75 per ton for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is selling at $72 a75 per ton. Manufact. Iron is in fair demand at former rates.

LEAD.—Galena is quoted at sixteen and a half c. per pound.

COPPER.—Small sales of yellow metal are making at 60c per pound, on time.

OILS.—Linseed Oil is in fair request, and lower, and selling at 165a166c per gall.

Fish Oils are in demand at full prices, with sales of crude whale at 160@165c and bleached winter do at 175c.

Lard Oil is scarce, with small sales of No. 1 winter at $2 [illegible]2.05 per gall.

Petroleum is scarce and prices are lower with sales of crude at 46 a47c. Refined in bond at 74 a[illegible]c, and free at from 85 a87c per gallon, as to quality.

COAL OIL. The following are the receipts of crude and refined at this port during the past week:

Crude	1,9[illegible] bbls.
Refined	4,000 bbls.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed comes in slowly, and is in good demand, with sales at $13 a14 per sixty-four pounds.

Timothy is scarce and in demand with sales of one thousand bushels at $6 25 a6 50 per bus. Flaxseed is selling at $3.70 per bus.

SUGAR.—Holders are firm in their views, but prices have declined one quarter and one half c. ₱ lb. with sales of about 900 hhds Cuba to notice at 21a[illegible]2[illegible]c ₱ lb.

WOOL. There is very little doing at the present time in the way of sales, and the various holders are displaying less firmness in their views. Small sales of medium and fine fleece are making at $1 10 a[illegible] per pound.

VINEGAR.—Corn Vinegar of an approved quality has been selling the past week at 20c per gall., in bbls.

Married.

WALLIS—NASH. In Galesburg, Illinois, by Rev. W. J. Davis on Sept 1[illegible]th 1864 Mr Moses Wallis to Miss ELIZABETH Nash both of Galesburg, Ill.

FREEMAN—ADAMS.—On the 1[illegible]th of September, 1864, by Rev. James Hamilton, WILLIAM H. FREEMAN of Philadelphia, and Mrs CELIA ADAMS, of Washington, D C.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS

Would inform her [illegible] and the public generally [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] P M. On Saturdays [illegible] P M.

Intelligence Office.

HELP WANTED

[illegible]

Sept 21 [illegible]

NEW

Fall & Winter Goods

NOW OPENED.

MERINOS,
MOUSLIN DE LAINES,
ALAPACCAS,
FLANNELS &c
BALMORALS AND HOOP SKIRTS.

A good assortment of [illegible] on hand. A large [illegible] [illegible] Layers' and Dressmakers' Regalia Trimmings [illegible] and are always on hand [illegible]

S SHORTER HAWKINS,

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Sept 21—[illegible]

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER, RAGS &.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

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ANATOMY PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

[illegible] the [illegible] in Physiology and Hygiene I will [illegible] [illegible] at Publishers' Wholesale [illegible] and give a set of Large [illegible] Illustrating Charts (8 or 10 in set) gratis.

For particulars, address,

CALVIN CUTTER.

Warren, Mass

Sept. 10—3t.

OLIVE BRANCH

BOARDING HOUSE,

No. 844 Lombard Street Phila.

[illegible] [illegible] Travellers [illegible]

BOARDING HOUSE.

For their special accommodation in a central [illegible] business [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER

Editor & General Book Steward.

No. 619 Pine [illegible]

ADDRESS.

OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS.—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E GREEN

No 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLARD BUSS,
JOHN A. SIMMS,
} *Committee.*

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three tenths per cent per annum, principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into six per cent gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15th, persons making deposits subsequent to that date (August 15th) must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one quarter of one per cent.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN

It is a National Savings Bank offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country and it cannot pay in anything better for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

Convertible into a Six per Cent 5-20 GOLD BOND

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than [illegible] per cent premium, and before the war the premium on six per cent U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent.

It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan at the present market rate is not less than [illegible]

Ten Per Cent per Annum!

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all Bonds and Treasury Notes from local taxation. On the average this exemption is worth about [illegible] per cent per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] United States.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, the several Assistant [illegible] and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa
Third National Bank of Philadelphia Pa
Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia Pa

And by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

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AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible]

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Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms.

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Pictures are made all sizes, from a Carte de Visite to a life size [illegible] at prices which can guarantee good work, and at the same time be within the reach of everybody. Pictures are made life size from small Ambrotypes or Daguerreotypes.

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STOVE STORE!

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of the very best patterns of stoves, made in Philadelphia

THE WILLIAM PENN,
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THE NIAGARA,
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HERB DOCTRESS,

NO 405 S. SEVENTH STREET, BELOW PINE,

Is prepared to cure Debility of the System, Billious Fever, Diseases of Bladder, Diseases of Women, Nervous Diseases, Scrofula or King's Evil, Dropsy Piles, Cholera, Ague Convulsions, Colic Cancer, Rheumatism, Mumps, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Erysipelas, Consumption, Deafness, Gout, Influenza, White Swelling, Whooping Cough, Croup Gravel Dysentery, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Neuralgia, and Tumors

The Doctress will give her personal attention in any of the above diseases and guarantee a cure without the use of mercury. Her Indian syrups alone are used by her. She can stop bleeding, and take out fire without blistering.

SPECIFIC

LINIMENT.

This is one of the greatest Liniments known in the world for Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, Cramps, or any pain to which the human family is subject in life. It will prove a cure to these afflictions if properly applied and attended to.

For Cramps in the Stomach, pour the Liniment on a cloth and lay it on the stomach, and the pain will speedily cease.

For all kinds of Sore Throats, the dose is 20 drops in a spoonful of water.

For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Limbs, and all similar affections, the Liniment is to be applied externally.

TESTIMONIALS

Pottsville, Penna.

I have used this Liniment, and have found it all that one could want for the disease for which it is recommended. I was diseased in my head for many years from a fall, and it has cured me entirely. Also my husband.

MRS C YOUNG

John Cook, of Washington City, says: "I have tried this Liniment, and I can recommend it to the whole world. It is a perfect cure."

JOHN COOK.

Washington, D C.

I have tried this Liniment and find it the best I have ever used. It makes the limbs of an old person feel as if they were young.

MRS H A LEE

Harrisburg, Penna

This is to certify that your Liniment is a sure cure. It has never failed in any case where I have applied it.

PROFESSOR DAVIS.

Cures, Penna.

This is to certify that I have tried this Specific Liniment, and find it to be a perfect cure for all my pains, and for diphtheria, and pain in the head or limbs.

SUSAN RHODES

Brownsville, Penna.

I have tried this Liniment for pains in the head, breast and back spitting of blood. I can recommend it to the whole world. It is all that it is claimed to be. It is a sure cure.

E. J HARGRAVE.

[July 29 3mos]

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WIG MAKERS,

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BUSTILL'S CELEBRATED NEROLIAN HAIR TONIC.

A splendid preparation for promoting the Growth of the Hair [illegible] [illegible]

Bustill's Compound Eradicator,

One of the most useful articles ever offered for removing [illegible] [illegible]

HAIR BOUGHT

[illegible]

ALGER'S

PRONOUNCING BIBLE.

IN WHICH

THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, ARE DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,

According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.

BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.

[illegible] PRICE $1.50 WITH MOROCCO [illegible], $1.00.

WILLIAM S. YOUNG, Publisher,

1023 Race Street, Philadelphia

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was [illegible] to it [illegible] an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and some other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without long and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early, and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible-classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would give a copy of the Pronouncing Bible to the pulpit for their pastor to read from, they would hear no more of such names as Phil-ip-pi and Thess-a-lon-ica, or such personages as Ab-ram, Meph-i-bosh-eth and Tro-phi-mus. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next to cultivate those things that help to a correct understanding of the [illegible] of our religion, are those which help to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is [illegible] confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our sacred houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community,—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great portion even of well educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that; and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT

From Mr. Dillaway, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs Lincoln & Edmands —

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a work, a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., C. K. DILLAWAY,
G. B. EMERSON,
S. S. MILES.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Boston M.

Messrs Lincoln & Edmands —

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader* and *Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, not without reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words, but in *first books*, and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to fix a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted. A true copy.

Attest. JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

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ly

AVERY COLLEGE,

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The Spring Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, April 18th, 1864, and end on the 8th of July following

This College, duly incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, has special claims upon the patronage of colored parents, and affords excellent facilities for obtaining an education to colored youths of both sexes.

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The Subscriber would inform the Public that he has built and opened a

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

in [illegible], opposite the Quartermaster's office, where persons [illegible] [illegible] with Large and Airy Sleeping Apartments [illegible] Table will be supplied with the best the Market affords.

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TERMS MODERATE

ALF, [illegible] [illegible]

HENRY BRAM

PROPRIETOR.

Aug [illegible]

LOUISE SCHEPLER

Oh! who wert thou through mountain snow
Did'st wend thy solitary way
Undaunted by the piercing cold,
Uncheered by fortune's smiling ray?
A lonely pilgrim! weary worn
Who heeded not the wintry gloom;
But with earth's trials meekly borne,
Pursued thy pathway to the tomb.

And what wert thou in earlier days,
Ere youth had left thy blushing cheek,
And those young eyes shone clearly forth
Beneath a brow so pure and meek?
A pilgrim then in duty's path,
Both strong of limb, and free of heart,
With heavenly grace and love imbued,
To act through life thy humble part.

Thy humble part! Ah! was it so?
The world has seen great names hewn out,
And blazoned round with fame's proud glow,
Whose brilliant tints fall off depart
But thine Louise a nobler fame
Than earthly minds can speak or raise!
For angel eyes have read thy name,
Upon the starry lists above. A. E. C.

FAITH AND REASON.

Reason unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a hallelujah song,
And heavenly rapture swells;
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud,
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each dense obscuring cloud.
Reason the eye that sees but that
On which its glance is cast,
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The future and the past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore
Who rose not from their night-bound place,
In Egypt's veiled shore;
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
Which led her all the day,
And when the wished-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchemy in vain
Is golden treasure planned;
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,
Won by no mortal hand.
While reason is the laboring oar
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail spread out
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light,
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lovely towering elm,
May fall before the blast,
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,
Faith, by a "new and living way,"
Hath gained the mercy seat.
While Reason but returns to tell
That this is not our rest,
Faith, like a weary dove hath sought
A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet both are surely precious gifts
From him who leads us home,
Though in the wilds he marvelling hath trod,
A little while we roam.
And linked within the soul that knows
A living, loving Lord;
Faith strikes the key note, Reason then
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
Of er life's great temple springing,
From which the chimes of love float forth
Celestially ringing;
While reason stands below upon
The consecrated ground,
And like a mighty buttress, shapes
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array;
Reason, the handmaid, who may share,
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train;
Till step by step the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain.

Good Words.

The Family.

A LIE OF HONOR.

THE STORY OF A LAWYER.

BY MRS. P. E. PHELPS.

On entering college, I promised my mother, whom I loved as I have never loved another mortal, that while there I would not taste of intoxicating liquor, nor play at cards, or other games of hazard, nor borrow money. And I never did and never have since. I have lived well nigh sixty years, yet have never learned to tell a king from a knave among cards, nor Hock from Burgundy among wines, nor have I ever asked for the loan of a single dollar. Thanks to my mother! loving, careful, anxious for me, but not over careful nor over-anxious. How could she be, when I was so weak, and ignorant of my weakness, feeling myself strong because my strength was untried, and such a life as human life is, such temptations as beset the young, before me.

She did not ask me to promise not to swear. She would not wrong me by the thought that I *could* swear, and she was right. I could not. How can any one so insult the Holy the All Excellent, our Father and best Friend? Nor did she ask me not to lie. She thought I *could* not lie. Had she thought otherwise, my promise would have been of little value to her. And I also thought I could not. I despised lying as weakness, cowardice, meanness, the concentration of baseness. I felt strong enough, manly enough, to accomplish my end without it. I had no fear of facing my own acts. Why should I shrink before my fellows for any thing I had done? Lie to them to conceal myself or my acts? Nay, I would not have faults to be concealed. My own character, my own life was more to me than the esteem of others. I would do nothing fit to have hidden, or which I might wish to hide. I thought I could not lie, and I could not for myself.

During my second college year, there was a great deal of card-playing among the students. The Faculty tried to prevent it, but found it difficult. Though I never played, my chum did, and sometimes others played with him in our room when I was present. I not unfrequently saw the students at cards. One of the Professors questioned me upon the subject. "Have you ever seen any card-playing among the students?" "No, sir," I answered firmly determined not to expose my fellows. "A lie of honor!" I said to myself. What coupling of contradictions! As well talk of "honest theft," "innocent sin."

"You are ignorant of any card-playing in the college buildings, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"We can believe *you* Brown."

I was ready to sink. Nothing else could have smitten stung me like that. Such confidence, and I so unworthy of it! Still I held back the truth.

But I left the Professor's room another person than I entered it, guilty, humbled, wretched. That one false word had spoiled every thing for me. All my past manliness was shadowed by it. My case of mind had left me my self respect was gone. I felt uncertain, unsafe. I stood upon the trembling tottering. How soon might I not fall. I was right in feeling unsafe. It is always unsafe to lie. My feet were sliding beneath me. One of the students had lost a quarter's allowance in play, and applied to his father for a fresh remittance, stating his loss. His father had made a complaint to the College Faculty, and there was an investigation of the facts. The money had been staked and lost in my room. I was present.

"Was Brown there?" inquired the Professor.

"He was."

The Professor's eyes rested on me. Where was my honor *then*? my manliness, and other [illegible] [illegible] Brown, [illegible]. Did any [illegible] any talk of [illegible] then? Not me. They said, "We didn't think [illegible] you, Brown!" "I didn't suppose Brown would [illegible] his right hand!"

It was enough to kill me. But there was no help. I had to bear my sin and shame as best I might and try to outlive it. No one trusted me as before. No one could, for who knew whether my integrity might not again fail? I could not trust myself until I had obtained strength as well as pardon from God; not even then, until I had many times been tried and tempted and found His strength sufficient for me.—[illegible]

"TAKING THE CONCEIT OUT OF HIM."

I was greatly amused with the homely but most significant expression when I first heard it. Mr Cooley, a country merchant, had that morning suddenly lost his clerk, and as a temporary substitute, had called in Marcus Grey, a neighbor's son, to help him. The boy was bright and nimble, but had an exalted sense of his own ability. Consequently when the merchant told him that he had some business to do with me in the counting room, but would come to his help, if customers came in, it was with a very smart air that the lad replied. "I guess I can get along, sir. I know salt from sugar, I believe."

Now the merchant kept a variety store, having in addition to crockery and groceries quite a tempting display of dry goods. And it so happened that the boy's first customer that morning called for "mozambique" an article wholly unknown to Marcus though any lady in the place would at once have seen it on the shelf of thin dress goods. The boy was thoroughly posed but, after his vaunt of knowledge, disliked to confess his ignorance. So as his customer was a man Marcus did not suspect him of wanting any thing in the line of ladies' clothing and jumping to the conclusion that "mozambique" must be some new article in the grocery department, he rummaged among barrels, boxes, and drawers in vain to find it. At length he was compelled to call Mr Cooley.

When the customer was served, and with the merchant had enjoyed a hearty laugh at the boy's mistake. Mr Cooley apologized that he had not sooner "come to the rescue," by saying, "Marcus thought that he knew every thing and I wanted to take a little of the conceit out of him." I think it must have received its death blow, for the lad has gone by the name of "Mozambique" ever since.

A lady of my acquaintance, wholly untrained in the mysteries of butter and cheese making, was recently brought to the necessity of undertaking them. Somewhat mortified at her own awkwardness, she tried to atone for her want of skill by taking many needful and nimble steps from dairy and kitchen to wood-room, water shed and cellar. Soon she obtained a comfortable degree of self-satisfaction and felt that the agile feet which bore her so swiftly through her round of duties were means of usefulness, scarcely excelled by any. Then her conceit was largely taken out of her by a fall from the cellar stairs which broke her ankle and laid her up for the season.

Another case in point was that of a pious young lawyer, who, under strong temptation, refused to sacrifice principle for large and certain pecuniary gains. His upright conduct becoming accidentally known, the consequence was not only public esteem and confidence, but unexpected and almost unexampled prosperity. At length he came to regard those favors as evidence of his uncommon worth and conscientiousness, and then his fortunes turned and his riches took to themselves wings and flew away. Was not the great Disposer and Teacher "taking the conceit out of him?"—*Springfield Republican.*

THE CHINA DOLL'S STORY.

I wish to say in the beginning that I know very well I am not a person of importance; never was, even when I had both my legs and arms, and a whole head on my shoulders. Of course, now, when my feet are snapped short off at the ankles, and one arm is gone from the elbow, and there's a large hole on the top of my head, I can't expect to meet with a great deal of consideration.

The fact is, china dolls *don't pay*. We are pretty enough, with our rosy faces and cunning little gaiter-boots, and garters tied in a bow knot round our plump little legs. It's surprising how closely we imitate nature sometimes in our pretty little shapes, looking for all the world just like a baby ready for its bath, some of us. But in spite of this, I am obliged to confess we don't pay. Just let us fall, and crack! we go, head and arms, legs and every thing. Why, I lost my two feet only because a little girl wanted to teach me to dance. She giggled me about a little, and an unhappy twist knocked my two gaiter boots together. Snap! they went before I knew what hurt me, and the consequence is that I am unable to dance to this day.

Well, it isn't worth while to tell the rest of my misfortunes to you. You know as well as I do how I came by the hole in my head; and as for this broken arm—well! never mind, Miss Bunchie: I don't wish to make you feel badly, as I see you have a cold in your head already.

I'll begin with my story. There was once a little girl—

"Was it me?" asked Bunchie.

No not you, nor any body like you. She was a pretty little girl, and a good little girl. Her name was Coreopsis because she had yellow hair, like the golden coreopsis in the garden.

"I wonder how you could say she was pretty, then," said Bunchie. "She must have been a fright if her hair was the color of *those* staring flowers."

"That's just as people think," replied the china doll. "Nobody accuses *your* hair of being that color, at any rate. However, if you don't like to hear about it, I'll stop, and somebody else may tell you a story."

"Don't be silly," said Bunchie. "Go on."

So the china doll went on.

"Little Coreopsis lived in a big house in the country and she had no sisters or brothers, so her mother used to play with her a great deal. There was a wide piazza that went all round the house, front and rear, and both sides. In front, of course, there was the hall door, and the big knocker, and the two black marble dogs that were always going to spring at you, but never did it. But in the piazza on one side was a swing for Coreopsis, and on the other was a joggling board and a rocking horse, and at the back was a baby-house. This was built into the wall and had real doors with locks to them, and real windows, with glass in them, and it was full of dolls and furniture, all sorts that belong in a real house.

The bed rooms up stairs had wash-stands and wardrobes, and bureaus and the beds had ruffled pillows, and embroidered blankets. Coreopsis and her mother used to make these pretty things, that is to say, Coreopsis sat by and held the scissors and spools while her mother made them.

There were lots of dolls in the house, of course. I was one of them, though I wasn't the favorite. I used to be put to bed a great deal, and lain in my night gown mostly. But then the other small dolls were treated in just the same way, so I never complained. Sometimes when Coreopsis had company we had the part [illegible] taken out to walk under the cherry trees. But [illegible] the mistress of the house [illegible] the only one that received a great deal of attention.

Her name was Martha Washington and I can assure you she was something splendid in the way of a [illegible]. She had a wax face and [illegible] that [illegible] slept in the most natural manner whenever she lay down, and opened wide again [illegible] a [illegible] up. A [illegible] and they were [illegible] Coreopsis [illegible] [illegible]. She had a great array of dresses, and was constantly having new ones made for her, but the one that Coreopsis thought she looked prettiest in, was a violet silk made with puffed sleeves, and a lace [illegible]. I [illegible] liked it because her mother made it [illegible] a piece of one of her own dresses, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her mother [illegible].

One day a little girl [illegible] came to visit [illegible] that had been [illegible] Coreopsis [illegible]. She was [illegible] and she was waiting. Coreopsis whispered—

'May I show her my baby house, mamma?'

'Certainly,' her mother said. So the two children went out into the piazza. The poor child—her name was Malinda—had never seen any thing like this baby house in her life. She had no toys in her poor little home, not even a single doll, and when she saw all these she wanted them very much for herself. There was nothing surprising in that, nothing very wrong either; but the wrong was that she was determined to have some of these pretty things as soon as she could get the opportunity. You see, she had not been taught very well at home and had wanted for things so much that she did not stop to think of the wickedness.

Presently she said to Coreopsis, 'I think you might give me one of your dolls. I haven't got one in the world and you have so many.'

'I will, if mamma lets me,' said Coreopsis. 'I'll ask her when we go in the house.'

'Why can't you ask her now?' said Malinda.

'Well, I can't,' Coreopsis answered. 'You stay here and I'll go now.'

'No, I won't stay here; I'll go and swing,' said Malinda.

"So she ran off to the swing, while Coreopsis went up stairs to her mother. But no sooner was the good little girl out of sight than the naughty Malinda flew back to the baby house and snatched up the most beautiful doll she saw. Then she ran round to the other side where no one could see her and hid it under her clothes, and when Coreopsis came back very soon afterward Malinda was swinging away as if she had been there all the while.

'Mamma says I may give you a doll," said Coreopsis, looking very bright and pleased. 'Come back to the baby house and you may choose any you like—except Martha Washington. I couldn't give her to any body.'

"Poor little Coreopsis! she did not know that Martha Washington, in her violet silk dress, was hidden under Malinda's ragged petticoats at that very minute.

But she missed her very soon when they came to the baby house. 'Where is Martha Washington?' she asked. 'Did you take her out, Malinda? I don't let any body take her out when I'm not here.'

'I never touched her,' said Malinda, with a bold face. 'I don't know what you mean by Martha Washington.'

'My beautiful wax doll!' exclaimed Coreopsis, 'with golden curls, and a purple silk dress. *That's* Martha Washington, and I certainly left her here when I went up stairs.'

'*I* haven't seen her,' said Malinda.

'But you must have seen her. Nobody else has been here,' persisted Coreopsis.

'I tell you I didn't,' Malinda repeated. 'I went to the swing—you know I did—and I haven't been here at all till you came back.'

'It's very strange,' said Coreopsis, in great distress. 'I am sure she was there when I went up stairs, and what can have become of her in this little time?'

'I dare say, you took her up-stairs with you,' said Malinda, boldly.

'Oh, I know I didn't. I'm sure I didn't,' the poor child persisted, 'but still I can go and see.'

'And I'll go with you,' Malinda rejoined. So the two went up together, Malinda trembling inwardly, but putting on a look of the most fearless innocence.

"The mother listened gravely to her little girl's story, but she assured her that the doll had not been up stairs which indeed Coreopsis already knew. She offered to go down and help her to search thoroughly for it, and the servants were all called up and questioned. But nobody knew any thing about it, and the little thief persisted in her wicked falsehood. So at last she was allowed to go home, though every body believed that she was guilty of Martha Washington's disappearance. Coreopsis and her mother talked over the matter by themselves, and when the mother had found out all the child could tell her, she determined to go and see old Mrs Green, Malinda's grandmother. She did not tell any one about it, but she went that very evening down to Mrs. Green's cottage—after Malinda was in bed—and asked her if she had seen any thing of such a doll. The old grandmother had seen nothing of it, but she felt so badly at being suspected, that she went immediately and searched all Malinda's hiding-places. The end of it was that Martha Washington was discovered, tucked down head foremost into an old stocking, which was a nice situation for such a lady as the mistress of our baby-house.

"Her violet silk was a good deal 'mussed,' and her beautiful golden curls were sadly tumbled about, but otherwise she had not been injured. So old Mrs Green gave her back into the lady's hands, and declared that Malinda should have the severest whipping she ever had in her life as soon as morning came. Coreopsis' mother did not want the child to be whipped, naughty as she had been. But still she thought it might do her good and perhaps prevent her from ever doing such a wicked thing again. So she went home sadly enough, and the old grandmother cut a long stick with which I can assure you Malinda was well punished the next day.

"It served her right, too, for my part I was extremely glad to hear that her grandmother had been so sensible. But poor little Coreopsis grieved terribly over the whole affair. She took no more comfort in her dolls or her baby house; and after Martha Washington was brought back, she could not bear to look at her for she always thought, she said, of poor Malinda—how she was tempted to such dreadful sins, how she was found out and beaten, and now how miserable she must be.

"One day she went to her mother with Martha Washington in her hands. 'Mamma, I don't like to play with her any more,' she said. 'She makes me so unhappy. May I give her away?'

'Yes, if you wish it,' said her mother.

'To any body I please?'

'Yes,' answered her mother again. She guessed what the child wanted to do, and asked no questions.

"So Coreopsis found a box into which she put the doll, with two or three of her dresses and a night gown and cap. Then she took the box under her arm and marched straight down to Grandmother Green's cottage. Malinda was at the door and she ran into the house full of shame when she saw who was the visitor. But Coreopsis followed her and took hold of her hand.

'I've brought the doll back again, Malinda,' said she, with her sweet eyes full of pity and love. 'I was so sorry you were whipped about her, but oh! you ought not to have done such a naughty thing. I hope you'll never, never do so again, and to help you not to, I've brought Martha Washington for you to keep always. She is your own now—I've given her to you—and she'll help you to remember and be good. Good-by.'

And before Malinda could say a single word—she was so ashamed and surprised you know—Coreopsis was gone. But she left the box behind her and from that time the beautiful wax doll belonged truly to that naughty girl who had stolen her.

"As for me, I was quite distressed when I first heard of it, and did not want to put on my [illegible] Martha Washington. But I [illegible] my mind after awhile when I found out what a change came over Malinda. She [illegible] of Coreopsis [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] her more good than the whipping. She [illegible] honest and truth[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] her grandmother [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

"Here [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But I [illegible] [illegible] Miss Bunchie."

* * *

To [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BLUE FISHING.

My [illegible] any man having the 'blues,' is [illegible] a [illegible].

It is altogether [illegible] after. The "fishing ground" for the day is found not by searching the water but, on the contrary by looking up sky-ward. Large, rapacious sea birds pioneer the fishermen. At one of them were overhead, wheeling and circling like a force in battle. It was one of the finest features of the scene. Ever and anon after circling a moment over a spot, they darted like lightning down upon the water, an instant splash followed and up rose the bird with a fish in its beak. Wherever moved the cloud of hilarious birds moved the fishing skiffs, for these winged fishermen know better than the boatmen the motions of the fish. The birds seek a species of small fish, which the blue-fish seek and drive in thousands before them. The presence of the bird shows, therefore, not only the whereabouts of their ocean prey, but of their fellow depredators on the "small fry"—the blue-fish; and as the latter are in rapid pursuit near the surface the fisherman keeps his boat flying over the waves that his line may be on the surface to attract them. These blue-fish, from a half a foot to two feet in length, make no ceremony in "biting," they lay hold bravely and vigorously. It requires a manly arm to pull them in, and as they bite out near the surface, they are seen at a distance, on the hook, leaping and flashing at an indescribably exciting rate, and the act of drawing them in, with scarcely any intermission, throws a novice into almost a frenzy of glee. Go a blue-fishing, we say, if you want healthful excitement. And if you want "good eating" we repeat, go a blue fishing; for they are an acknowledged dainty, costing twelve or fifteen cents per pound in New York, though the good fishermen of Martha's Vineyard sell them at four cents a pound.—*Methodist.*

BUSH MONKEYS.

These bush monkeys played me a trick once or twice which I did not expect of them at first. It was before I had thought to become a bush-ranger and when I sometimes experienced a difficulty in finding my way quickly out of a bush after I had found my way into it. I therefore tore up several pieces of paper and used to insert them into split sticks at intervals of a few hundred yards, to serve as sign posts. After having arranged these with great care I found on several occasions, that, although I was on the right road, yet my landmarks seemed to have been removed. At length I suspected the monkeys, so I fastened a large piece of paper to a branch and, hiding myself with great care, I waited to see what would happen. I was not kept long in doubt, for I soon saw a number of monkeys come frisking along from tree to tree and occasionally peeping at the piece of paper, at length a number of them assembled in the same tree but all appeared afraid to approach the article itself. One rather young monkey, however, soon ventured on to the branch, and, after many quaint grimaces and antics, he made a snatch at the paper, and with it scampered up the tree among his fellows, who received him with a whole chorus of loud coughs, for he had evidently accomplished a heroic feat. Some very wise old monkeys scrutinized the paper very closely, tasted some of it, and finally tore it to pieces among them, and scattered it to the winds.—*The Boy's Own Magazine.*

GUN-COTTON.

The relative advantages of gun-cotton and gun-powder have now been so thoroughly ascertained that a factory is established in this country for developing the improvements of Baron Lenk, who is universally admitted to be the most successful manipulator with the new material. The well-known firm of Messrs Thomas Prentice & Co, of Stowmarket, formally opened their gun cotton works in January last, and since that time they have been manufacturing the article in forms suited to every variety of purpose for which gunpowder has hitherto been employed. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the discovery was made of the high combustibility of vegetable fibre steeped in nitric acid, which led to the subsequent improvements of gun-cotton, and it is nearly twenty years since pyroxylin, as it was then called, was actually produced by Schonbein, yet it is only since the introduction of Baron Lenk's improvement that any real advantage could be claimed for gun cotton which was not possessed in a greater degree by gun-powder. According to this process cotton yarn twisted into strands is steeped and left for forty-eight hours in a bath containing sulphuric and nitric acids; it is then exposed during several weeks in a stream of water, and dried, and finally silicated, in order to render it slower of combustion. The distinguished chemists who report upon Baron Lenk's gun cotton argue that, in consequence of the difference of detail in the processes of the experimenters upon this subject, but little value can be attached to the past experience of gun-cotton. The variations in detail may be stated to be variations as to strength of acids, temperature, duration of chemical action, removal of free acid, and conditions of mixing. When we consider the little which has been done in this country on the subject, it is consolatory to know that the French commission, after six years' labor, failed to arrive at any definite result; and, according to the Austrian report, neglected not only to ascertain the true composition of gun-cotton, but also whether the substance upon which it experimented was the same, in a chemical point of view, all through the series. It is certainly fair to insist upon the fact that the method of preparation in the French experiments is very different to that employed by the Austrian commission. In the analysis of the Lenk gun-cotton by the Austrian imperial engineer's committee in 1861, it is shown that it is almost entirely composed of tri-nitro cellulose, and Messrs. Prentice & Co. are enabled to show advantages for the Austrian cotton which place it far in advance of gunpowder.

Leaving the consideration of the utility of gun cotton for the purposes of warfare, we shall at once point out its claims for mining and civil engineering. Baron Lenk's gun cotton has the peculiarity of being free from the danger of spontaneous combustion, and it is constant and unalterable in its nature, for these reasons it secures that degree of safety and certainty which at the time of the original invention, the gun cotton of Schonbein did not possess. Time damp and exposure do not alter its qualities, and it has been preserved for ten years without injury or decay. It is mentioned, moreover that owing to its exerting twice the explosive force of gunpowder, a smaller number of holes will be necessary to produce the same result, whilst it has the further advantage, owing to the absence of smoke after the explosion, that there is no delay, as at present, to wait for the smoke to go off, so that the work can proceed with much more rapidity. The same effect is produced with one pound of gun-cotton as six to eight pounds of blasting gunpowder, and as the former can be so disposed as to bring down the burden in small pieces, [illegible] is greatly facilitated. The peculiar local action of gun-cotton to which the effect of gunpowder show no analogy enables the engineer to destroy and remove stone and rocks under water without the preliminary delay and expense of boring chambers for the charge. Mining [illegible] are supplied in the rope form, according to the diameters of bore required and gun cotton match line will be applied with it. Instructions as to the method of using it in mines will also be supplied. The great advantage of gun-cotton makes it [illegible] [illegible] much cheaper than [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would appear to show, as [illegible] [illegible] for example the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the work done with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], large [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. As to the superiority of gun cotton [illegible] [illegible]. It is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].—*[illegible] Mining Journal.*

* * *

Our Lord [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. LUTHER.

A MURDEROUS REBEL MISSILE.

A young man named Kinney, formerly a Trojan but recently belonging to a western regiment, reached Troy a few days since. He served for a long time under Gen Sherman, and was wounded at the battle of Altoona. The circumstances attending his injuries are such as we do not recollect to have seen recorded during the war. Young Kinney was shot in the lower part of the leg by a bullet apparently an ordinary rifle ball. It lodged in the limb, but did not prevent his walking to the rear. He had just seated himself in an ambulance, half an hour after being hit, when the bullet exploded in his leg, shattering the limb terribly, making four distinct openings and carrying away a quantity of bone. Despite the severe shock the young hero travelled to his home in Troy and is now under the care of one of our surgeons, with a chance of recovery.

CHEAP PAPERS.

The days of cheap newspapers in this country, measured by the standard of lawful money, are over for the present, and we shall not see their return until the process of making paper stock is materially economized. This is within the reach of the inventive genius of the country. Indeed, processes have been patented which promise to effect this. But it requires capital to bring our new inventions, and time to put them into successful operation.

* * *

THE greatest ignorance is in the heart of man; he neither knows God nor his creatures. The philosopher throws away his goods gratis. Epictetus goes begging. The Stoics say, "Riches are not good." But what reason had they for it? None other, than, that seeing that money and goods generally make men worse, therefore they condemned riches. The monks also saw that riches and the care of this world, occupy men too much and thought they should be secure if they withdrew from all worldly affairs, forsaking all, for the monastic life—and this delusion they strengthened and were confirmed in, by teaching that man had a right will, inferring, that by withdrawing from the world, he could or would have no temptation to sin,—but it is the greatest blindness, and shameful ignorance, to charge the vices which are in man, upon the creature which in itself is good, and God's gift, the defect does not adhere but in man, who is not now as God created him but quite changed by sin, whilst the good is the same; but this the foolish people do not see. LUTHER.

* * *

Our mind cannot understand or comprehend what God our Creator is. Therefore, seeing it to be in vain He says, Human wisdom cannot comprehend me I am much too great and too high for it, I will make myself little, that it may understand and apprehend me, I will give my Son to be a sacrifice to become sin, to be made a curse, and be obedient unto me, the Father, unto the death of the cross," that is, to become little and comprehensible; alas! where are those who receive and believe this? LUTHER.

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs EVELINA DESMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STRANDS FERRY, Sept 5, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long-standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 19, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs LUCY WATERMAN.

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These pretensions to Medical Science, although supported by arrogance, pride, dignity, and honorable titles, must, ere long, give place to a practice founded on common sense and clearly ascertained truths, the result of actual chemical analysis. This knowledge at no distant period will be the indispensable requisite of every individual practising the healing art. Then, and not till then, will this experimental practice cease, and physicians understand disease, and know what remedy to employ to subject it.

For this knowledge we have been contending for years, upon it are our whole principles of practice founded. That course is not to try this and that, to see what effect it will have. We know when we examine the patient, the nature of the morbid matter with which the blood, bile, and other fluids are charged, or the characters and constituents of accumulations, which may exist in the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, &c., hence we are enabled to direct the remedy calculated to produce the change, decomposition or neutralization, as the case may require. 1y

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Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennet. Grand Associate, Sister Rorrie. Grand Treasurer, Sister Fourer; Grand Conductress, L. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

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